NUNC COGNOSCO EX PARTE

TRENT UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY

PRESENTED BY

Prof. W. D. R. Eldon

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2019 with funding from
Kahle/Austin Foundation

https://archive.org/details/memoirsofducdesa0001sain

DRAMAS AND TRAGEDIES OF CHIVALRIC FRANCE

MEMOIRS OF

THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON

Volume One

MARIE ANTOINETTE EDITION

Limited to Six Hundred Numbered and Registered Copies, of which this is

Number 133

The Duc de Saint-Simon

ROMANCES OF ROYALTY

MEMOIRS

OF THE

DUC DE SAINT-SIMON

ON THE TIMES OF

LOUIS XIV AND THE REGENCY

TRANSLATED AND ABRIDGED

BY

KATHARINE PRESCOTT WORMELEY

FROM THE EDITION COLLATED WITH THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPT
BY M. CHÉRUEL

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

G. K. FORTESCUE, LL.D.

Keeper of Printed Books at the British Museum

IN FOUR VOLUMES

VOL. I.

BOSTON

J. B. MILLET COMPANY

1909

DC130 .S2H4 1909 v.1

Copyright, 1899,
By Hardy, Pratt & Company.

All rights reserved.

University Press:
John Wilson and Son, Cambridge, U.S.A.

CONTENTS.

	Page
Introduction, by C.-A. Sainte-Beuve	1
Letter from the Duc de Saint-Simon to M. de Rancé, Abbé de la Trappe	32
Translator's Note	35

CHAPTER I.

Why and how these Memoirs began. — My first intimacy with the Duc de Chartres. — Maupertuis, captain of the Gray Mousquetaires. — Marriage of the Duc de Chartres. — Cause of the precedence of the Lorrain princes over the dukes. — First beginnings of the Abbé Dubois, afterwards cardinal and prime-minister. — *Appartement.* — I leave the Mousquetaires for the Royal Roussillon. — Promotion of the seven marshals of France. — Montal. — Death of Mademoiselle; her donations, free and forced. — Death of my father 41

CHAPTER II.

Origin of my intimate friendship with the Duc de Beauvilliers until his death. — Louville. — La Trappe and its reformer. — My intimate relations with him. — The House of Luxembourg established in France. — M. de Luxembourg; his branch, and his fortune. — Harlay. — The opponents of M. de Luxembourg. — Iniquitous conduct in favour of M. de Luxembourg. — My Letters of State. — Death of M. de Luxembourg. — Quarrels of Mousieur and the princesses. — M. de Noyon strangely ridiculed at the French Academy. — Deaths of La Fontaine and Mignard 62

146264

CHAPTER III.

PAGE

Origin of my friendship with the Duchesse de Bracciano, afterwards called Princesse des Ursins. — The Maréchal de Lorges. — My marriage. — Marriage of my sister-in-law with the Duc de Lauzun. — The Duc de Lauzun; his character, etc. 94

CHAPTER IV.

The Abbé de Fénelon. — Mme. Guyon. — Secret struggle between the Archbishop of Cambrai and the Bishop of Chartres. — Mme. Guyon dismissed from Saint-Cyr, and soon after sent to the Bastille. — Death of Mme. de Sévigné. — Her daughter, Mme. de Grignan. — Death of La Bruyère. — Death of the Marquis de Chandenier; his misfortunes. — Cavoye and his luck. — Mme. de Castries. — Continuation of the affair of the Archbishop of Cambrai. — He resolves to carry his affair to Rome; curt answer of the pope. — Is exiled by the king to his diocese. — Italian comedians banished. — The Peace of Ryswick. — Personal hatred of the king to the Prince of Orange; its cause. — Preparations for the marriage of the Duc de Bourgogne; arrival of the Princesse de Savoie. — Marriage of the Duc de Bourgogne. — The Moorish nun at Moret; very enigmatical 121

CHAPTER V.

The Czar (Peter the Great) and his travels. — The camp at Compiègne determined and announced. — Camp at Compiègne superb. — Unheard-of magnificence of the Maréchal de Boufflers. — Ambassadors insisting on the "for." — Malicious joke of M. de Lauzun. — Singular spectacle. — Return from Compiègne. — Condemnation at Rome of the book of the Archbishop of Cambrai. — Death of Racine. — Two very strange robberies from the king. — Brief disgrace of the Comtesse de Grammont. — Pontchartrain made chancellor; himself and his wife. — Death of Sir William Temple 155

CHAPTER VI.

Delfini, nuncio and cardinal, goes home without his presents. — Many balls at Court. — The king pays the debts of Mme. la Duchesse. — The Partition Treaty of the monarchy of Spain. — Death of Le Nôtre; he created the gardens of Versailles, Trianon, and

PAGE

Tuileries. — Death of the Duke of Gloucester. — Le Vassor. — Death of M. de la Trappe. — Truth of the story of Mme. de Montbazon and M. de Rancé. — M. de la Trappe, painted from memory. — The Spanish Succession. — The Council of Spain. — Celebrated opinion on the renunciations of Queen Maria Theresa. — Will of King of Spain in favour of the Duc d'Anjou. — The two councils in Mme. de Maintenon's apartment. — Surprise of the king and his ministers. — Proclamation of the King of Spain 184

CHAPTER VII.

Death of Bontems. — Mlle. Rose; extraordinary devotee. — Great augmentation of troops; taxation. — Quarrel between Monsieur and the king. — Troubles of Monsieur. — Death of Monsieur. — Amazing treatment of Duc de Chartres, now named Duc d'Orléans. — Marriage announced of Philippe V. — The Princesse des Ursins; her character. — The Queen of Spain; a vexatious scene. — Death of James II., King of England. — The king recognizes the Prince of Wales as King of England 216

CHAPTER VIII.

Balls and comedies at Versailles. — Death and adventures of the Abbé de Vatteville. — Fagon, the king's physician. — Renewal of my intimate relations with the Duc d'Orléans. — Battle of Friedlingen. — Character of Villars. — Death of the Duchesse de Gesvres. — Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne enters the councils. — Vauban. — Vauban's book on the royal tithe. — Maréchal, the king's surgeon; curious fact about Port Royal 241

CHAPTER IX.

Princesse des Ursins takes possession of Queen of Spain. — Character of Philippe V. — The affair of the *quête*. — I am operated upon for a bleeding. — Death of the celebrated Bossuet. — Troisvilles elected and refused by the king for the Academy. — Death of the Abbesse de Fontevrault; her character. — Birth of the first Duc de Bretagne. — Brilliant position of the Duchesse de Bourgogne; Nangis. — Maulevrier 273

CHAPTER X.

PAGE

Death of the Maréchal de Duras; his character. — Dazzling triumph of the Princesse des Ursins. — Death and singularities of Ninon, called Mlle. de l'Enclos. — Courtenvaux cruelly reprimanded by the king. — Death of the two sons of the Duc de Beauvilliers. — Anecdotes of the Abbé, afterwards Cardinal, de Polignac. — Many fêtes at Marly and at Versailles. — I am chosen, without expecting it, for the embassy to Rome. — My situation at Court after this choice for Rome. — Death of the Comtesse de La Marck. — Death of the Comte de Grammont; his character. — The Comtesse de Grammont; her character. — The medals of the king. — Vast projects for the campaigns; reflections 299

APPENDIX 333

INDEX 339

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

PAGE

SAINT-SIMON, LOUIS DE ROUVROY, DUC DE — *Frontispiece*

By Rigaud y Ros (Hyacinthe-François); in possession of the family.

CHAPTER

I. CHÂTEAU DE VERSAILLES 41

Painted in 1722 by Martin (Pierre-Denis), painter to the king; engraved by J. Huguenet in "Galéries Historiques de Versailles."

II. ANNE-MARIE-LOUISE D'ORLEANS, DUCHESSE DE MONTPONSIER, CALLED LA GRANDE MADEMOISELLE 58

Painter unknown; of the seventeenth century; in possession of Prince Étienne Galitzin, Paris.

III. THE BASTILLE 104

From an old engraving.

V. LOUIS XIV. IN THE COSTUME OF THE CENT-SUISSES 168

Painter unknown; of the seventeenth century; original in the Louvre.

VIII. FAGON, PHYSICIAN TO LOUIS XIV. 248

By Jouvenet (Jean); original in the Louvre.

X. BEDROOM OF ANNE OF AUSTRIA AT FONTAINEBLEAU . . . 306

INTRODUCTION.

By C.-A. SAINTE-BEUVE.

We are late in speaking of Saint-Simon and his Memoirs; it seems as though all were said, and well said, on this subject. In fact, it would be impossible that for more than twenty-five years a sort of competition had been open for the appreciation of these admirable pictures of history and their author without having produced all the right ideas, all the deserved praises, and all the necessary reservations they demand. Therefore it can only be question here of recalling and fixing with precision certain of the principal points heretofore acquired and incontestable.

Saint-Simon is the greatest painter of his times, those times of Louis XIV., in their fullest development. Until his work appeared no one suspected the interest, the life, the moving and ever-varying drama afforded by the scenes and events of the Court, the marriages, the deaths, the sudden changes; the habitual daily living, the hopes, the disappointments reflected on innumerable countenances, not one of which resembled another; the flux and reflux of contending ambitions animating more or less visibly all those personages, and the groups or *knots* formed among them in that vast gallery of Versailles, pell-mell apparently, but which, thanks to him, are no longer confused, yielding henceforth to our eyes their combinations and their contrasts. Until Saint-Simon, men had but glimpses and slight sketches of all that; he was the first to give, with infinite detail, one

vast impression of the whole. If any one has made it possible to repopulate in thought Versailles, and to do so without mental weariness, it is he. To him must be applied what Buffon said of the earth in the spring-time: his memoirs "swarm with life." At the same time he produces a singular effect in relation to the times and reigns which he does not include; if, rising from his pages, we open a volume of history, or even of memoirs, we find the record thin and pale and poor; every epoch which has not its Saint-Simon seems deserted, mute, uncoloured; there is something, I know not what, uninhabited about them; we feel and we regret that which is lacking, that which is not transmitted in them. Very few parts of our history, if put to this test, will bear it; they cannot stand this comparison, for painters of this kind are rare; in fact, up to the present time, in his degree of vigour and amplitude, there is but one Saint-Simon.

This is not saying that, before him, we have not had fine and very varied forms of memoirs; he would be the first to protest against an injustice which would disparage his predecessors; he, who inspired himself by their example, so he states, to gather the taste of history — animated, living history. They were painters also in their narrations, — a little stilted, but always with a charming and naïve awkwardness, — these Joinvilles and Villehardouins. As for the Froissarts and Commines, they attained to knowledge and art with graces ever simple. What a generation of writers, of pen and sword, was produced by the wars of the sixteenth century: Montluc, Tavannes, D'Aubigné, Brantôme! What speeches, original and from the fountain-head! and what diversity of human accents in the record! Sully, in the midst of his dulness, has parts that are really fine, of attractive solidity and brightened by the smile of Henri IV. And the Fronde — what a harvest of tales of

all kinds, what coveys of unexpected historians did it not rouse among its own actors, at the head of whom Retz stands out, and shines among them all as the greatest painter before Saint-Simon!

But this generation of authors of memoirs issuing from the Fronde stops short almost precisely on the threshold of the real reign of Louis XIV. From that time on, we have nothing but rapid, unfinished sketches, drawn by elegant and clever but lazy pens, — Choisy, Mme. de La Fayette, La Fare, Mme. de Caylus. They give a taste, but do not satisfy it; they begin, but they leave us half way. Now there is no one who fails us less and leaves us less in the lurch than Saint-Simon; none so little lazy, so slow to be discouraged. He gives himself to history on leaving childhood as to a work, a mission. He is not, with ready pen, amusing himself with recollections from afar as he grows old, like Retz; a method always hazardous, and an inevitable source of mistakes and confusion. No, he amasses day by day; he writes each night; he begins in his tent when nineteen years of age, and he continues without intermission at Versailles and wherever else he may be. He informs himself on all things ceaselessly, like an Herodotus. On the topic of genealogies he can teach Père Anselme; he reasons on the past like a Boulainvilliers. In the present, he keeps himself abreast of all; he has the wind of every trail, and he records it immediately. Every hour that he can steal, he employs in this way; and then when he grows old and retires to his country-seat, he classifies this mass of material, and puts it into the shape of a narrative, a single and continuous narration; merely dividing it into paragraphs, with title of subjects on the margin. And this long, vast text he recopied, wholly in *his own handwriting*, with a clearness, a minute exactness —

genuine characteristics never as yet sufficiently remarked — without which more religious respect might have been paid to his order and method of procedure, his style and his phrasing, which are indeed negligent and redundant, but in which nothing (I speak of the Memoirs, and not of the notes) is placed hap-hazard.

How was it that so marked an historical vocation should have formed itself at so early an age and been found as it were full-grown in the bosom of the Court? Whence came this mousquetaire of nineteen, so firmly resolved at that time of life to transmit the things of his period with all their complications and their circumstances?

His father, without such a son, would have remained one of those well rewarded but obscure favourites whom history merely mentions in passing. As a young page he had pleased Louis XIII. by a few attentions while hunting; presenting opportunely his own led horse, and returning the horn after suitably using it. No doubt he had a fine appearance; he was certainly a man of discretion and honour. By the way Saint-Simon speaks of his father, even if we subtract something from it, we see him to have been a man of capacity, faithful, sufficiently disinterested, grateful, and, in short, of a moral texture little common at Court. His attitude towards Richelieu is dignified and at the same time sensible; he is neither hostile nor servile. We can even perceive in the father of Saint-Simon a quality in which his son was not deficient, — a sort of humour which, on occasion, could be biting. It was for giving way to an impulse of this sort that the father fell into a semi-disgrace when he was thirty-one years old, and left the Court to retire to his governorship of Blaye, where he remained until the death of the Cardinal. If I had to define in two words the father of Saint-Simon I should say that he was a favourite, but never a courtier; for he had both honour and humour.

It was of this father, already old and married a second time, to a young woman not in her first youth, that Saint-Simon was born in January, 1665. It was cited in a book printed during the father's lifetime, as a singularity and a prodigy that he had this child when seventy-two years old; he was, in fact, but sixty-eight. He transmitted to him his own marked qualities, which had something fixed and obstinate about them, namely: rectitude, pride, loftiness of heart, and racial instincts that were powerfully strong under a short stature. The young Saint-Simon was therefore brought up beside a mother who was a woman of great merit, and a father who loved to recall the past and relate a thousand anecdotes of the old Court. Very early in life it must have seemed to him that there was nothing finer than to remember. His vocation for history was marked from childhood; at the same time he was and continued to be cold and indifferent to belles-lettres, properly so-called. He read, doubtless, with the idea of imitating the great examples he saw recorded, and of making himself something; but in the depths of his being his dearest wish and ambition was to *be that something* for the purpose of knowing the most he could of the affairs of his period and of writing them down. This vocation of writer, which stands out and presents itself so manifestly to-day, was from the first kept secret and as if masked and muffled up by the assumptions of a Court personage, a great seigneur, duke, and peer, and all the other accessory ambitions becoming in those days to a man of his rank.

Saint-Simon, on entering the world at the age of nineteen, denotes clearly both his instincts and his tastes. From the morrow of the battle of Neerwinden (July, 1693) in which he takes part as captain in the Royal-Roussillon, he writes a detailed bulletin for his mother and certain friends. The narrative has precision and firmness; its character is simple;

we feel within it the love of the True. The style has nothing of the impetuous spirit and the irregularities which we afterwards find at times, but not always or necessarily, in Saint-Simon. In striving to define that style in all its diversities and exuberances, we must be careful not to think it a distortion. Very often it is only the most direct and vivid expression of his thought, escaping from a mind full of its object.

The following year (1694) during the leisure of his camp life in Germany, he deliberately begins his Memoirs, giving, from that day forth, sixty entire years to the prosecution and achievement of them. He was excited to do this, he says, "by the pleasure he took in reading those of the Maréchal de Bassompierre." Bassompierre had, nevertheless, said a most insulting thing of Saint-Simon's father; but that did not prevent the son from thinking the Memoirs remarkable, though "disgusting in their vanity."

This young Saint-Simon is virtuous; he has sound morals and religion; above all, he has by instinct a liking for honest men. This taste declares itself early in the singular and almost whimsical rush of feeling which carries him straight to the Duc de Beauvilliers, the most honest man at Court, to ask for the hand of a daughter in marriage, the eldest or the youngest, — he has seen neither, and he does not care which; neither does he care about the *dot;* what he wants to marry is the family, the Duc and Duchesse de Beauvilliers, with whom he has fallen in love. This pursuit of a marriage, which he exhibits with so candid a vivacity, results, although it fails, in binding him closely to the Duc de Beauvilliers and, through him, with the serious and upright portion of the Court. It is in that way that he soon attached himself to the virtuous hopes given to honest men by the Duc de Bourgogne.

A very different connection, and one which seems diametrically opposed to the former, although it dated from infancy, is the friendship and familiarity of Saint-Simon with the Duc d'Orléans, the future Regent. But there again the mark of honesty and uprightness is visible. It is by the good side of the prince, by his praiseworthy points, sound, yet much calumniated, that Saint-Simon remained inviolably attached to him; it is to that noble half of his nature that he makes energetic appeal in the critical and deplorable situations into which he sees him fall; and thus, in this perpetual contact with the most generous and wittiest of libertines, Saint-Simon nevertheless preserves himself from all stain.

With this liking for honest men, he has also an antipathy not less prompt and not less instinctive against rascals, hypocrites, base and mercenary souls, grovelling and self-seeking courtiers. He recognizes them, he divines them from afar, he denounces them, he unmasks them, he seems, by the way he drags to the light and bares their faces, to set his whole heart and take a savage pleasure in doing so. We remember among the first pages of these Memoirs, that almost terrifying portrait of the pharisaical magistrate, the false Cato, that president of the parliament De Harlay, of whom under such austere aspects he has given us the finished type of a consummate hypocrite.

But there is this to complain of, some may say: here, as in other cases in painting men, he follows the prejudices of hatred and a malicious temper. I meet the objection point-blank. After a study of Saint-Simon made and remade ten times, I have formed to myself the following idea of him: He is endowed by nature with a peculiar, an almost excessive sense of observation, sagacity, and insight, which enters and fathoms the minds of men, and can also distinguish their interests and their intentions on their faces. He pre-

sents in himself a really marvellous and phenomenal instance of this congenital characteristic. But such a gift, such a faculty is perilous if its possessor gives way to it wholly; it is liable to injure his purpose and overshoot his aim. Temptations are to men only in the ratio of their passions; they are not tempted by that they do not love. From the start, Saint-Simon, son of an elderly father and, for all his youthful appearance, rather elderly himself, never had a keen taste for women, or cards, or wine and other pleasures; but he is proud and self-sufficient; he clings to the old precepts; he makes himself an ideal of patriotic virtue, which he combines with his personal pride and the prejudices of his rank. Withal he is an artist, and doubly an artist; he has a glance and a *scent*[1] which in the gilded and apparently tumultuous crowd at Versailles finds amply enough to satisfy and feast him; and *then* he, the secret writer, writing with delight and mystery at night, behind closed and bolted doors, flings upon his paper with fire and flame that which he observed in open day, that which he felt about the men he saw so well, saw perhaps too well, but whom he seizes at a point which has touched him and caught his interest. There are chances of error and excess even in truth. It is perilous for even an honest man, if he is also an ardent one, to feel that he writes under no restraint, that he paints his world without ever being confronted by it. I refer at this moment only to what he has himself observed in person; as for what he knows by hearsay and gathers in conversation, there are other chances for error to slip in.

Though Saint-Simon does not appear to have been a man to put criticism properly so-called into the practice or the

[1] I employ this word because he himself supplies it. He says somewhere, apropos of the secret joys and the thousand hopeful ambitions set in motion by the death of a prince: "All that, and all at the same moment, was smelt *by the nose*."

result of his researches, and though he seems to have done no more than give to his first observation, hot and vivid as it came to him, an ardent and vivid expression (all his care at the end of his life being merely to classify and co-ordinate the whole), he was not without serious thoughts as to this temptation to which he was exposed, warned of its danger perhaps by the singular pleasure he found in yielding to it. Religious by principle and sincerely a Christian, he had scruples of conscience; or at any rate he endeavoured to prevent their birth, by securing himself against the remorse and weakness which might some day assail him in his last hours. If his conscience had compelled him to throw these Memoirs into the fire as a long sin committed through life, what a pitiable thing it would be, and what a tearing out of his very heart! He thought, therefore, with a certain artlessness, of a means to prevent that danger. A letter written by him to the Abbé de Rancé, whom he consults, almost at the beginning of the work, as to the limits to be observed in preparing his Memoirs, proves plainly this foreseeing thought; he seems to be inducing the austere abbé to give him once for all a plenary indulgence. Saint-Simon, in his apology, admits, or takes for granted two things: one, that he tells the truth and the truth only; the other that he is not impartial and does not pique himself on being so; and that in letting praise or blame well from their fountain sources on those who deserve either, he obeys his inclinations and his impetuous manner of feeling, while, at the same time, he flatters himself that he holds the scales of justice in his hand. In the narrative of the first trial of the Duchy-Peerage against M. de Luxembourg there comes a moment when the latter's advocate having ventured to doubt the royalist loyalty of the opponents, Saint-Simon, who was present at the session, seated in a box or tribune between

the Ducs de La Rochefoucauld and d'Estrées, sprang up crying out against the imputation and demanding justice on the rascal who made it. "M. de La Rochefoucauld caught me round the body and made me hold my tongue," he says, "and I felt more bitterly against him than against the man himself. My movement caused an excitement." Now, when a man is subject to such movements or impulses, not only at a public hearing and on a remarkable occasion, but in his habit of life and even in writing, there is a chance, not, perhaps, that he may be mistaken as to the ill intentions of the adversary, but that he may be carried beyond the proper tone and measure of his own conduct. Such a man has moments when he may need to be caught around the waist. I indicate the precaution as one that might be taken in reading Saint-Simon; there may often be a certain reduction to make in the relief and the colour of his paintings.

Much search has been made of late to find errors of fact in the Memoirs of Saint-Simon, and little difficulty has arisen in collecting a certain number; for instance, he says that Fargues, a former *frondeur*, was judged and condemned by Président de Lamoignon, when it was really the intendant Machault who sentenced him. In the domain of literature I myself have noted one incorrect or mistaken statement. Saint-Simon imputes to Racine the awkward absentmindedness which made mention of Scarron in presence of Louis XIV. and Madame de Maintenon, when it was, on the contrary, Boileau-Despréaux who committed the blunder, while Racine, a better courtier, made signs to him which he did not comprehend. But all such errors may be dismissed. The question of the truth of Saint-Simon's Memoirs cannot be narrowed down to the circle of such petty mistakes as these, were they a hundred-fold more numer-

ous than they are. Let the reader consider the manner in which memoirs such as his are necessarily composed. Among the various ways of writing history there are two principal divisions, which are derived from the nature of the sources whence they are drawn. One species of history rests on documents, State records, diplomatic papers, the letters of ambassadors, military reports, — written evidence of all kinds. We have a recent and excellent example of this method of composition in the work of M. Thiers, which might properly be entitled: "History, administrative and military, of the Consulate and the Empire." Next, comes history of a totally different character: contemporaneous, moral history written down by actors and witnesses. A man lives in an epoch, — at the Court, if it be a Court epoch; he spends his life in looking and listening, and, when that man is Saint-Simon, in looking, gazing, and listening with a curiosity, an avidity unparalleled, drinking in and devouring everything with eyes and ears. He devotes himself as ably as he can to learn the most he can; if he desires to go back to the past he consults old men, men out of favour, hermits shelved, subalterns also, and former valets at Court. It is very difficult, in whatever a man does not see with his own eyes, to keep himself from a certain amount of credulity when it is in the line of his inclinations and also of his talents of expression. In what a man sees for himself in presence of men with whom he is acting, and whom he judges, ah! there he goes more surely. If he has the gift of observation and the faculty of which I spoke, he goes far, he *penetrates;* and if to this first gift of observation is added a talent, fully its equal, of expressing and painting, that man makes pictures, living and consequently true pictures, which give the sensation, the optical illusion of the thing itself, which replace us in

presence of a human nature and a society in action, a society that had, as we supposed, disappeared.

Is this saying that another observer and another painter placed beside the first, but at a different point of view, could not present another picture, with other colours, and perhaps, also, other outlines, other forms? No, of course not; so many painters, so many pictures; so many imaginations, so many mirrors. But the essential thing is that each epoch shall have one at least of these great painters, one of these immense reflecting mirrors; for, if he is lacking, there will be no pictures at all; the life of that epoch, the sense of its reality, will have disappeared. You may afterwards make and compose at your leisure all your fine narratives out of your evidence called positive, and even your documents and historical pictures, carefully and symmetrically arranged and painted as we see them; but these narratives, true as they may be as to political results, are artificial; we feel they are; do what you will, you cannot make us live in the time you are recounting.

With Saint-Simon we live in the very heart of the times of Louis XIV.; there lies his grandest truth. Do we not know those times through him? — and I say *know*, as if we had actually seen them; seen the very features of the countenances to their lightest shades, of all these personages, those who are most remarkable, those who are but secondary, and even those who merely figure for a moment and pass on. We knew their names, perhaps, already, — names which had but a vague signification to our minds; to-day those personages are familiar and present with us. I take at random a few instances: Louville, the gentleman attached to the Duc d'Anjou (future King of Spain) who is soon to play a part in the affairs of State; Saint-Simon uses him, at first, to obtain an interview with M. de Beauvil-

liers; he states who Louville is, and adds, as it were by the way, "Louville was a man of great intelligence, who, with an imagination which made him always fresh, and the most excellent company, had ideas and perception in great affairs, and could give the most solid and best of counsel." Louville reappears again and again in the Memoirs; he has left memoirs of his own which you can read if you have the time; but meantime we are told as to the man and his distinctive tone and freshness, things essential and acute, such as no other person could have told us. M. de Luxembourg was an adversary of Saint-Simon in his party before Parliament, having previously been his general in the army; he was the object of his first great anger, his first uplifting of the lance as duke and peer. But will any one say that Saint-Simon's portrait is the less true with a truth that seizes the mind, and which, moreover, agrees well with what contemporaries have said, except that it follows the man closer than they could have done? Do you believe that M. de Luxembourg, thus presented in all his brilliancy as a hero and with all his vices, is calumniated?

Less known, and far less in the public eye, we have old Montal, "that grand old man of eighty, who had lost an eye in the war and was covered with wounds," and who found himself unjustly set aside in a numerous promotion of marshals. "Every one cried out for him except himself; his modesty and his virtue made all admire him." This Montal, like a pure and innocent Montluc, rises before us, at his full height, and can never be forgotten. Saint-Simon cannot encounter any such deserving figure without seizing it and making it live again. Even to those who would seem to deserve less, or, at any rate, are most effaced among their fellows, he restores that originality, that individual imprint,

which to a certain degree is in every human being. By merely glancing at them he removes their insipidity and reveals their vital spark. To attempt to count the number of such portraits given by him would be counting the sands of the sea — with this difference, that Saint-Simon's grains of sand do not resemble one another; we cannot cast our eyes on a page of these Memoirs without a countenance rising out of it. In the very first volume we have (and I am only speaking here of the minor ones), Crécy, Montgommery, and Cavoye, and Lassay, and Chandenier; who would ever have known what those men were without him? And Dangeau, so comic when we view him rightly; who recovers our respect by his humble services of gazetteer for posterity; but who, nevertheless, remains forever decorated and bedizened, as with the star of an order, by the complete and most diverting description Saint-Simon gives of him. And when we come to the greater figures, his pencil rises also, and takes their proportions. Of Fénelon, whom he knew by sight only, but whom he had so often studied through the Ducs de Beauvilliers and de Chevreuse, — what an incomparable portrait he makes of him! And when he turns to painting women, he has all those airy graces, that imagery, that suavity, so primitive, almost Homeric (see the portrait of the Duchesse de Bourgogne), which the noted painters of women, the malicious and lady-killing Hamiltons, could never equal.

But with Saint-Simon it is impossible to cite and choose; his is not a book, but a world. If any one absolutely wishes it, he can skip or repress the remembrance of a few portraits which may be open to suspicion and in which the writer's hatred is visible; that, for instance, of the Duc du Maine. But in general Saint-Simon's talent is more impartial than his will; if there is any great quality in the man he hates, he

cannot keep himself from producing it. And — shall I venture to tell my whole thought and conviction? — it is not a good sign to my eyes when a man is greatly maltreated and held up to scorn by Saint-Simon; he is never so indignant as he is against those who are lacking in certain fibres. What he despises above all, are those persons "in whom the servile comes ever to the surface" or those to whom duplicity is a familiar instrument. As for the others, he may be severe and hard, but he lets us see there are compensations.

I have spoken so far of portraits only, but there is many another thing in Saint-Simon: drama, and scenic effect; groups and interweavings without end of personages; above all, there is action; and it is thus that he comes to those grand historical frescoes, among which it is impossible not to point out two of the most remarkable: namely, that of the death of Monseigneur, and the overthrow of hopes and interests which took place visibly to the eye on that night, among a populace of princes and courtiers; and that other scene, not less marvellous, of the *lit-de-justice* in Parliament under the Regency for the degradation of the bastards, — the finest day of Saint-Simon's life, on which he drank with ecstasy long draughts of vengeance. But, in this latter instance, the painter, too much interested himself, becomes ferocious, and the limits of art are passed. Still, though such remarks may be made upon him, there is certainly no exaggeration in saying that Saint-Simon is the Rubens of the beginning of the eighteenth century.

The life of Saint-Simon scarcely exists for us outside of his Memoirs. He there relates without amplification (except as to his nobiliary disputes and trials) the events which concern him. In default of the daughter of the Duc de Beauvilliers, he married the eldest daughter of the Maréchal de

Lorges, the *goodness* and *truth* of the maréchal, a nephew and favourite pupil of Turenne, having attracted him; and the amiable and noble air of the daughter, a certain something of majesty tempered by natural sweetness, decided him. To her he owed an unbroken domestic happiness, and he lived with her in absolute fidelity. At the time of his marriage he was only twenty, duke and peer of France, governor of Blaye, governor and high-steward of Senlis, and commander of a regiment of cavalry. He speaks in many places of his wife, and always with a touching sentiment of respect and affection, comparing her with other women, either incapable or, if capable, ambitious, and praising her in charming words for the "perfection of her sense, exquisite and just in all things, but gentle and tranquil, which, far from putting forth its demands, seems always to ignore itself, and this with uniformity throughout a life of modesty, pleasantness, and virtue."[1]

There are two fine portraits of Saint-Simon and his wife,

[1] The following is from the 5th clause in Saint-Simon's will. "Fifthly: I will that wherever I die my body be brought and buried in the tomb of the parish church of the said La Ferté beside that of my very dear wife; and that there be made and put rings, hooks, and iron bands to attach our coffins so tightly and well riveted together that it shall be impossible to part them without breaking both. I will also . . . and that on hers, as far as space permits, shall be engraved her incomparable virtues: the unalterable piety of all her life, so true, so simple, so constant, so uniform, so solid, so admirable, so singularly lovable that they made her the delight and admiration of all who knew her; and on both our plates the extreme and reciprocal tenderness, the confidence without reserve, the perfect and unbroken intimate union which it pleased God to singularly bless throughout the whole course of our marriage, which made me, as long as it lasted, the happiest of men, enjoying ceaselessly the inestimable price of that unique Pearl, who united all that is most lovable and estimable with the gift of wise counsel, without the least complacency in herself, resembling so well the woman strongly described by the Holy Spirit; the loss of whom has rendered life a burden to me, and me the most unhappy of men, from the bitterness and sharpness I feel day and night, at almost every moment of my life," etc. — Tr.

by Rigaud, painted at the time of their marriage and now in possession of the present Duc de Saint-Simon. Though we should take care not to argue too much from portraits, and in this instance the youthful air of the young husband conflicts a little with the idea of him conveyed by the Memoirs, still we may remark that Saint-Simon's face and its expression are sufficiently those of his work. The face is shrewd; the eye rather gentle, but capable of growing angry and becoming terrible. His nose is in the air and somewhat saucy; the mouth satirical, from which the flashing wit finds no difficulty, we are sure, in escaping. But the idea of strength, essential in the talent of Saint-Simon, is absent, concealed no doubt by his youth.

Saint-Simon had served creditably and usefully in the war during several campaigns. After the peace of Ryswick the regiment of cavalry of which he was *mestre de camp* [colonel] was re-formed, and he was left without a command and unattached. When the war of the Succession began (1702), seeing various promotions made of men far younger in rank while he himself was forgotten, he thought of retiring from the service, and consulted certain friends, three marshals and three men of the Court; and, on their unanimous opinion that "a duke and peer of his birth, established as he then was with wife and children, should not serve in the armies as a mere adventurer [*haut le pied*] and see so many men lower than he then was and, worse still, had been, with posts and regiments," he sent in what we should now call his resignation; that is, he wrote to the king a short and respectful letter in which, without giving any other reason than his health, he expressed to him the regret he felt at leaving his service. "Well, monsieur, here 's another man who leaves us," said the king to the secretary of State for war, Chamillart, repeating the

terms of the letter; and it was several years before he forgave Saint-Simon, who, though he occasionally had the honour of being appointed for the candlestick at the *petit coucher*, was struck out *in petto* from all advancement to real favour, if indeed he had ever had a chance to obtain it. He was at this time twenty-seven years of age.

A year or two later, on the occasion of a *quête* [collection in church] which Saint-Simon refused to let his wife or the other duchesses make, as prejudicial to the rank of dukes *vis-à-vis* to the princes, the king was angry, and a storm was brewing against the opinionated and recalcitrant duke. "It is a strange thing," said Louis XIV., "that ever since he quitted the service M. de Saint-Simon thinks of nothing but studying precedence, and picking quarrels with everybody." Saint-Simon, warned of this, asked for a private audience with the king in his cabinet. He obtained it, explained himself, and thought that he had, partly at least, brought the king round again. In the minute details which he gives us of this scene, our finger being made to touch each circumstance, we see that the annoyance of being forced to ask for such an audience is fully compensated by the inquiring pleasure of observing the master closely, and by that other pleasure, inseparable from the first, of describing and relating all the circumstances.

Soon after, on the occasion of an embassy to Rome which he was very near receiving, somewhat against his will, but missed, Mme. de Maintenon expressed an opinion on Saint-Simon which does not belie her reputation for common-sense. She said he was "arrogant, fault-finding, and full of views." *Full of views;* that is to say, projects of systems more or less hazardous. This opinion, which Mme. de Maintenon always retained, shows the antipathy of natures, and was not likely to give the king any better idea than

that he already had of his somewhat indocile courtier. The more a man of his age was admitted to be serious, well-informed, and independent in character, the more impossible and irreconcilable he became in the Court frame-work of those days. Envious people and those who wished to injure him found it to their interest to praise him in these respects; they made him appear, by his freedom of speech and his haughtiness, as a man of strong mind who was more to be feared than employed, and dangerous withal. No matter how carefully he watched himself, he had at times expressive and eloquent silences, or bursts of energetic expression, which stung to the quick; "out of the fulness of his heart rushed arguments and reproaches." As we read him to-day we have no trouble in imagining how he then appeared. Such a nature, that of a great posthumous writer, could not help transpiring now and then in his lifetime; it escaped in volleys, the trigger was pulled; and we can well understand how it was that Louis XIV., to whom he was one day complaining of the malicious remarks of his enemies, should have answered: "But, monsieur, you talk and you find fault; and that is the reason why others talk against you." And another day the king remarked: "But you ought to hold your tongue."

However, the secret author of the Memoirs really gained much by these mishaps of fortune. Saint-Simon, with liberty and leisure, and (save for the favour of the king lost without recall), swimming at ease on the Court wave, over many a hidden reef, to be sure, but never incurring any open disfavour, and intimately allied with several of the ministers of State, was, more than any one, on the watch and scent of learning all to write all. His special intimacy with the Ducs de Chevreuil and de Beauvilliers (with the latter above all, "without whom he did nothing") did not confine him to

one side or set of views; as he said very neatly when making the portrait of the Abbé de Polignac, the amiable and witty seducer who had duped them: "Unfortunately, charity has not corked me up in a bottle, like the two dukes." No, he had his feelers out on all sides, and his openings into many and the most diverse cabals; and by his friends, by women young and old, and even by valets, he was kept informed, day by day, of all that happened in more than one sphere. All the intelligence, all the rumours, which circulate so rapidly about a Court and disappear, fell into his net and were never lost; he heaped them in a mass, he held them in a reservoir for *us*. In a precious chapter, wherein he exhibits his method of proceeding and his system of information, he says: "I was thus informed daily of all things through pure, direct, and certain channels, and of all things great and small. My curiosity, independently of other reasons, obtained what it wanted; and it must be admitted that every one, personage or nobody, lives at Courts on this sort of nourishment only; without it, he would merely languish."

The man of ambition, however, was not without his share of hope. He was young; the king was old. Louis XIV. living, the case was hopeless; but after him the field was open, and it lent itself to many a perspective. Saint-Simon therefore applied himself secretly to the study of reforming the State; and as he always did everything with method and pushed it to a conclusion without letting go, he wrote down his whole scheme, his plans, his ways, his means, his system of Councils, to be substituted for the all-potent rule of the secretaries of State. He had, he, Saint-Simon, his Kingdom of Salento all ready, his Republic of Plato in his portfolio, with, moreover, such details that he kept, carefully written down, precise man that he was, the names of the persons he thought it well to put in office, the salaries, the

cost, the whole system drawn up and supposed to exist; so that one day when the Duc de Chevreuse came to see him, to groan with him over the evils of the State and discourse about possible remedies, he opened, for all answer, a certain closet, and showed him the documents in proper order.

There came a moment that was altogether brilliant and smiling in Saint-Simon's career at Court under Louis XIV.; this was the interval of time which elapsed between the death of Monseigneur (April 14, 1711) and that of the Duc de Bourgogne (February 18, 1712), — a short space of ten months, during which the latter was dauphin and presumptive heir to the throne. Saint-Simon, after escaping many an effort to trip him up, many a foul act and dastardly calumny which came near making him at times throw up his party in disgust and abandon Versailles, was by this time somewhat re-established in the mind of the king. The Duchesse de Saint-Simon, loved and honoured by all, was lady of honour to the Duchesse de Berry, and he himself was advancing daily, by serious, *tête-à-tête* conversations on matters of State and on persons, into the steadfast confidence of the dauphin. He worked confidentially with him. If he ever hoped for the acceptance in full of his political theory, his ideal of government, it was then. There seems, as we read him, no sort of disagreement, no point of dissension between him and the young prince, who went, of himself, in advance even of Saint-Simon's ideas and maxims. From the very first opening of the subject everything passed between them as if in virtue of a pre-established harmony.

What was this political theory of Saint-Simon and this plan of reform? He explains it to us at great length, both in his conversations with the Duc de Bourgogne and in those which he had with the Duc d'Orléans on the eve of the death of Louis XIV. and the coming Regency. If we

go to the bottom of it and free the system of the thousand details of etiquette with which he has complicated and, to our eyes, compromised it by a tinge of absurdity, we shall see the inspiration which, in Saint-Simon, does honour, if not to his practical capacity, at least to his qualities as citizen and historian. He feels the wound and the moral weakness of France as she issues from the hands of Louis XIV.; all has been lowered, levelled, reduced to the state of an individual; the king alone is great. We must not expect Saint-Simon to think of the People in our modern sense; he cannot see them; he does not distinguish them from the ignorant and forever incapable populace.[1] As for the burghers, who form the head of the people, he sees them already ambitious, able, insolent, selfish, and surfeited; governing the kingdom in the person of clerks and secretaries of State, or usurping and aping as civilians a false sovereign authority in the Parliaments. As for the nobility, of whom he is part, and on whom alone he counts for generosity of blood and devotion to the country, he is indignant at seeing it reduced, weakened, and as if degraded by the policy of kings, especially the last. In fact, he accuses almost exclusively Louis XIV.; he does not sufficiently remind himself that the work by him consummated was the constant policy of all the kings from Philippe-Auguste, including Henri IV. and Louis XIII. whom he so much admired. He is indignant at seeing "this French nobility, so famous, so illustrious, become a people of the same sort as the people itself; only distinguished from it

[1] It is singular that the Due and the Comte de Saint-Simon, both descended from Charlemagne, and one claiming to be inspired by him, should each, in his generation, set himself to the task of regenerating, the one his country, the other the world. Can it be that the spirit or the instinets of the man who regenerated Europe after the fall of the Roman Empire should have survived within his race? — Tr.

by the fact that the people have liberty to toil, to trade, and even to take up arms; whereas the nobles have become a populace with no other choice than to grovel in deadly and ruinous idleness, which makes them a burden and a shame, or go to the battle-field and get themselves killed, amid the insults of the clerks and agents of the secretaries of State." He desires, therefore, to raise the nobility, and see it restored to its former posts, offices, and useful employments, with all the degrees and ranks of gentleman, seigneur, duke, and peer. The Peers above all, in whom he places all his expectations, and of whom he makes the key of the arch in the true system, seem to him to be (as they once were, he declares), the necessary counsellors of the king, and the co-sharers of his sovereignty. He never ceases to dream of this, and he holds his reconstitution of the French monarchy all prepared for it.

Certainly, if any prince were capable of entering into some of these views, which are at the same time courageous and patriotic, but narrow, haughty, and retrogressive, it would have been the Duc de Bourgogne, such as Saint-Simon presents him to us, with a mixture of good intentions, efforts over himself, toilsome and industrious education, and hot-house principles and dogmas. We cannot remake history by hypothesis. The Duc de Bourgogne did not reign, and the French monarchy, driven through revolutions, has followed another course than that he dreamed of taking. When we read Saint-Simon to-day, after certain accomplished events and in presence of an overflowing and triumphant democracy, we ask ourselves with more doubt than ever this question: —

Was there any possibility of thus remaking, after Louis XIV., after Richelieu, after Louis XI., the foundation of the

French monarchy, of remaking an *aristocratic constitutional* monarchy, with all the hierarchies of rank? Was such a reconstruction from the base possible when the consequences of the universal levelling were already rolling forward more and more on a rapid, broad incline? And, finally, was it in accord with the genius of the nation, with the genius of the nobility itself, which loves after its own fashion to be a people — a people of gentlemen?

The only answer, as we said before, is in accomplished facts: to Saint-Simon belongs the honour of having resisted the abasement and the annihilation of his Order, and also of having stiffened himself against the crouching and the servility of the courtier. His theory is like a spasm; a last supreme effort of the dying nobility to recover what is about to pass to that Third Estate which is all, and will, when the time comes, in the plenitude of its installation, be the Prince himself.

The sudden death of the Duc de Bourgogne gave a cruel blow to Saint-Simon, and destroyed the most flattering prospect that a man of his nature and stamp ever looked for, — less to be in power himself than to see the realization of his ideas and his views, that chimera of the public good which he mingled with the gratifications of his pride. The Duc de Bourgogne dead at thirty years of age, Saint-Simon, who was but thirty-seven, continued to be much considered and much relied upon in consequence of his intimate relations, nobly professed under all circumstances, with the Duc d'Orléans, whom no calumny and no cabal could prevent from becoming, after the death of Louis XIV. and of his heirs of an age to reign, the principal personage in the kingdom.

The plans that Saint-Simon developed to the Duc d'Orléans for the reform of the government were only followed

in part, after the duke became Regent. The idea of Councils to take the place of secretaries of State for the administration of public affairs was his, but it was not applied and executed as he intended. One of the measures which he proposed with the most confidence was the convocation of the States-general at the opening of the Regency. In it he saw a useful instrument to obtain reforms, on which responsibility might be laid by way of excuse. It would, he thought, be wise to profit by the *popular error* which attributed great power to that body, by favouring that innocent error without fear of consequences. In this Saint-Simon may have mistaken his date, as in other cases; he did not duly reckon the effect and ferment which the convocation of the States-general in 1716 would have produced; the instrument he wanted used might, even then, have been dangerous to handle. We go fast in France, and, in default of an Abbé Sièyes for theorist, the Abbé de Saint-Pierre was on the scene, and would have found more eloquent interpreters and exponents of his thought than himself. And Montesquieu, was he not already twenty-five years old?

From this period (1715) the Memoirs of Saint-Simon change somewhat in character. As a member of the Council of Regency he becomes a personage of the government; and although his advice is seldom followed, he is continually admitted to offer it, and is by no means backward in doing so. He gives us interviews without number, in which the topics overflow from his pen as they doubtless overflowed from his lips. The interest which is still to be found in certain scenes, and in the admirable portraits of the actors, flags a little under the too great plenitude and redundance of these parts. The reign of Louis XIV., under which he was restrained, was better suited to Saint-Simon than the semi-favour of the Regency, in which he had more space to move,

without, for all that, having any power of decisive action. He was not made minister, because he did not wish it; he could have been one at any moment, but he would not bend to any of the various combinations, of which he expected nothing good. He did not find in the Duc d'Orléans the man he wanted, and had so longed for and regretted in the Duc de Bourgogne; he reproached him for being a man of compromises and neutral terms; and the prince, on his part, said of his ardent and unaccommodating friend that he was "as immovable as God, and of a maddening persistency."

At a certain time (1721) Saint-Simon, on account of some family interest, desired to be sent as ambassador to Spain, a desire that was granted immediately. This mission was more honorary than political, but he relates it at great length. It was his last appearance in public life. The sudden death of the Regent (1723) came soon after to warn him of what the death of the Duc de Bourgogne had already so eloquently told his heart, namely, that the things of this world are perishable, and that a man, if a Christian, should think of better things. A cowardly act of Fleury only strengthened the warning. The Bishop of Fréjus, during a visit to Mme. de Saint-Simon, let her know that her husband would be seen with greater pleasure in Paris than at Versailles. Saint-Simon thought too much aloud for the low-voiced ministry that Fleury wanted. He did not allow himself to be told twice, and from that moment he renounced the Court, lived more habitually on his estates, and busied himself in the final preparation of his Memoirs. He did not die until March 2, 1755, at the age of eighty.

He had long turned his back to the new era, and he lived in his memories. He died when Voltaire reigned, when the Encyclopædia had begun, when Jean-Jacques Rousseau was appearing, and just as Montesquieu, having produced his

works, had died himself. What did he think, what could he think of those startling novelties? His disdainful remark on Voltaire has been often quoted; he calls him Arouet, "son of a man who was my father's notary and mine." From this it has been concluded, too hastily as I think, that Saint-Simon despised men of letters and men of intellect who were not of his class. Saint-Simon in these Memoirs shows himself much more attentive than people suppose to all that concerns men of letters and intellect, but they are those of the period of Louis XIV.: Racine, La Fontaine, Bruyère, Despréaux, Nicole, he recalls them all. He says some noble words on Bossuet; he speaks of Mme. de Sévigné with delightful airy grace. These are the literary people in Saint-Simon's mind. As for Voltaire, he speaks of him, it is true, as an adventurer of intellect and a libertine; the reasons for this are obvious enough without seeking others more injurious on his part to the class of men of letters than they really were.

It has been remarked as a singular thing that, whereas Saint-Simon speaks of everybody, there is very little mention of him in the memoirs of his time. Here again we must come to an understanding. What memoirs are meant? There are very few on the closing years of the reign of Louis XIV. Saint-Simon was young at that time, and had no apparent part before the world; his chief duty was the one he gave himself as the champion of the Duchy-Peerage, and the most punctilious of his Order as to rank. But if memoirs of the Regency, if the political memoirs of the Duc d'Antin and others, which must be in the State archives, should ever appear, they will certainly contain very much about Saint-Simon.

Saint-Simon, to all who saw him merely as they met and passed in that great world, must have had the effect, as I can easily imagine, of a stirring, hurried, secretive, rather fiery,

busy personage, always having confidences and *tête-à-têtes;* sometimes very amusing in his good veins, and charming at certain hours, at others rather tempestuous and uncomfortable. Maréchal de Belle-Isle compared him in his old age to the most interesting and most agreeable of dictionaries. After his retirement from Court, he came occasionally to Paris, where he stayed with the Duchesse de La Vallière, or the Duchesse de Mancini (both of them Noailles). While there, it is told that, using the freedom of an old man and a great seigneur turned into a countryman, he would sometimes, to put himself more at his ease, lay off his wig upon a chair, and *his head smoked.*

We can well imagine that head, heated by so many passions, smoking to the eye.

After Saint-Simon's death, his Memoirs had many vicissitudes. They left the hands of his family to become, as it were, a species of State prisoner; indiscreet revelations were dreaded. We know that Duclos and Marmontel knew of them and made ample use of them in their histories. M. de Choiseul, during his ministry, lent the manuscript volumes to Mme. du Deffand, who writes her impressions of them to Horace Walpole, to whom she would fain have lent them. "We are reading after dinner," she writes (Nov. 21, 1770) "the Memoirs of M. de Saint-Simon, and it is impossible for me not to regret your absence; you would take *unspeakable pleasure* in them." She says again in another place (December 2): "The Memoirs of Saint-Simon amuse me still; and as I like to read them in company, the pleasure will last a long time yet. They would amuse you, though the style is abominable, the portraits ill-drawn. The author was not a man of intelligence; but as he was well-informed about everything, the things that he relates are curious and interesting. I wish you could read them."

She returns, however, to the subject and corrects what may seem astonishing in this first tumultuous judgment (January 9, 1771): "I am in despair at not being able to let you read the Memoirs of Saint-Simon; the last volume that I have read has given me infinite pleasure; *it would put you beside yourself.*" Yes, indeed, these Memoirs of Saint-Simon put us far beside and outside of ourselves; they transport us to the heart of another century.

After 1784 publicity began to lay hold of the Memoirs; but timidly, stealthily, by random anecdotes and morsels. In 1788 and 1791, and later in 1818, extracts that were more or less voluminous appeared, compiled and mangled. The first edition of the Memoirs was published in 1829. The sensation produced by the first volumes was very keen; it was the greatest success since that of the novels of Walter Scott. A curtain was lifted suddenly upon the finest period of the French monarchy, and the reader took part in it as though he were there. This success, however, which was cut short by the revolution of 1830, was obtained in society rather than from the public in general; success with the latter came later and more gradually.

There remained for the present day an important advance, and, truth to tell, a decisive advance to be made for the honour of Saint-Simon, the writer. The first edition, liked as it was, had, nevertheless, been prepared on a singular principle and with a strange understanding of the case: namely, that Saint-Simon, because he had his own phrascology, which was not academic nor like that of everybody else, wrote at random, did not, in fact, know how to write, and that it was necessary, from time to time, in his interests and that of his readers, to correct his style. We ought to come to an understanding as to the style of Saint-Simon. It is not the same in all parts and at all times. When he

writes notes and comments on Dangeau's Journal he writes as men do for notes, on the fly, crowding and compressing his words, trying to say all he has to say in the smallest compass. I have elsewhere compared this petulance, this precipitation of matters beneath his pen, to an abounding stream trying to issue through too narrow a channel and getting choked there. In his Memoirs, Saint-Simon corrects his first dashed-in pictures, allows them greater space and develops them. When he relates conversations it often happens that he reproduces the tone, the vehemence, the flux of words, the redundancies, the ellipses. Habitually and always he has, in his vivacity of conception and depiction, a need of grasping and presenting great numbers of things at once, so that often one limb of his phrase will push out a branch which gives birth to a third, and from this quantity of branches interlacing each other an over-bushy tree is formed. But we must avoid thinking that this apparently instinctive production has not a purpose, a majesty, and often a grace.

Let us respect the text of the great writers, let us respect their style. We have need to understand that nature is full of varieties and diverse moulds; the forms of talent are infinite. Editors and critics, why should we make ourselves strictly grammarians and have but one pattern? And here, in this particular case of Saint-Simon, as we have to do especially and essentially with a painter, we must clearly understand (and on this I ought to have insisted at the beginning) what is the species of truth we have the right to expect and demand of him, — his nature and his temperament as an observer and writer being fully understood.

The accuracy of certain particular facts is less important and less to be sought than *truth of impression,* into which

must and should enter in a great degree the sensibilities and affections of him who observes and who expresses. The landscape reflected in this lake with frowning banks and rather bitter waters, in this mobile human lake which is always more or less witching, will certainly be tinted with the colour of its waves. Another form of talent, as I have already said, another magic mirror would have produced some different effects; but this one is true, it is sincere; sincere in the highest degree, and in the sense of moral and picturesque sincerity. This is what we cannot too much insist upon, and Saint-Simon was strictly right when he judged himself on his last page thus: —

"These Memoirs are from the fountain-head, and at first hand. Their truth, their authenticity cannot be called in question; and I think I may say that, until now, there are no others which have comprised more varied, more discriminated, and more detailed topics, nor any that form a more instructive and curious group."

Posterity, after listening with attention to all that has been said, and will be said again, both for and against, will not come, I think, to any other conclusion.

SAINTE-BEUVE.

LETTER

FROM THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON TO M. DE RANCÉ, ABBÉ OF LA TRAPPE, CONSULTING HIM ABOUT HIS MEMOIRS.

VERSAILLES, March 29, 1699.

I MUST, Monsieur, be well convinced of your extreme kindness for me, to dare to take the liberty that I do in sending you, by means of M. du Charmel, the papers about which I had the honour of speaking to you on the last visit which you permitted me to make. I told you then that I had for some time been working on a species of memoirs of my life which included all that had a special relation to myself, and also, in general and superficially, a sort of narrative of the events of these times, principally the things of the Court; and as I propose to speak the exact truth I have let myself loose to say both good and evil precisely as they seem to me, about one and all; intending to satisfy my inclinations and passions in whatever truth may permit me to say; considering that working for myself and for very few of mine own throughout my life, and for whom it may concern after my death, I have not stopped to be careful of persons on any consideration whatever. But seeing this species of work growing every day, with some complacency in leaving it behind me, and yet not wishing to be exposed to scruples which might bid me burn it at the close of my life, — as my first plan was, or even earlier, on account of all there is in it against the reputation of thousands of persons, and that the more irreparable because truth is in it wholly, and passion has done no more than animate its style, — I resolve to trou-

ble you with a few portions of it; entreating you to thereby judge of the work, and to be so good as to prescribe me a rule by which to always tell the truth without ever wounding my conscience; and also to give me salutary counsels as to the manner I ought to maintain in writing of things which touch me particularly and more keenly than others. I have therefore chosen the narrative of our suit against MM. de Luxembourg, father and son, which has produced encounters which have touched me in nearly all my strongest passions, in a manner as keen as, or more so than I have ever felt in my life, and which I have expressed in a style to make it remarked upon. It is, I think, the harshest and most bitter thing in my Memoirs; but, at least, I have tried to be faithful to the most exact truth.

I have copied the said part from where it is written, scattered here and there according to the order of time when we pleaded, and have put it together; but instead of speaking in person as I do in my Memoirs, I have named myself in this copy like the others, so that I may keep it and use it without its being manifest that I am the author. I have added also two portraits to serve as a specimen of the rest; for goodness, that of M. d'Aguesseau may sufficiently serve for those of that kind, of which there are many less than there are of evil.

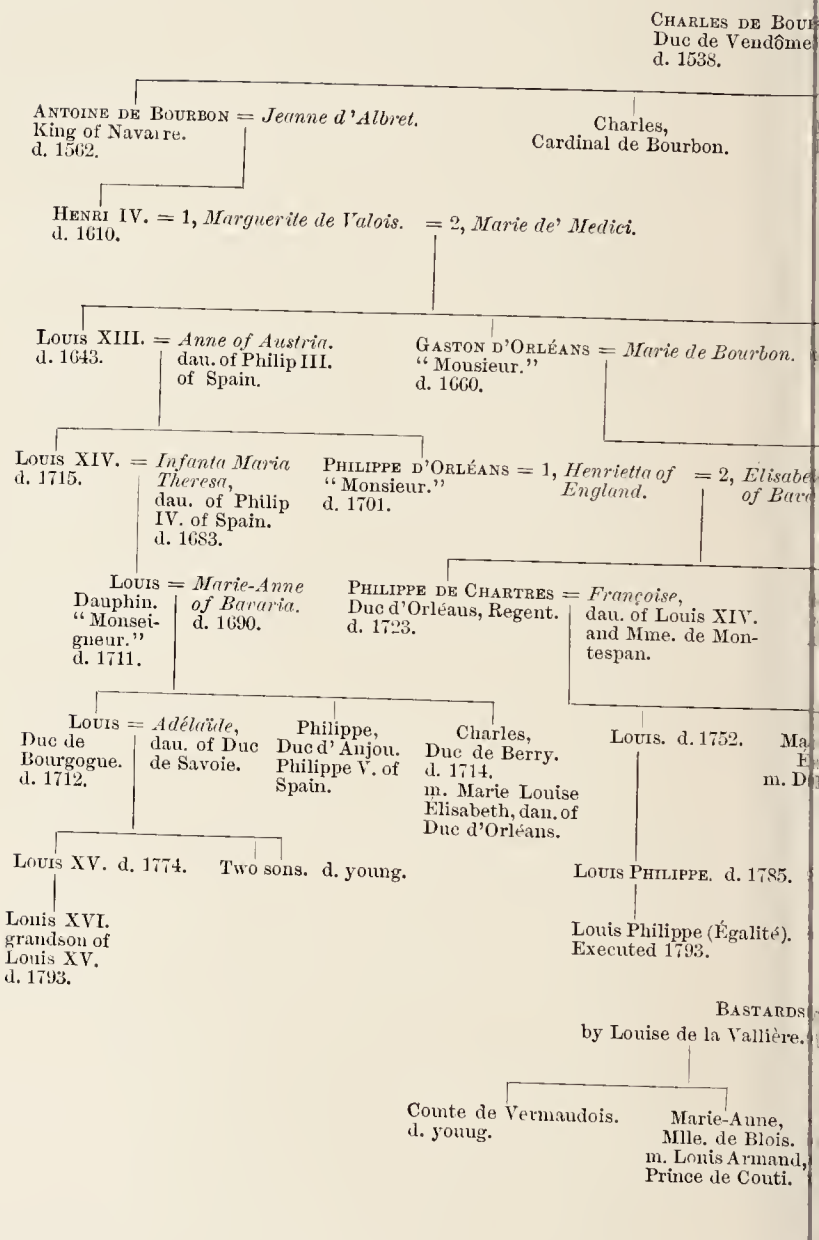
I entreat you, very humbly, to keep what I send you until I go myself to ask for it, hoping to have that happiness immediately after Easter, and to take you at the same time some sheets of the Memoir itself. I flatter myself that in the midst of all your troubles, all the pains this change in your great and marvellous monastery have caused you, you will have the charity to examine what I send you, to think of it before God, and to dictate the opinion, rules, and salutary counsel which I venture to ask of you; so that, being

written down, they may not pass from my memory, and that all my life I may have recourse to them.

I think it would be useless to ask you to take precautions as to secrecy, and as to the tone of voice in which these papers are read aloud to you, that nothing may be heard beyond your chamber. They themselves will make you remember that sufficiently. Nothing remains for me to add here, unless it be to ask your pardon a hundred and a hundred times for the interruption this will cause to those sacred and admirable occupations by which you nourish your soul unceasingly, and to assure you that I am imbued more than any one in the world, Monsieur, with respect, attachment, and gratitude towards you, and also that I am forever your very humble and very obedient servant.

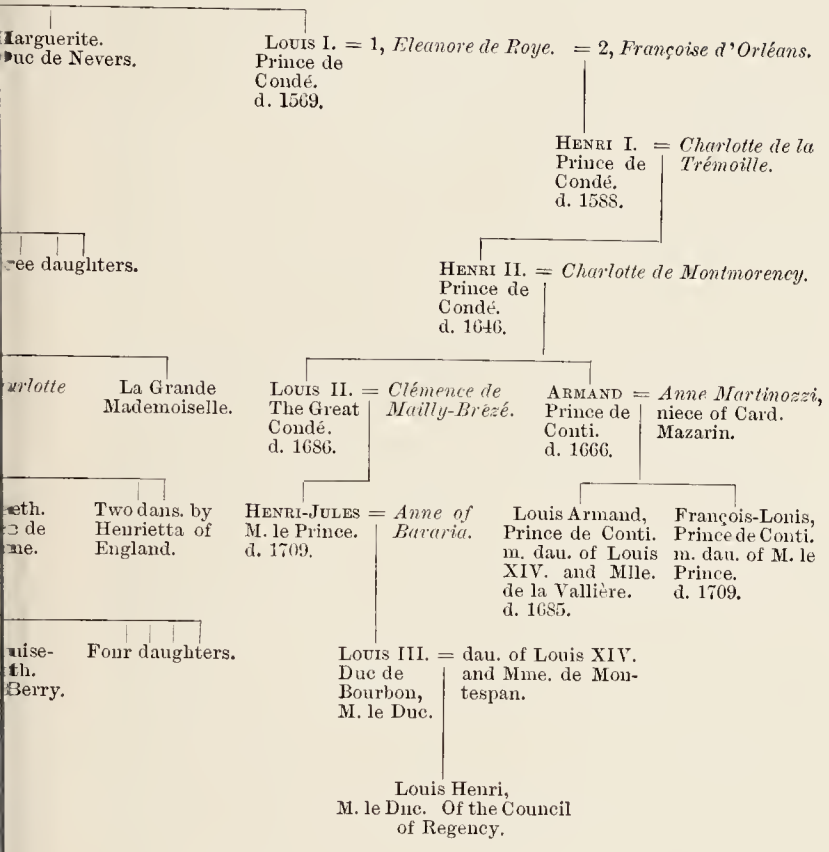
P. S. M. du Charmel does not know what these papers are.

TABLE SHOWING THE ANCESTRY OF T
ORLÉANS AN

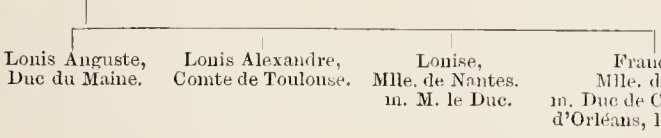


OURBON KINGS OF FRANCE, AND OF THE
NDÉ BRANCHES.

= *Françoise d'Alençon.*


Louis I. = 1, *Eleanore de Roye.* = 2, *Françoise d'Orléans.*
Prince de Condé. d. 1569.
Henri I. = *Charlotte de la Trémoille.*
Prince de Condé. d. 1588.
Henri II. = *Charlotte de Montmorency.*
Prince de Condé. d. 1646.
Louis II. = *Clémence de Maïlly-Brézé.*
The Great Condé. d. 1686.
Armand = *Anne Martinozzi,*
Prince de Conti. d. 1666.
niece of Card. Mazarin.
La Grande Mademoiselle.
Two dans. by Henrietta of England.
Henri-Jules = *Anne of Bavaria.*
M. le Prince. d. 1709.
Louis Armand, Prince de Conti. m. dau. of Louis XIV. and Mlle. de la Vallière. d. 1685.
François-Louis, Prince de Conti. m. dau. of M. le Prince. d. 1709.
Four daughters.
Louis III. = dau. of Louis XIV.
Duc de Bourbon, M. le Duc.
and Mme. de Montespan.
Louis Henri, M. le Duc. Of the Council of Regency.

UIS XIV.
by Mme. de Montespan.


Louis Auguste, Duc du Maine.
Louis Alexandre, Comte de Toulouse.
Louise, Mlle. de Nantes. m. M. le Duc.
Françoise, Mlle. de Blois. m. Duc de Chartres and d'Orléans, Regent.

TRANSLATOR'S NOTE.

In abridging the twenty volumes of so teeming a work into the limited space of three or four, a system of some sort, however simple, was necessary. It is best to explain to the reader the one selected, in order that he may know what relation this abridgment bears to the great original.

Perhaps the term "abridgment" can hardly be applied to a work which is forced to omit three-fourths of the whole. On the other hand, to call these volumes a "selection" would do them some injustice. The word "abridged" is, therefore, placed in the title, trusting that this explanation will keep the reader from being misled by it.

The translation follows mainly the indications which are found in Sainte-Beuve's preface, and gives as follows: the outline of Saint-Simon's career; a selection of such portraits as may be read with interest by the general reader; several of the great historical scenes; and something of the mere court gossip and intrigue. The parts relating to the campaigns have been omitted, together with much else that it was hard to forego in this wonderful historical treasure; for whether (using the words of M. de Montalembert) we judge it from a "political, moral, or religious point of view, there is no reading more useful, no nourishment more wholesome, more substantial, whether for youth, now so strangely lukewarm and proclaiming itself disillusioned of independence, or for a nation weary of regenerating effort and fallen a prey to speculators of all kinds and classes, or for a society invaded by scepticism, where the savour and sentiment of

honour tend to disappear, and where all things turn so readily to the lower influence. I am not speaking now from a literary point of view; I say nothing of the taste or the style; I am looking at the soul, the soul of us all, under all conditions, which Saint-Simon teaches us to uplift, to purify, to bathe afresh in true grandeur and in veritable honour. This may seem bold to say, but it is simply true."

Sainte-Beuve scarcely does justice, or at least he does not seem to appreciate fully that it was this innate HONOUR that kept Saint-Simon back when worldly greatness dawned before him at the Regency. How could that man of pure patriotic spirit (according to his lights), of honour, of Christian honour and right-mindedness, contend against Villeroy, Fleury, Dubois, and their like; or against the continual disappointment which the Duc d'Orléans, with his crooked, not to say unprincipled methods, must have caused him?

The merits and defects of Saint-Simon's style are clearly explained in Sainte-Beuve's preface, and by Saint-Simon himself on the last page of these Memoirs. With all its great narrative merits that style has no academic quality; he wrote as he thought and spoke, not as a writer. The mistakes in French grammar have not been copied into English; and, in the majority of cases where the clauses of sentences were grammatically *non sequiturs* (if the term may be thus applied) the construction has been slightly altered; in all other respects an effort has been made to keep the translation to the general characteristics of Saint-Simon's own manner. Although these memoirs were written one hundred and fifty years ago, it is surprising how like the language is to that of our day. The reader must not think that the translation has turned it into the style of the nineteenth century. Saint-Simon's own method of expressing himself is very like the easy colloquial talk of the

present day; in fact, if the translation seems to fall, here and there, into modern slang it is a literal translation from the French; as, for instance, where he says, after expressing himself with his customary frankness to friend or foe, "I gave it him fine,"—*je lui en donnais belle.* He takes his words with lordly freedom as they suit him, very much as he would the other conveniences of life, and the result is inimitable. But when he grows conscious that he is writing, composing, making a *discours* (like that on the Duc de Bourgogne), his style becomes involved and quite impossible to translate. Happily, few such parts come within the limits of this abridgment.

In a few cases it has seemed best to put together certain passages scattered through the volumes relating to one personage or topic; as, for instance, in the case of the Duc de Lauzun and in that of M. de Rancé of La Trappe. The marginal titles are Saint-Simon's own. He prepared his manuscript for publication without chapters, and with the topics noted simply on the margins. To relieve the reader, the French edition is broken up into chapters. The translation is also, for the same reason, in chapters, but of greater length, and the marginal topics are given in Saint-Simon's own words. The reader who is not familiar with the Memoirs may think that this abridgment makes abrupt transitions. But that is characteristic of the work itself. Saint-Simon's narrative is not consecutive; it passes from one subject to another in the same disconnected manner. Indeed, the abridgment of foreign topics and of his endless dissertations on rank and precedence, etc., seems almost to make the thread of his own life more distinct, and to reveal more plainly his unconscious portrait of himself, which, incomparable as his portraits are, is the most wonderful of them all.

The French edition, from which this translation is made, is not a reproduction of any former edition; the text has been collated with the original manuscript by M. Chéruel, and it deserves to be considered the veritable *editio princeps* of Saint-Simon's Memoirs. The portraits collected for the present translated edition are, almost all, from carbon photographs of the MM. Ad. Braun & Cie, of Paris, taken from the original pictures painted by great artists from the personages themselves.

As the conventional titles given to many of the royal personages are often confusing to those who are not extremely familiar with the history of the time, a list of the actual names of those personages is given below. Saint-Simon invariably puts before the titles of royal personages Mgr., or M., or Mme., as: "Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne," "Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne." In a few places this is left in the translation, but is generally, for convenience in English, omitted.

Monseigneur. The dauphin, Louis, son of Louis XIV. and the Infanta Maria Theresa, born 1661; died 1711. The title of Monseigneur was given to him by his father in jest; but it became in time his only name. He married Anne of Bavaria (who d. 1690), and was father of: —

1. Louis, Duc de Bourgogne, m. Adélaïde of Savoie; was father of Louis XV.; d. 1712.
2. Philippe, Duc d'Anjou, afterwards Philippe V. of Spain.
3. Charles, Duc de Berry; d. 1714.

Monsieur. Title always given to the eldest brother of the king. In these Memoirs he is Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, second son of Louis XIII.; b. 1640, d. 1701. He married, 1st, Henrietta of England; 2ndly, Élisabeth-Charlotte of Bavaria, who is the "Madame" of these Memoirs. His son was the Duc de Chartres, afterwards Duc d'Orléans and Regent.

M. le Prince. The head of the house of Condé. In these Memoirs he is Henri-Jules, son of the great Condé; b. 1643, d. 1709.

M. le Duc. Title given to the eldest son of the Prince de Condé. Here, Louis de Bourbon; b. 1688, d. 1710.

Mademoiselle. The eldest daughter of Monsieur, the king's eldest brother. La Grande Mademoiselle, daughter of Gaston, Duc d'Orléans, third son of Henri IV., was so called to distinguish her from Mademoiselle the daughter of Monsieur, Louis XIV.'s brother. La Grande Mademoiselle was b. 1630, d. 1693.

Les Princesses. Term applied to the bastard daughters of Louis XIV., namely: —

1. The Princesse de Conti, daughter of Louise de la Vallière.
2. Mme. la Duchesse, wife of M. le Duc, and
3. The Duchesse de Chartres, afterward d'Orléans, — daughters of Mme. de Montespan.

The bastard sons of Louis XIV. were: —

1. The Comte de Vermandois, son of Louise de la Vallière, died young.
2. The Duc du Maine, and
3. The Comte de Toulouse, — sons of Mme. de Montespan.

M. le Grand. Title given to the grand equerry; in these Memoirs Louis de Lorraine, Duc d'Armagnac, brother of the Duc and the Chevalier de Lorraine.

Princes of the Blood. Meaning those (of both sexes) of legitimate royal descent outside of the sons and grandsons of France; this included a number of branches and families. In 1714 Louis XIV. gave to the children of his bastard son the Duc du Maine the rank and privileges of princes of the blood.

Royal residences in the reign of Louis XIV. Those of the king, Versailles, Fontainebleau, Trianon, Marly, never in Paris; of Monsieur, Saint-Cloud; of Monseigneur, Meudon.

Château of Versailles

MEMOIRS

OF

THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON.

I.

I WAS born on the night of January 16–17, 1675, of Claude, Duc de Saint-Simon, peer of France, and his second wife Charlotte de L'Aubespine, the only child of that marriage. By Diane de Budos, my father's first wife, he had one daughter and no son. He married the daughter to the Duc de Brissac, peer of France, only brother of the Duchesse de Villeroy. She died in 1684, without children, long separated from a husband who did not deserve her, and by her will she made me her residuary legatee.

1691. Where and how these Memoirs began.

I bore the name of Vidame de Chartres, and I was brought up with great care and great watchfulness. My mother, who had much virtue and a mind of infinite sense and perseverance, gave herself continual trouble to form me both in body and soul. She feared for me the fate of those young men who think their fortune made on finding themselves their own masters at an early age. My father, born in 1606, could not live long enough to ward that evil from me, and my mother repeated to me constantly the pressing necessity to be worth something in himself, for a young man entering the world alone, son of a favourite of Louis XIII.,

all of whose friends were dead or not in a condition to help him, and of a mother brought up by the old Duchesse d'Angoulême (her relation, maternal grandmother of the Duc de Guise), and married to an old man, never seeing any but her husband's ancient friends and never being able to make friends of her own age. To this she added the lack of all near relations, uncles, aunts, cousins-germains, which left me as if abandoned to myself, and increased the need of knowing how to make a good use of myself, being without helpers and supporters; for her two brothers were obscure, the eldest ruined and at law with his family; and my father's only brother was without children and eight years older than himself.

At the same time she applied herself to raise my courage and to excite me to make myself such that I could repair by myself alone these voids so difficult to overcome. She succeeded in giving me a great desire to do so. My taste for study and the sciences did not second her; but that which is innate in me for reading and for history, and consequently for doing and becoming something through emulation and the examples I met with, made up for this coldness toward letters; and I have always thought that if I had not been made to lose so much time on those things and if I had been taught to make a serious study of the others, I might have been able to become something.

This reading of history, and, above all, of the private memoirs of our time and the times succeeding François I., which I did for myself, gave me a strong desire to write the memoirs of what I saw, in the desire and hope of being something in the affairs of my own time, and of knowing all I could about them. Objections did not fail to present themselves to my mind; but a firm resolution to keep the secret to myself alone seemed to remedy all that. I began

my Memoirs, therefore, in July, 1694, being then *mestre de camp* [colonel] of a regiment of cavalry of my own name, in the camp of Guinsheim, on the Vieux-Rhin, in the army commanded by the Maréchal Duc de Lorges.

My first intimacy with the Duc de Chartres.

In 1691 I was in the philosophy class and beginning to ride a horse at the academy of the Sieurs de Mémon at Rochefort, and I was also beginning to tire much of masters and of study, and to wish strongly to enter the army. The siege of Mons, laid by the king in person at the first opening of the spring of that year, had attracted thither all the young men of my age for their first campaign; and what spurred me most of all was that M. le Duc de Chartres was there. I had been, as it were, brought up with him, — younger than he by eight months, and, if age permits the expression between young men of rank so unequal, friendship united us. I therefore took a resolution to get myself out of childhood, and I suppress the tricks I used in order to succeed. I appealed to my mother, and soon saw she was only amusing me. I then had recourse to my father, whom I induced to believe that the king, having made a great siege this year, would rest the year after. I deceived my mother, who did not discover the plot I had laid until it was on the point of execution, and I spurred up my father not to let it be defeated.

The king had set his face against excusing any of those who entered the service, except the princes of the blood and his own bastards, from the necessity of passing a year in one of his two companies of mousquetaires, whichever they chose. From there they had to go, in order to learn more or less slowly to obey, either to the head of a company of cavalry, or as subaltern in his own regiment of infantry which he favoured and took an interest in above all others,

before he would grant them permission to buy a regiment of cavalry or infantry, according as each of them had chosen. My father took me to Versailles, where he had not yet been able to go since his return from Blaye, at which place he came near dying. My mother had gone down with post-horses to find him, and had brought him home still very ill, so that up to this time he had not been able to see the king. After making his bow, he presented me to become a mousquetaire, on the day of Saint-Simon and Saint-Jude, at half-past twelve o'clock, as the king left the council.

His Majesty did him the honour to embrace him three times, but when it became a question of me, the king, finding me small and delicate in appearance, told him I was still too young; on which my father replied that I should serve him all the longer. Whereupon the king asked him in which of the two companies he wished to put me, and my father chose the first, on account of Maupertuis, his particular friend, who was captain of it. Besides the care he expected me to get, he was not ignorant of the watchfulness with which the king questioned these two captains about the distinguished young men who were in their companies, above all Maupertuis, and how much their testimony influenced the first opinions formed by the king, the consequences of which involved so much. My father was not mistaken, and I have reason to attribute to the kind offices of Maupertius the good opinion which the king at first formed about me.

This Maupertuis said he belonged to the house of Melun, and said it in good faith, for he was truth and honour and uprightness itself, and that is what won him the confidence of the king. Nevertheless, he was no Melun, and was never recognized by any of that great family. He had risen by degrees from

Maupertuis captain of the Gray Mousquetaires.

the grade of sergeant of mousquetaires to commanding a company and becoming a general officer; his equity, his goodness, his valour, had won him such esteem. Trifles, punctilios of all kinds as to precision and punctuality, and an excitability which made crime out of nothing with the best faith in the world, caused him to be less loved than he might have been. It was by this that he had pleased the king, who often gave him confidential employments. He was charged, at the time of M. de Lauzun's last disgrace, with the duty of taking him to Pignerol, and many years later of bringing him twice to Bourbon, at the time when the hope of his liberty and the interests of M. du Maine joined those of Mme. de Montespan, and forced this famous unfortunate to yield up the immense legacy of Mademoiselle merely to change his prison into an exile. Maupertuis' punctiliousness at the various times when Lauzun was in his charge drove the latter to such despair that he never forgot him for the rest of his life. He was in other respects a manly man, polite, modest, and respectful.

1692. Marriage of the Duc de Chartres.

The king, concerned for the establishment of his bastards, whom he exalted day by day, had married two of his daughters to princes of the blood. Mme. la Princesse de Conti, only daughter of the king and Mme. de La Vallière, was a widow and without children; the other, eldest daughter of the king and Madame de Montespan, had married M. le Duc. For a long time Madame de Maintenon, even more than the king, had been considering how to elevate the bastards still higher, and both desired to marry Mlle. de Blois, second daughter of the king and Mme. de Montespan, to the Duc de Chartres. He was the legitimate and only nephew of the king, and much above the princes of the blood by his rank as grandson of France, and by the state maintained by

Monsieur. The marriages of the two princes of the blood, of which I have just spoken, had scandalized everybody. The king was not ignorant of this, and by it he judged of the effect of a marriage more startlingly out of proportion. For four years he had been turning it over in his mind and taking the first measures for it. These were the more difficult because Monsieur was deeply attached to all that made his grandeur, and Madame came of a nation which abhors bastardy and all misalliances, and also was possessed of a character that allowed him no hope of ever reconciling her to the marriage.

Cause of the precedence of the Lorrain princes over the dukes in the promotion of 1688.

To vanquish these obstacles the king addressed himself to M. le Grand, who was at all times in his intimacy, requesting him to win over his brother, the Chevalier de Lorraine, who was known to rule Monsieur. The two brothers asked no better than to make their court to the king in a matter that touched him sensibly, and, like clever men, to get their own profit thereby. This overture was made in 1688. Only about a dozen chevaliers of the Order were left, and everybody knew that a promotion could not be long delayed. The brothers demanded to be in it, and to be given precedence of the dukes. The king, who had never yet given orders for this assumption to any of the Lorrains, could not bring himself to agree; but the brothers stood firm; they carried the day; and the Chevalier de Lorraine, thus paid in advance, answered for the consent of Monsieur to the marriage, and for the means of bringing Madame and the Duc de Chartres to agree to it.

This young prince had been placed in the hands of Saint-Laurent after leaving those of the women. Saint-Laurent was a man of low rank, — sub-introducer of ambassadors to Monsieur, of no presence, but, to say the thing in one word,

the man of his period best fitted to bring up a prince, and form a great king. His want of station prevented him from having the title of this education; his great merit left him sole master of it; so that when propriety required that the prince should have a governor, that governor was only in appearance, and Saint-Laurent continued in the same confidence and the same authority.

First beginning of the Abbé Dubois, afterwards cardinal and prime minister.

He was a friend of the vicar of Saint-Eustache, and himself a man of property. This vicar had a valet named Dubois, who had formerly been that of the Sieur ——, doctor to the Archbishop of Reims, Le Tellier; and the doctor finding that the man had intelligence, made him study, so that this valet knew much of belles-lettres and even of history; but he was a valet who owned nothing, and after the death of his first master, he entered the service of the vicar of Saint-Eustache. This vicar, satisfied with the valet, for whom he could do very little, gave him to Saint-Laurent, in the hope that he would do better by him. Saint-Laurent was pleased with the man, and little by little employed him to write out the studies of the Duc de Chartres; then, to make better use of him, he made him enter the priesthood to polish him; and in this way introduced him into the schoolroom of the prince to help him in preparing his lessons and writing his themes; easing the prince himself, and looking out the words in the dictionary. I have seen him a thousand times in these beginnings when I went to play with M. de Chartres. After a while Saint-Laurent became infirm, and Dubois taught the lessons, and taught them very well, though he made them pleasant to the young prince.

However, Saint-Laurent died, and very suddenly. Dubois, in the interim, continued the lessons; but by this time he was almost an abbé; he had found means to pay court to

the Chevalier de Lorraine and the Marquis d'Effiat, first equerry to Monsieur, who were intimate friends, the latter having great influence on his master. To make Dubois tutor could not be proposed at a single jump; but his patrons, to whom he appealed, postponed the choice of a tutor; then they made use of the progress of the young prince to prevent any change and leave Dubois to go on as before. Finally, they bombarded him into the place, and never did I see a man so glad, or with better reason. This great obligation, and still more the necessity of maintaining the position, attached him closer than ever to his protectors, and it was he whom the Chevalier de Lorraine made use of to obtain M. de Chartres' consent to his marriage.

Dubois had won his confidence; it was easy at his age, and with his little knowledge and experience, to make him afraid of the king and Monsieur, and to lead him to see on the other side, an open heaven. All that Dubois could bring to bear, however, went no farther than to prevent a refusal; but that was enough for the success of the enterprise. He did not speak of the matter to M. de Chartres until near the time of its execution; Monsieur was already gained, and as soon as the king had received Dubois' answer, he hurried the affair along. A day or two earlier Madame had got wind of it. She spoke to her son of the indignity of such a marriage with all the force she never lacked; and she extracted from him a promise that he would not consent. So, weakness towards his tutor, weakness towards his mother, aversion on one side, fear on the other, and great embarrassment all round.

One afternoon, quite early, as I was passing along the upper gallery, I saw M. de Chartres coming out of a door at the back of his apartment with a sad and very harassed look, followed by a single officer of Monsieur's guards. As I

happened to be there, I asked him where he was going so fast at that time of day. He replied in a rough, grieved tone, that he was going to the king, who had sent for him. I did not think it well to accompany him; and turning to my governor I told him I conjectured it was something about a marriage which would soon be made known. Within a day or two I had heard a rumour of it, and as I judged that the scenes would be strong, curiosity rendered me very attentive and assiduous.

M. de Chartres found the king alone with Monsieur in his cabinet, where the young prince did not expect to find his father. The king was very friendly to M. de Chartres; told him he wished to care for his establishment; that the war raging on all sides deprived him of the princesses who would have suited him; and as to the princesses of the blood, there were none of his age; that he could not better testify his affection than by offering him his daughter, whose sisters had both married princes of the blood; that this would give him the rank of son-in-law as well as that of nephew; but, nevertheless, whatever might be his own passionate desire for this marriage, he would not constrain him, and would leave him thereon at full liberty. This proposal, delivered with that alarming majesty so natural to the king, to a timid prince deprived of all answer, put him beside himself. He fancied he could escape so slippery a path by falling back on Monsieur and Madame, and replied, stammering, that although the king was master, his will depended on theirs. "That is very right in you," replied the king, "but since you consent, your father and mother will not oppose it. Is not that true, brother?" he said, turning to Monsieur. Monsieur consented, as he had already done alone with the king, who at once said that it was now only a question of Madame; for whom he sent immediately. Then he began to talk with

Monsieur, and neither of them appeared to notice the trouble and depression of M. de Chartres.

Madame arrived; to whom, as she entered, the king said that he relied on her not opposing a matter which Monsieur desired and to which M. de Chartres had consented; and that was her son's marriage with Mlle. de Blois. He acknowledged that he himself desired it passionately, and repeated briefly the same things he had just said to M. de Chartres, — all with a very imposing air and as if entirely without doubt that Madame could not fail to be delighted, though very certain to the contrary. Madame, who had counted on the refusal her son had promised her, which promise he had really kept, as far as he could, by his embarrassed and conditional answer, found herself trapped and speechless. She darted two furious glances at Monsieur and at M. de Chartres, said that since they wished it she had nothing to say, dropped a short curtsey, and went off to her own apartments. Her son followed her instantly, at whom, without giving him time to tell her how the thing had come about, she railed in fury and drove him out of her room.

Soon after, Monsieur, leaving the king, came to her, and except that she did not drive him away as she did her son, she spared him nothing; so that, at last, he left her quite confounded without having had a chance to say a word. The whole of this scene was over by four o'clock in the afternoon; that evening there was an *appartement*, which happened in winter three times a week, the other three times comedy, and Sunday nothing.

What was called *appartement* was the assembling of the whole Court from seven o'clock in the evening until ten (when the king sat down to table) in the grand apartment which went from one of the salons at

Appartement.

the end of the great gallery as far as the antechamber to the chapel. At first there was music; after that, tables were ready in all the rooms for every kind of game; a lansquenet at which Monseigneur and Monsieur always played; a billiard-table; in short, perfect liberty for all to play at what they liked, and to call for more tables if they found them full. Beyond the billiard-room was a refreshment room, and all were well lighted. In the beginning of this arrangement the king was always present and played for a while; but it was now a long time since he had done so, though he desired others to be assiduous, and they went because they were anxious to please him. He himself passed his evenings in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments working with the different ministers, one after the other.

Shortly after the music ended the king sent for Monseigneur and Monsieur, who were already playing at lansquenet; also for Madame, who could scarcely look at a game at *hombre* beside which she had taken her seat; and for M. de Chartres, who was playing gloomily at chess; also for Mlle. de Blois, who had only just begun to appear in society, and was this evening unusually bedecked, though she knew nothing and suspected nothing; in fact, being naturally very timid and horribly afraid of the king, she thought she was sent for to receive a reprimand, and trembled so much that Mme. de Maintenon took her upon her lap and held her there, being scarcely able to reassure her. The rumour of all these royal personages being summoned to Mme. de Maintenon's apartments and of Mlle. de Blois being with her, made the news of the marriage known to the Court at the moment when the king was announcing it in private. The talk lasted but a few moments, for the same personages returned to the *appartement*, where the declaration was now made publicly. I arrived at this moment. I found the

company in groups, and great astonishment on every face. I soon learned the cause, which did not surprise me at all, after the meeting I had had in the afternoon.

Madame walked about the gallery with Châteauthiers, her favourite, and worthy of being so; she walked with great strides, her handkerchief in her hand, weeping without constraint, talking quite loud, gesticulating, and admirably representing Ceres after the abduction of her daughter Proserpine, searching for her everywhere, and demanding her of Jupiter. Everybody, out of respect, left the field free to her, and only passed through the gallery to reach the *appartement.* Monseigneur and Monsieur had returned to their lansquenet. The first seemed to me to be just his usual self, but never was anything so ashamed as Monsieur's face, nor so disconcerted as his whole appearance; and this first condition lasted him more than a month. His son seemed wretched, and the future wife in a state of extreme sadness and embarrassment. However young she was, and however marvellous this marriage, she saw and felt the whole scene, and she dreaded the consequences. Consternation was general.

Policy made the *appartement* dull to all appearance, but it was really very eager and curious. I found it short in its ordinary length; it finished with the king's supper, at which I resolved to lose nothing. The king seemed to be exactly as usual. The Duc de Chartres was next to Madame, who did not look at him or at Monsieur. Her eyes were full of tears, which fell from time to time, and sometimes she wiped them, looking about her as if to see what countenances people were taking. Her son's eyes were also red, and they both ate almost nothing. I noticed that the king offered Madame nearly all the dishes that were before him, and she refused them with a gruff air,

which did not, even to the last, rebuff the attention and politeness the king showed her.

It was also much remarked that on leaving the table, and at the close of the circle which stood for a moment in the king's chamber, he made Madame a low and very marked bow, during which she turned such a pirouette that when the king raised himself he saw nothing but her back, as she moved toward the door.

The next day the whole Court hurried to the apartments of Monsieur and of Madame, and of the Duc de Chartres; but no one said a word; they contented themselves with making their bow; and all took place in perfect silence. After which they went as usual to wait in the gallery, for the rising of the council and the king's mass. Madame came there. Her son approached her, as he did every day, to kiss her hand. At this Madame applied such a sonorous box on his ear that it was heard at a distance, and being given in presence of the whole Court it covered the poor prince with confusion, and filled those who saw it, of whom I was one, with amazement. The same day an immense *dot* was declared; and the following day the king went to pay a visit to Monsieur and Madame, which passed off very gloomily; after which nothing was thought of but preparations for the wedding.

Shrove Sunday there was a grand ball of ceremony given by the king; that is to say, it was opened by a promenade [*branle*] after which everybody danced. I went that morning to see Madame, who could not keep from telling me, in sour and grieved tones, that I was apparently very glad of the balls they were going to have; that belonged to my age, but she who was old wished they were farther off. Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne danced for the first time, and led the *branle* with Mademoiselle. It was also the first

time that I had danced at the king's ball, and I led Mlle. de Sourches, daughter of the grand provost, who danced very well. Every one was very magnificent. Shortly after, the betrothal and the signing of the marriage contract took place in the king's cabinet, in presence of the whole Court. That same day the household of the future Duchesse de Chartres had been announced, the king giving her a chevalier of honour and a lady of the bedchamber, until now reserved for the daughters of France, and a lady of honour, which was also a strange novelty.

Shrove Monday, all the royal guests and the bridal pair went soon after mid-day, to the king's cabinet and thence to the chapel. The latter was arranged as usual for the king's mass, except that between his *prie-Dieu* and the altar were two hassocks for the bride and bridegroom, who thus turned their backs to the king. The Cardinal de Bouillon, already robed, arrived in the sacristy at the same time, married them, and said mass. The canopy was held by the grand master and the master of ceremonies, Blainville and Sainctot. From the chapel they all went to dinner. The table was in the shape of a horse-shoe. The princes and princesses of the blood were placed to right and left, according to their rank, the line ending with the two bastard sons of the king, and after them, for the first time, the widowed Duchesse de Verneuil, so that the Duc de Verneuil, bastard of Henri IV., became in this way a prince of the blood long after his death, which he certainly never expected to be. The Duc d'Uzès thought this so amusing that he marched before her, crying out as often as he could: "Room, room for Mme. Charlotte Séguier!" No duchess paid her court at this dinner, except the Duchesse de Sully and the Duchesse du Lude, daughter and daughter-in-law of Mme. de Verneuil, which all the others thought so improper that they did not dare to

return there. After dinner the King and Queen of England came to Versailles with their court. There was fine music, and play, at which the king appeared, still much dressed and very glad, his blue ribbon over all, as it had been the night before. The supper was the same as the dinner. The King of England had his wife on his right and the king on his left, each having their *cadenas*.[1] After supper the married pair were conducted to the apartments of the new Duchesse de Chartres, to whom the Queen of England gave the chemise, the King of England giving it to M. de Chartres, who refused at first, saying he was too unhappy. The benediction of the bed was done by the Cardinal de Bouillon, who obliged them to wait a quarter of an hour for him, which made people say that such airs were not proper in one who had just returned from a long exile, to which he had been sent for his folly in refusing to give the nuptial benediction to Mme. la Duchesse unless he were admitted to the royal supper.

My year as a mousquetaire was slipping away and my father asked the king what it would please him to do with me. The king leaving the choice to him, he destined me for the cavalry because he had himself commanded in it, and the king resolved to give me, without purchase, a company in one of his cavalry regiments. But there had to be a vacancy; four or five months went by in this way, and I still did my mousquetaire functions assiduously. At last, about the middle of April, Saint-Pouange sent to ask if I would accept a company in the Royal-Roussillon, which was vacant but much cut up and now in garrison at Mons. I was dying with fear lest I might not be in the campaign about to open; so I persuaded my father to let me accept it. I thanked the king, who

1693. I leave the Mousquetaires for the Royal-Roussillon.

[1] Coffer of precious metal, containing knife, fork, and spoon. This was a distinctive sign of princes and seigneurs of the highest rank.

replied very obligingly. The company was entirely reformed in fifteen days.

Promotion of the seven marshals of France.

I was at Versailles when, Friday, March 27, the king promoted to be marshals of France the Comte de Choiseul, the Duc de Villeroy, the Marquis de Joyeuse, Tourville, the Duc de Noailles, the Marquis de Boufflers, and Catinat. M. de Boufflers was in Flanders, and Catinat on the borders of Italy; the five others at Court or in Paris. The king sent word to the two absent ones to take the title, rank, and honours of marshals of France without waiting to take the oath, which, in fact, is not necessary to give them their position. I was at the king's dinner the same day. Apropos of nothing, the king, looking round on the company said: "Barbezieux [1] will hear of the promotion of the marshals of France along the roads." Nobody said a word. The king was displeased by his frequent visits to Paris, where pleasures detained him, and was nothing loath to give him this twitch of the curb, and also to let him know the small share that he had had in the promotion.

This promotion made a crowd of malcontents, less for real merit than to gain merit by complaining; but people chiefly blamed the neglect and passing over of the Duc de Choiseul, Maulevrier, and Montal. The cause which excluded the first is curious. His wife, sister of La Vallière, handsome and made like a goddess, never stirred from the side of the Princesse de Conti, her cousin and intimate friend. She had had gallantries without number, which had made a great noise. The king, fearing this intimacy for his daughter, had her warned, then mortified, then sent away, but subsequently had always pardoned her. Seeing her incorrigible, and not liking to make scandals himself, he determined to work through the husband, and to get rid of her once for all. For

[1] Minister of war, third son of Louvois.

this he used the promotion, and charged M. de La Rochefoucauld, the intimate friend of the Duc de Choiseul, to represent to the duke the harm done by the public disorder of his wife, and urge that he should put her in a convent; and also to make him understand, if he showed hesitation in resolving to do so, that the marshal's *bâton* was the price of it.

What the king did not foresee happened. The Duc de Choiseul, an excellent soldier, was rather weak and the kindest man in the world. Though old, and somewhat in love with his wife, who made him believe at least a part of what she pleased, he could not bring himself to such a scandal; so that M. de La Rochefoucauld, coming to an end of his eloquence, was forced to bring forward the condition of the *bâton*. That spoiled all. The Duc de Choiseul was indignant that the reward of his services and the reputation that he had justly acquired in war, should be attached to a domestic matter which concerned himself alone, and he refused with an obstinacy there was no conquering. It cost him the *bâton* of marshal of France, and an outcry followed. What was worse for him, his wife was soon after dismissed, and did so many bad things that the Duc de Choiseul was obliged to put her away and separate from her forever.

Montal was a tall old man of eighty who had lost an eye in war, in which also his body had been covered with wounds. He had greatly distinguished himself and had often commanded in chief on important occasions. He gained much honour at the battle of Fleurus, and still more at Steinkerke, where he turned the fortunes of the day. Every one cried out for him, except himself. His modesty and his wisdom made all admire him. Even the king was touched, and promised to repair the wrong he had done him. He went away to his own home for a time,

but returned and took service again on the hopes held out to him, which were cheated till his death. The good man died at Dunkerque, where he commanded a separate corps towards the sea. He was a very gallant man and showed himself to be one to the last, when over eighty years of age.

Death of Mademoiselle and her donations free and forced.

Mademoiselle, La Grande Mademoiselle, called thus to distinguish her from the daughter of Monsieur, or, to give her her proper name, Mlle. de Montpensier, eldest daughter of Gaston d'Orléans and the only one of his first marriage, died in her palace of Luxembourg, Sunday, April 5th, after a long illness of retention of urine, in her sixty-third year, the richest private princess in Europe. The king had visited her, and she strongly recommended to him M. de Joyeuse, as her relation, to be made marshal of France. She cousined and brought forward and took immense interest in all who had the honour to belong to her, being in this, though very haughty, entirely different from what the princes of the blood have now become in that respect. She wore mourning scrupulously for very ordinary and even very distant relatives, often explaining how and why they were so. Monsieur and Madame never left her during her illness. Besides the intimacy that had always existed, under all circumstances, between herself and Monsieur, the latter was hovering over her rich inheritance, and was, in fact, her residuary legatee. But the fattest morsels had escaped him.

The published Memoirs of this princess reveal plainly her weakness for M. de Lauzun, and the folly of the latter for not marrying her the moment he obtained the king's permission, in order to do so with more pomp and splendour. Their despair at the withdrawal of the king's permission was extreme, but the donations given under the marriage con-

La Grande Mademoiselle

tract were already made, and confirmed by other deeds. Monsieur, prompted by M. le Prince, had urged the king to retract; but Madame de Montespan and M. de Louvois had even greater influence, and on them fell all the fury of Mademoiselle and the rage of the favourite, for M. de Lauzun was really that. Though not for long; he burst forth more than once to the king, and oftener still to the mistress, and gave fine chances to the minister to ruin him. It ended finally in his being arrested and sent to Pignerol, where he was extremely ill-treated by Louvois' orders and remained for ten years. Mademoiselle's love did not cool during his absence. It was turned to profit in order to make a grand establishment for the Duc du Maine[1] at her expense and that of M. de Lauzun, whose liberty was thus purchased. Eu, Aumale, Dombes, and other estates were given to M. du Maine, to Mademoiselle's great regret. And it was under a pretext of gratitude that the king, for the real purpose of elevating his bastards more and more, made them assume the livery of Mademoiselle, which was that of M. Gaston. This forced heirship was very little agreeable to her, and she was always on the defensive for the rest of her property, lest the king should tear it from her for his beloved son.

The incredible adventures of M. de Lauzun, who saved the Queen of England and the Prince of Wales, brought him back to Court. He had quarrelled with Mademoiselle, who was always jealous of him and would not see him, even before her death. Out of her donation he still kept Thiers and Saint-Fargeau. He allowed it to be understood that he was married to Mademoiselle, and at her death he appeared in full mourning mantle before the king, who thought such behaviour very bad. After his mourning, he

[1] Eldest son of the king and Mme. de Montespan. Their second son was the Comte de Toulouse.

never took back his own livery, but made himself one of a brown that was almost black, with blue and white galloons, to testify continually his grief at the loss of Mademoiselle, whose portraits he kept everywhere.

All the memoirs of the civil wars and Mademoiselle's own Memoirs have made her too well known to make it necessary to add anything here. The king never forgave her conduct on the day of Saint-Antoine; and I heard him once at supper reproach her, in a jesting way but pretty strongly, for having fired the cannon of the Bastille upon his troops. She was rather embarrassed, but she got out of it extremely well.

Death of my father.

On the 3rd of May, at ten o'clock in the evening, I had the misfortune to lose my father. He was eighty-seven years old and had never fully recovered from the severe illness he had at Blaye two years earlier. For the last three weeks he had suffered a little from the gout. My mother, seeing him advance in years, had proposed to him some domestic arrangements which he made like a good father, and she was thinking of getting him to resign his dignity of duke and peer in my favour. He had dined with friends, for he always had company. In the evening he went to bed, without ill or accident, and while they were talking with him he suddenly gave three violent sighs, one after the other quickly. He was dead almost before he could cry out that he was ill; there was no more oil in his lamp.

I learned the sad news on my return from the *coucher* of the king, who was to purge himself the next day. The night was given to the just feelings of nature. The next morning early I went to find Bontems and the Duc de Beauvilliers, who was on duty and whose father had been a friend of my father. M. de Beauvilliers testified the

utmost kindness for me in the apartment of the princes whose governor he was, and he promised to ask the king, when he opened his curtains, to give me my father's governments. He obtained them at once; and Bontems, who was much attached to my father, ran to tell me in the tribune where I was waiting. Then M. de Beauvilliers came himself to bid me be in the gallery at three o'clock, when he would send for me to enter through the cabinets after the king's dinner was removed.

I found the crowd dispersing from his room. As soon as Monsieur, who was standing by the king's pillow, saw me, he called out quite loud: "Ah! here comes M. le Duc de Saint-Simon." I approached the bed and made my thanks by a low bow. The king asked me how the misfortune had come about, with much kindness towards my father and me; he knew well how to season his favours. He spoke to me of the sacraments my father had not had time to receive. I told him that shortly before his death he had made a retreat of several days at Saint-Lazare, where he had his confessor and where he made his devotions, and I added a word on the piety of his life. The colloquy lasted some time, and ended by exhortations to be virtuous and do right, and he would always take care of me.

II.

My mother, who had felt much uneasiness about me during the last campaign,[1] was anxious that I should not make a second without being married. There was therefore much question between us of this great affair. Though very young, I had no repugnance to it, but I wished to marry as I myself pleased. With an eminent establishment, I yet felt myself much alone in a situation where credit and consideration did more than all the rest. The son of a favourite of Louis XIII. and of a mother who had lived for him alone, whom he had married when she herself was no longer young, without uncles, aunts, cousins, or near relations, or useful friends of father and mother, — my father's old friends being so outside of all things by reason of their age, — I felt myself extremely alone. Millions could not have tempted me into a misalliance, nor could fashion or my own needs induce me to stoop to it.

1694. Origin of my intimate friendship with the Duc de Beauvilliers until his death.

The Duc de Beauvilliers had always remembered that his father and mine had been friends, and that he himself had lived on the same footing with my father so far as the difference of their ages, places, and ways of life would allow; and he had always shown me so much attention in the apartments of the princes, whose governor he was and to whom I paid my court, that it was to him that I addressed myself on the death of my father, and subsequently, as I have already stated. His virtue, his gentleness, his polite-

[1] That of Neerwinden and Charleroy.

ness had made me love him. His favour was now at the highest point. He was minister of State since the death of M. de Louvois; he had when very young succeeded the Maréchal de Villeroy in the position of head of the council of Finances; and from his father he held the post of first gentleman of the Bedchamber. The reputation of the Duchesse de Beauvilliers also touched me, and the intimate union in which they lived together. The difficulty was as to property. I had great need of cleaning up mine, which was in great disorder, and M. de Beauvilliers had two sons and eight daughters. In spite of all that, my desires carried the day, and my mother approved of them.

The decision made, I thought that to go straight to my end, without windings or third parties, would seem to have the best grace; my mother put into my hand a statement, very truthful and very exact, about my property and my debts, and the expenses and claims against me. I carried it to Versailles, and sent to ask M. de Beauvilliers to name a time when I could speak with him privately, at leisure, and at our ease. Louville was the one I sent to him. He was the son of a gentleman of good station, and his mother's was equally good; the family had always been much attached to my father, who had protected them in the days of his favour, and since then through M. de Seignelay. Louville, brought up to the same attachment, had been advanced from captain of a king's regiment of infantry to be gentleman-in-waiting to the Duc d'Anjou by M. de Beauvilliers on my father's recommendation. M. de Beauvilliers, who liked him much afterwards, had not known him, though a relation of his own, except through my father. Louville was a man of great intelligence, who, with an imagination which made him always fresh and the most excellent company, had

Louville.

ideas and perception in great affairs, and could give the most solid and best of counsel.

I had therefore an appointment at eight o'clock in the evening in Mme. de Beauvilliers' cabinet, where the duke came to see me alone without her. There, I made him my compliment as to what brought me there, and as to my preferring to address myself directly to him, instead of employing others to speak to him, which was ordinarily done at such times; and then, having expressed my whole desire, I laid before him a most true and exact account of my property and affairs, entreating him to see what he could add to make his daughter happy with me; saying that that was the only condition I desired to make, not wishing to hear a word of discussion on any other; neither on the more nor on the less; and that all the favour I asked of him was to grant me his daughter and have the marriage contract made as it pleased him, and that my mother and myself would sign it without examination.

The duke kept his eyes glued upon me during all the time I was speaking. He answered like a man who was filled with gratitude for my desire, my frankness, and my confidence. He explained to me the state of his family, and asked me for a little time to speak to Mme. de Beauvilliers and see together what it would be possible for them to do. He then told me that of his eight daughters the eldest was between fourteen and fifteen years of age; the second much deformed and not marriageable; the third between twelve and thirteen; and all the others children whom he kept at Montargis with the Benedictines, whose virtue and piety he knew, and therefore preferred to convents in the neighbourhood, where he might have had the happiness of seeing them oftener. He added that his eldest daughter wished to be a nun; and that the last time he

had been to see her at Fontainebleau, he had found her more determined than ever. That as for property, he had little, and he did not know if that would suit me; but he assured me there were no efforts he would not make for me in that direction. I replied that he must see from the proposal I had made to him that it was not property which brought me there, nor even his daughter, whom I had never seen; that it was he who had charmed me, and whom I wished to marry together with Mme. de Beauvilliers. "But," he said, "if she absolutely persists in being a nun?" "Then," I replied, "I ask for your third." To this proposal he made two objections: her age, and also the justice of giving her and the eldest equal property if, after the marriage were made, the eldest changed her mind and no longer wished to be a nun. To the first objection I replied by the example in his own family of his sister-in-law who was younger still when she married the late Duc de Mortemart; to the other, that he could give me the third on the footing that the eldest might marry; leaving him free to pay me the rest of the dowry on the day when the eldest made her profession; and that if she changed her mind I should be contented to have married the younger, and glad if the elder found a better husband than I.

Then the duke, raising his eyes to heaven and moved quite beside himself, declared that he had never felt so great a struggle, and that he needed to gather all his strength not to give her to me that very instant. He expatiated on my treatment of him, and conjured me, whether the thing succeeded or not, to look upon him henceforth as my father, saying that he would serve me in every way, and that the obligation I put him under was such that he could not offer, or be bound to me, for less than all that

was in his power of service and counsel. He embraced me as his son and we parted, agreeing to see each other again at the hour which he would tell me at the king's *lever* the next morning. There he whispered to me, in passing, to be in the cabinet of Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne at three o'clock that afternoon, when the prince would be playing tennis and the room empty. But bores are everywhere. I met two on my way to the rendezvous, who, surprised at the hour at which they saw me passing along a corridor in which they thought I could have no business, importuned me with questions. I got rid of them as best I could, and at last I reached the prince's cabinet, where I found his governor, who had stationed his confidential valet at the door to admit no one but me. We sat down face to face, the schoolroom table between us. There, I received the tenderest answer, but a negative one, founded on the vocation of his eldest daughter; on his want of means to equal her with his third if, after the marriage took place, she changed her mind; on the fact that he was not paid for his offices, and on the unpleasantness it would be to him to be the first minister who did not receive the gift the king had hitherto always made on the marriage of his ministers' daughters, and which the present condition of State affairs prevented him from expecting. All that was possible of sorrow, regret, esteem, preference, and tenderness was said to me; I answered in the same way, and we separated, after embracing, not feeling able to talk to each other longer.

The next day I again saw M. de Beauvilliers, to whom I said with an air of fear and hope that the conversation of the day before had so afflicted me that I had shortened it in the need I felt to pass the first outbursts of my sorrow in solitude, — which was true, — but that, since he allowed me

to refer again to this matter, I saw but two principal difficulties, the property and the vocation; that as for the property, I begged him to take that statement of mine which I again brought to him, and settle upon it as he pleased. With regard to the convent, I drew him a vivid picture of what was too often taken for a vocation when it was nothing of the kind, and frequently led the way in young persons to poignant regrets for having renounced that of which they were ignorant, and afterwards imagined to be delightful; confining in a prison both body and soul which became in the end despairing; to this I added another picture of the good to be gained, and the examples of virtue which his daughter would find in his home.

The duke seemed to me profoundly touched with the purport of my eloquence. He said it moved him to the bottom of his soul, and that he repeated, with all his heart, what he had already said, that between me and M. le Comte de Toulouse, if he were to ask his daughter's hand, he would not hesitate to prefer me, and that he should never in his life be consoled for not having me for his son-in-law. He took my papers, to examine with Mme. de Beauvilliers what could be done as to property as well as about the convent. "But," he added, "if it is her vocation, what can I do? We must blindly follow the will of God and his laws in everything, and he will be the protector of my family. To please and serve him faithfully is the only desirable thing, and it ought to be the sole end and object of our actions." After a little other discourse we parted.

These words, so pious, so detached from the world, so grand in a man thus highly stationed, increased my respect and my admiration, and at the same time, if possible, my desire. I related all to Louville, and that evening I went to the music at the *appartement* and placed myself so that I

could fix my eyes on M. de Beauvilliers, who was behind the prince. On coming out I could not refrain from whispering in his ear that I felt I could never live happy with any other than his daughter; then without waiting for an answer I slipped away. Louville thought it best that I should also see Mme. de Beauvilliers, on account of the perfect confidence M. de Beauvilliers had in her, and he told me to come the next evening to her apartments, at eight o'clock. There, after proper thanks, she gave me, as to property and convent, about the same reasons; but I thought I saw plainly that the property was an obstacle easy to overcome and would stop nothing, but that the stone of stumbling was the vocation. I answered as I had done to M. de Beauvilliers. The duchess was surprised by the force of my reasoning and the great eagerness for their alliance which caused me to make it. She said that if I had seen the letters of her daughter to the Abbé de Fénelon I should be convinced of the truth of her vocation; that she herself had done all she could to incline her daughter to come and spend seven or eight months with her and see the Court and the world, without succeeding, unless by the use of violent authority; that, after all, she was answerable to God for her daughter's vocation, and not for mine; but that I was so good a casuist I confused her, and she would again talk with M. de Beauvilliers, because she should be inconsolable to lose me; with other tender and flattering things such as her husband had already said to me, and with the same effusion of heart.

Two days later, at the king's *lever*, M. de Beauvilliers told me to follow him, at a distance, into a dark passage between the tribune and the gallery of the new wing where he lodged; this passage being intended for a grand salon to the new chapel the king wished to build. There M. de Beauvil-

liers returned me the statement of my property, and told me that he saw I was a great seigneur in wealth as well as in other ways, and therefore I could not put off marrying. He renewed his regrets, and conjured me to believe that God alone, who wished his daughter for his spouse, had the preference over me, and would have it over the dauphin himself if it were possible for him to marry her. The end of the interview was full of the tenderest protestations of an interest and a friendship both intimate and eternal, which would serve me in every way, with counsel and with influence in small things and in great things; and the assurance that we must henceforth look upon each other as father and son-in-law in the most indissoluble union.

I have gone, perhaps, into too many details on this affair; but I think it best to give the key to this union, to this confidence, so intimate, so complete, so continual, and so important, placed by M. de Beauvilliers in me, and my freedom with him in all things which would otherwise seem incomprehensible under the great difference of age, and also in regard to the reserved, isolated, peculiarly circumspect, or rather, self-contained nature of the Duc de Beauvilliers. The attachment that I have always felt for him is without reserve or comparison.

I had therefore to seek another marriage. Chance threw an offer to my mother of the eldest daughter of the Maréchal Duc de Lorges, but the matter fell through at the time and I went to La Trappe in search of consolation for the impossibility of an alliance with the Duc de Beauvilliers.

La Trappe and its reformer.

La Trappe is a place so celebrated, so well-known, and its reformer is so justly famous, that I shall not dwell here upon portraits or descriptions, but will merely say that this abbey is five leagues from our property at La Ferté-au-Vidame, or Arnault, which is the true, dis-

tinctive name of this Ferté among all the other Fertés of France which have retained the generic name of what they once were, namely, forts or fortresses (*firmitas*). Louis XIII. wished my father to buy this estate, which had long been under confiscation after the death of that La Fin who, having entered the conspiracy of the Duc de Biron, betrayed him, all the more cruelly because the duke always held so high an opinion of his fidelity that his confidence was the cause of his ruin. The proximity of Saint-Germain and Versailles, from which La Ferté is distant twenty leagues, was the reason of the purchase. It was our only built-upon estate, and it was there that my father passed the autumns. He had known M. de Rancé well in society. He was, in fact, his intimate friend, and their intimacy became closer and closer after the abbé's retreat into the neighbourhood of my father, who went to see him several times a year, and had taken me with him.

My intimate relations with him.

Though still a child, as I might say, M. de la Trappe had charms for me which attached me to him, and the holiness of the place enchanted me. I was always wishing to return there, and I gratified the wish every year, often many times in the year and for weeks together; I never wearied of so grand and touching a spectacle, nor of admiring all that I observed in him who had raised it for the glory of God and for his own sanctification and for that of so many others. He saw with kindness these feelings in the son of his friend; he loved me like his own child, and I respected him with as much tenderness as if I had really been so. Such was this intimacy, singular at my age, which admitted me into the confidence of a man so grandly and so sacredly distinguished, and made me give him mine. My only regret is that I did not profit by it more.

On my return from La Trappe, where I always went clandestinely to conceal these journeys from the gossip of the

world at my age, I fell into an affair which made a great talk and, for me, had many consequences.

M. de Luxembourg,[1] proud of his success and of the world's applause about his victories, thought he was strong enough to transport himself from the eighteenth rank of seniority which he held among the dukes of the second class, and take precedence in ours after M. d'Uzès.[2]

The house of Luxembourg established in France.

Before entering upon an explanation of M. de Luxembourg's claim, a short genealogy will throw light on what is to follow. The too famous Louis de Luxembourg, so well-known under the name of Connétable de Saint-Paul, whose head Louis XI. cut off on the Place de Grève, had three sons. Antoine, his second son, had two sons: Jean, Comte de Brienne, and François, who was made Duc de Piney and peer of France (1581). The second Duc de Piney (Henri) died so young that we hardly know what he might have been. The marriage of his daughter and almost sole heiress was the effect and effort of the favour of the all-powerful Connétable de Luynes. We will now follow this duchess-heiress of Piney, Marguerite-Charlotte de Luxembourg. She lost her husband about ten years after their marriage, having married at twelve and being then twenty-two years of age, and she was seventy-two when she died in 1680. It seems that she made no great account of her first husband, nor of the two children she had by him. All favour had disappeared with the Connétable de Luynes, and it is not strange that this duchess-heiress could not be prevented from employing all the

[1] Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg; won the battles of Fleurus, Steinkerke, and Neerwinden.

[2] There were three classes of dukes: 1. *Ducs et pairs.* 2. *Ducs vérifiés.* 3. *Ducs à brevet.* The first two were essentially the same; except that the former had the right to sit and vote in Parliament. The third class were brevetted by the king, and their titles were not hereditary.

authority of a mother over her children, and all the liberty of a widow in marrying again. Love was apparently the cause of her second marriage; and as it involved the loss of name, rank, and the honours of a duchess, the couple went to live in a house of the new wife on her magnificent estate at Ligny, which they hardly ever quitted till they died. It was the interest of the new pair to get rid of the son and daughter of the first marriage. The son offered the means himself, for he was imbecile. They had him judicially dispossessed, and shut up in Paris at Saint-Lazare; but fearing some one might marry him, they had him ordained deacon; and in that condition and that place he passed a long life until his death. The daughter did not have ordinary common-sense, but she was not imbecile. They made her a nun in Paris, at the Abbaye-aux-Bois. From time to time she said it was done against her will, but she lived there twenty years as a professed nun, and was for several years mistress of the novices, which showed she was not forced; or at least it would seem from that employment that she consented to it and took pleasure in her state, inasmuch as she was trusted to form the novices. She was still in this function when M. le Prince withdrew her, as we shall presently see.

M. de Luxembourg crowned his fortunes by marrying the daughter of the Duchesse de Piney's second marriage.

M. de Luxembourg; his branch and his fortune.

He was the only son of the M. de Bouteville so well-known for his duels. This young Bouteville was born six months after the death of his father; he was an only son, younger than two sisters. Mme. de Valencey, the elder, died in 1684, having made no figure, neither she nor hers. The younger, handsome, witty, very gay, and still more, perhaps, intriguing, made, all her life, much talk in the world in her three

conditions of young girl, Duchesse de Châtillon, and lastly Duchesse de Mecklenbourg. She contributed much to the fortunes of her brother, with whom she was always closely united.

Young Bouteville's great name, which at the beginning of his life still shone with the memory of that illustrious branch of the old connétables and the love of the dowager-princess of Condé, his great valour, an ambition that nothing could restrain, and gifts of mind — although a mind of intrigue, debauchery, and the gay world — enabled him to surmount the disadvantage of a figure which, at first sight, was repulsive ; but, what no one could understand unless they had seen him, a figure to which one soon became used, and which, in spite of a small hunch in front and a very large and pointed one behind, with the other accompaniments of this deformity, had a fire, a nobility, and natural graces which appeared in his most simple actions. He attached himself, on entering the world, to M. le Prince, and, soon after, M. le Prince attached himself to his sister. The brother, as little scrupulous, made it a stepping-stone of fortune for both of them.

Bouteville followed M. le Prince throughout the wars. His valour, his morals, his activity, everything about him pleased the prince, and all sorts of affairs strengthened the tie between them. On their return to France Mme. de Châtillon resumed her empire. Her brother was then thirty-three years old; he had acquired a reputation in war, he was now a general officer, and had the merit toward M. le Prince of having followed his fortunes to the very end, — a merit he shared with very few men of his feather. They looked about them for some reward which should do honour to M. le Prince and make the fortune of Bouteville, and they hunted out this daughter of the second marriage of

the heiress of Piney. She was hideously ugly both in face and figure, a coarse, slovenly fishwife, like a cask; but she was very rich in default of the children of the first marriage; to M. le Prince her position seemed a foothold whereby to make Bouteville a duke and peer. He felt, however, that he had better make sure of the nun. She had often grumbled against her vows. He feared that the marriage of her step-sister might lead her to some embarrassing outcry. He went, therefore, to see her at the grating, and on the promise of a dispensation of the pope to unveil her, which he undertook to obtain, and also of a *tabouret de grace* at Court, she consented to all, remained in her vows, and signed what was wanted. The pope granted the dispensation with a good grace, and the Court the *tabouret de grace*, on the pretext that being the daughter of the first marriage she would have succeeded to the duchy of Piney, her brother being unmarriageable, if she had not been a professed nun. They made her *dame du palais* of the queen under the name of Princesse de Tingry, with a little mark on her headdress of the Chapter of Poussay, which she soon got rid of. As to the brother, they played the comedy of removing his judicial dispossession and bringing him from Saint-Lazare. After which he immediately made a donation to M. de Bouteville, in the marriage-contract, of all his property and a cession of his dignities, in consideration of large sums of money received for that purpose from M. de Bouteville. This clause was of great importance in the suit. He also was present at his half-sister's marriage. As soon as that was celebrated they dispossessed him judicially once more, and put him back at Saint-Lazare, which he never left again.

The marriage accomplished, March 17, 1661, M de Bouteville took the arms of Luxembourg by incscutcheon on his

own, and signed himself Montmorency-Luxembourg; which his children and theirs have always done since. Immediately after this, he began his suit for the dignity of Duc et Pair de Piney, and M. le Prince helped him by obtaining letters of re-erection of Piney in his favour, in which they adroitly slipped the words, "so far as need may be," in order to leave him free to lay claim to the precedence of the first creation in 1581. With these letters he was received as duke and peer in the parliament (1662) and took the last rank behind all the other peers.

The rest of his life is well known. He was mixed up in the affair of La Voisin the sorceress, who, worse still, was accused of poisoning, and was burned by sentence of parliament on the Place de Grève; an affair which turned the Comtesse de Soissons out of the kingdom for the last time, and also the Duchesse de Bouillon, her sister. M. de Luxembourg was reproached for having forgotten on this occasion the dignity he had coveted so much. He was tried in the dock like any common prisoner, and made no claim to the privileges of the peerage. He was a long time in the Bastille, and left his reputation there; after which he was supposed to have lost all thought of disputing the rank of the dukes his seniors.

The great war which broke out between France and all Europe made the maréchal hope he should be wanted, and thus that he might meet with some lucky moments in which to acquire fame, and with it credit by which to win his precedence. And so it happened; the Maréchal d'Humières, creature of M. de Louvois, having succeeded ill in Flanders, M. de Luxembourg was substituted for him by the all-powerful minister, who had brought on the war for his own ends and wanted it to succeed. For the sake of this personal object he overcame his lack of interest in the

new general, who reckoned his campaigns by battles and victories. It was after that of Leure, which was only a great cavalry combat; that of Fleurus, which was followed by no fruit; that of Steinkerke, where the French army was surprised and expected to be defeated, betrayed by a spy of the general, who was discovered, and with a dagger at his throat wrote down all the enemy wanted to know; and, finally, after that of Neerwinden, which only won us Charleroy, that M. de Luxembourg thought himself strong enough to undertake in earnest his suit for precedence. Intrigue, dexterity, and, when he chose, baseness, served him well. The glory of his campaigns and his brilliant position as general of the nearest and most numerous army won him the highest credit. The Court had almost become his own as it gathered about him, and the town, dazzled by the whirlwind and by his open and popular greeting, was devoted to him. Persons of all classes were counting on him, especially since the death of Louvois; hot-brained youth regarded him as its father, and the protector of its debauchery and its behaviour, from which his own even at his age was not far removed. He had captivated the troops and the general officers. He was the intimate friend of M. le Duc, and above all of M. le Prince de Conti, the Germanicus of those days. He had gained admittance to the most private life of Monseigneur, and finally, he had just married his eldest son to the eldest daughter of the Duc de Chevreuse, who, with the Duc de Beauvilliers, his brother-in-law, and their wives, had the first credit and all the most intimate private relations with the king and with Madame de Maintenon.

In parliament the intrigue was already hatched. Harlay, the president, led that great body with a wand; he had so subjected it to his will that he believed to undertake and

succeed were to him the same thing, and that this great affair would scarcely cost him the work of one winter to carry through. In favour of the marriage of M. de Luxembourg's son, the estate of Beaufort had just been erected into a duchy and verified under the name of Montmorency, and on this occasion the maréchal persuaded the whole parliament that the king was on his side in his claim against his seniors; and when, soon after, he began to prosecute that claim in earnest, Harlay helped him powerfully in this deception, so that by the time it was discovered the strongest remedy proved useless. This was a letter to the president, written by Pontchartrain, controller-general of finances and secretary of State, in which he informed him that the king, surprised at the rumours spread in parliament as to his favouring the cause of M. de Luxembourg, wished that the assembly should know, and be fully assured by him, that his Majesty was perfectly neutral, and should remain so between the parties throughout the whole course of the affair.

Harlay.

Harlay was the son of a former *procureur-général* of the parliament and of a Bellièvre, whose grandfather was the famous Achille d'Harlay, president of the parliament after the celebrated Christophe de Thou, his father-in-law, who was the father of the famous historian. Issuing from these great magistrates, Harlay had all their gravity, which he cynically overdid; he affected their disinterestedness and their modesty, which he dishonoured, the one by his conduct, the other by a subtle but extreme pride, which, in spite of himself, was manifest to every one. He piqued himself, above all, on his justice and integrity; but that mask soon fell. Between Peter and James he maintained the strictest rectitude, but as soon as he saw an interest or a favour to be had for himself he was sold at once.

These Memoirs will furnish many examples; meanwhile this suit will exhibit him for what he was.

He was learned in the law; he possessed to their depths the various jurisprudences; he equalled all who were most versed in belles-lettres; he knew history well; above all, he knew how to govern his assembly with an authority that suffered no reply, and which no other president had ever attained before him. A pharisaical austerity made him formidable by the license he gave to his public reproofs, whether to parties or advocates or magistrates; so that in fact there was no one who did not tremble in having anything to do with him. In other respects, sustained in all things by the Court, of which he was the slave, and the very humble servant of those who were in its true favour, wily courtier, singularly shrewd politician; all these advantages he turned solely to his own ambition of ruling all, of attaining all, and of making for himself the reputation of a great man. Without effective honour, without morality in secret, with no integrity that was not exterior, without humanity even, — in a word, a consummate hypocrite, without faith or law, without God, without soul, cruel husband, barbarous father, tyrannous brother, friend to himself solely, wicked by nature, loving to insult, outrage, crush, and never in his life having lost an occasion to do so. One might make a volume of his characteristics, all the more marked because he had infinite perspicacity, a mind naturally bent in that direction, and was always so master of himself that he never risked anything of which he might be forced to repent.

Externally, a vigorous, spare little man, with a lozenge face, a large and aquiline nose, handsome, speaking, piercing eyes, which never looked at anything except furtively, and yet, when fixed upon a client or a magistrate were enough to put him under ground; a coat rather tight, neck-bands like

those of an ecclesiastic, and cuffs that were flat like theirs; a very brown wig much mixed with white, and bushy, but short, with a tall cap on the top of it. He held himself and walked a little bent, with a false air more humble than modest, hugging the walls to make way ostentatiously, and, at Versailles, advancing with many respectful and as it were shame-faced bows, given to right and left.

He was bound to the king and to Madame de Maintenon at a sensitive spot; it was he who, on being consulted as to the unheard-of legitimatizing of children without naming the mother, had produced the case of the Chevalier de Longueville, which was put forward in parliament, and under cover of the success of which that of the king's children passed. For this he was promised the office of chancellor of France, and obtained the entire confidence of the king, his children, and their all-powerful governess, which he well knew how to preserve and how to turn into continual privileges.

The celebrated Racine, so well-known for his theatre pieces and for the commission, on which he was then employed, to write the history of the king, lent his fine pen to polish up the statements of M. de Luxembourg's case, and to redeem the dryness of the matter by an agreeable and ornate style, in order to get them read with pleasure and partiality by the women and the courtiers. He had been attached to M. de Seignelay, and was the intimate friend of Cavoye, both of whom had been friends of M. de Luxembourg. In a word, the ladies, the young men, all the fine world of the Court and the town were on M. de Luxembourg's side, and no one on ours could counterbalance the grand air of the world or even attempt to do so. If to all this is added the long-standing care taken to capture the principal men in parliament by relations, friends, mistresses, confessors, valets,

promises and services, it will be seen that with a president such as Harlay at the head of it all, we had to do with a side that was incomparably stronger than our own.

The opponents of M. de Luxembourg.

It may well be supposed that at my age, the son of a father attached to the Court of the late king, and of a mother who had known nothing but domestic duties, and without near relations, I had no intercourse with any of those whom M. de Luxembourg attacked. But they, anxious to unite together as much as possible, counting little on certain dukes and deserted openly by MM. de Chevreuse and de Bouillon, would not neglect any of their number, each of us having friends and a purse for the costs, which were paid in common.[1] M. de la Trémoille therefore came up to me at the king's *lever* and said that he and others whom he named were attacked for precedence by M. de Luxembourg; and that they hoped I would not abandon them in this affair. I was then wholly ignorant of the matter, but my decision was soon made; I thanked M. de la Trémoille, for himself and for the other gentlemen, and said that I should not fear to go wrong in such good company by following my father's example; and I begged him to believe and to assure the others that nothing would separate me from them. M. de la Trémoille seemed much pleased, and in the course of the day M. de La Rochefoucauld and several others sought me out and made me many compliments.

Thus enrolled, I thought I owed certain respects to M. de Luxembourg, under whom I had made one campaign, and who had always treated me well (though without being

[1] The number of senior dukes thus attacked was seventeen, and their names were as follows, in the order of their seniority: Ducs d'Elbœuf, Montbazon, Ventadour, Vendôme, la Trémoille, Sully, Chevreuse, Lesdiguières-Gondi (minor), Brissac, Ailly, Richelieu, Saint-Simon, La Rochefoucauld, La Force, Valentinois, Rohan, Bouillon.

known to him except for what I was), and under whom I might serve again. I went the next day to see him, and after paying my compliments, I asked his permission not to separate myself from those of the dukes over whom he claimed precedence; saying that in all other matters I should leave him absolutely master, and even in this I did not wish to take a step without knowing what he thought of it; and I added all that my age and position required in a young man. This was received with the greatest politeness and gallantry imaginable; all present applauded, and M. de Luxembourg assured me I could not do less than follow the example of my father, and that he himself should not show me less, etc., on all occasions. This duty fulfilled, I thought of nothing but how best to help on our common affair conjointly with the others, without doing anything that could reasonably displease M. de Luxembourg. Here follows the summary of the case.

I went assiduously to all the sessions; I gathered information about the case in itself, and also what was passing in relation to it; and what I ventured to say during the sessions did not displease any one. We were not long in discovering the ill-will of the president, who, in an affair which, by its nature and right, could be judged only by the Assembly of the chambers and the peers, hastened to appoint small committees to examine witnesses at his own house, where he was more easily their master.

Iniquitous conduct in favour of M. de Luxembourg.

While we left him to do what we could not prevent, we were suddenly warned of a new statement drawn up by M. de Luxembourg of which a very few copies had been secretly made and distributed under the rose to the small committees, and to those of the counsellors on whom he depended most. This statement, against all rules, was not given to us, and in default of

this could not serve as a document of the case; but it was all-important to hide it from us for fear of an answer, and the counsel of M. de Luxembourg hoped to influence his judges by this statement, although it was not openly produced. Maunourry, one of these small-committee men, was horrified at a trick which was likely to go so far as to make us lose our case. He lent the secret statement to Magneux, M. de la Trémoille's steward, who copied it off in a single night, and the next day, which was a Tuesday, summoned us to a meeting. There the statement was read. We found it full of false assertions, mangled facts, and a glittering tissue of sophisms. The knowledge of Talon, and the elegancies and graces of Racine were all displayed there. It was felt to be of the first importance to answer it; and as judgment was to be rendered on the following Friday, it was agreed that we should assemble at the house of Riparfonds [a celebrated consulting barrister], and go from there to the president's house, and ask for a delay until Monday; representing to him the importance of our making an answer to the discovery we had made, and that from Wednesday, at which we then were, to the following Monday was not too long a time to write, print, and distribute our defence; and to facilitate this justice, it was resolved to give him our word to do nothing to retard the judgment later than Monday.

The next morning we met at Riparfonds, rue de la Harpe, whence we drove with all our carriages to the president's house at the hour when he gave audience on returning from the palace. We entered the courtyard, the porter saying that he was at home, and opening the gates. The noise of so many carriages apparently made some persons look from the windows to see what it was, and as we were waiting to enter until all should have left their carriages, so that we

could mount the steps together, the *valet de chambre* of the president, as composed as himself, came to us and said that his master was not at home. As we could not make him tell us where he was, nor at what hour he would be visible, there was no other course to take than return to our lawyer's house and deliberate upon what must be done. Each of us vented his bile on the evident determination to strangle us; and on the insult, for one thing, and the denial of justice, for another, in sending us away, which the president, certain to be at home at that hour, had committed. The embarrassment was great, and our affair seemed hopeless, when one of the notaries, raising his voice, asked if none of us had letters of State.[1] We looked at one another; not one of us had them. The notary who had asked the question said it was the sole means of saving our case; he explained the mechanism. On that explanation I smiled, and said that if that was all, our case was saved, for I had such letters of State as an officer of the army, and would give them, provided they were used only in regard to M. de Luxembourg; thereupon acclamations from dukes, lawyers, notaries, — compliments, embraces, praises, thanks, as if from dead men brought to life again; and MM. de la Trémoille and de La Rochefoucauld pledged themselves, in presence of the others, that my letters of State should be used only in regard to M. de Luxembourg.

My letters of State.

The matter was pressing; I said that my mother had the letters of State and I would go and get them. I woke her up and told her rather abruptly the facts. She, half asleep, wanted to make me remonstrances about my situation and

[1] Letters of State were given to ambassadors, officers of the army, and all who were obliged to absent themselves in the public service; and they suspended for six months all suits against such persons. At the end of six months they could be renewed. — Tr.

M. de Luxembourg. I interrupted her, and said it was a matter of honour, indispensable, promised, expected; and, without waiting for any reply, I took the key of the cabinet, and then the letters, and ran off with them. The dukes were so afraid that my mother would not consent that they sent MM. de Trémoille and de Richelieu after me to exorcize her. I had my letters of State already when they were announced, and I took them excuses from my mother, who was not yet visible. This delay stopped us a moment and gave my mother time to bethink herself. While we were on the steps she sent me word that on reflection she could not consent that I should give my letters of State against such a man as M. de Luxembourg. I sent the messenger to the right-about and got into the carriage with the two dukes, who were not less comforted than I to see the letters of State in my hand. I can never tell with what satisfaction I returned to the meeting, nor with what praises and caresses I was received. The animosity was great, and our counsel felt it as much as ourselves; so dukes and counsel vied with each other as to who should receive me with most applause and joy; and at my age I was very much flattered. It was arranged that the next day, Thursday (the day before the judgment was to be pronounced), my steward and my solicitor should go at ten o'clock at night and notify M. de Luxembourg and the porter of his house of my letters of State, and that the same day I should go to the village of Longnes, about eight leagues from Paris where my regiment was quartered, to give at least some colour to the pretext of the letters of State. It is easy to understand with what vexation M. de Luxembourg saw all his projects disconcerted. He rushed to the king to complain, and spared none of us in what he said to the public.

The game played, I returned from Longnes, where my exile had lasted only six days. I found everything on fire; M. de Luxembourg had lost all control of himself, and the dukes he attacked showed as little self-control against him. The Court and the town were taking sides, friends against friends; no one was neutral, or even moderately partisan. I had to stand the greatest number of questions as to my letters of State. On my side were reason, justice, necessity, and a strong and well-organized party, and dukes who stood better with the king than M. de Luxembourg. I had, moreover, taken care to have the proceedings all in order; I spread this about; and as I knew that M. de Luxembourg and his side were launching against me as the weakest opponent and the one from whom the blow which had disconcerted them had come, I did not restrain myself towards any of them. At the end of a few days I noticed that M. de Luxembourg when we met did not return my bow. I made it remarked by others, and then I ceased to bow to him; by which, at his age and his posts, he lost more than I, and furnished in the salons and galleries at Versailles a rather ridiculous sight. Our object was nevertheless fulfilled. We had wanted to gain time, and by this means the case was placed out of order to be tried that year.

1695. Death of M. de Luxembourg.

M. de Luxembourg did not long survive. At sixty-seven years of age he thought he was twenty-five, and lived like a man who was no older. In all the campaigns nothing could be more true than his *coup-d'œil*, and no one more brilliant, more judicious, more prescient than he before the enemy, or on the day of battle; with an audacity, a cajolery, and at the same time a cool self-possession which allowed him to see and foresee all in the midst of the heaviest fire, and where success was most endangered; it was then that he was great. For the rest,

laziness itself. Few walks without great necessity; gambling; conversations with his intimates; and every evening a supper with a small number of them, generally the same, and if they were near a town, the fair sex agreeably interspersed. At last, age, temperament, and his conformation betrayed him. He fell ill at Versailles of peripulmony, of which illness, from the first, Fagon had a very bad opinion. His door was besieged by all that was greatest. The princes of the blood scarcely stirred from it, and Monsieur went several times. The king sent occasionally, as an honour more than from sentiment. I have already said that the king did not like him; but the brilliancy of his campaigns and the difficulty of replacing him made him anxious. As the maréchal grew worse Père Bourdaloue, the famous Jesuit, whose sermons might immortalize him, took complete possession of him. He received the sacraments, testified his religion, and died on the morning of the 4th of January, 1695, the fifth day of his illness, regretted by many persons, but, as an individual, esteemed by none, and loved by few.

Quarrels of Monsieur and the princesses.

This winter there were a great many balls and several fine ones at the Palais-Royal, at the first of which I had the honour to lead in the *branle* Mme. la Princesse de Conti, dowager, daughter of the king; and on Shrove Tuesday there was a great masquerade at Versailles in the grand apartments, to which the king brought the King and Queen of England after giving them a supper. The ladies were divided into four quadrilles, led by Mme. la Duchesse de Chartres, Mademoiselle, Mme. la Duchesse, and Mme. la Princesse de Conti, dowager. In spite of the masquerade they began with the *branle*, and I led the only daughter of the Duc de la Trémoille, who was perfectly well made and danced

admirably. She was in Moorish dress for the first quadrille, which carried the day for magnificence, as the last did for the gallantry of the costumes.

Certain adventures had lately happened to the princesses. This was the distinctive name by which was meant, solely, the three daughters of the king. Monsieur had requested, with reason, that the Duchesse de Chartres should call the two others "my sister" but that they should never call her anything but "Madame." This was just, and the king so ordered it, at which the two others were much annoyed. The Princesse de Conti, however, submitted with a good grace; but Mme. la Duchesse, as the sister of the same amour, took to calling Mme. de Chartres "my pretty one." Now nothing could be less pretty than her face, her figure, and her whole person. She dared not show that she disliked it; but finally Monsieur heard of it; he felt the absurdity, and also the evasion of calling her "Madame," and he broke out about it. The king forbade Mme. la Duchesse to use the familiarity, which annoyed her still more, but she was careful not to show it. On a trip to Trianon, the princesses slept there; and being young, they took to walking together in the night and enlivening the darkness with a few petards. Whether it was malice in the two elder ones, or imprudence, they let off one or two under the windows of Monsieur's room and woke him up, which he thought very bad. He carried his complaints to the king, who made him many excuses and scolded the princesses well, but had great difficulty in pacifying Monsieur. His anger was chiefly in his own family; Mme. de Chartres long felt it; but I don't know that the two others were sorry for that. Mme. la Duchesse was even accused of writing certain songs upon Mme. de Chartres. However, it was all patched up at last; and Monsieur forgave Mme. de Chartres entirely after a visit he received at Saint-Cloud from Mme.

de Montespan, whom he had always much liked. She also reconciled her two daughters, over whom she still retained authority, receiving from them many duties.

M. de Noyon strangely ridiculed at the French Academy.

The bishop of Noyon furnished another adventure after our return, which was all the more cutting to him because it diverted everybody at his expense. The king amused himself much with the bishop's vanity, which made him take everything to his own distinction; a book might be made of the effects of this vanity. A place fell vacant in the French Academy, and the king expressed in jest a wish that he might have it. He even told Dangeau, who belonged to the Academy, to say so, on his part, to the academicians. Such a thing had never happened before, and M. de Noyon, who piqued himself on his learning, was at the summit of satisfaction, and did not see that the king was diverting himself. We may well believe that the prelate received all the votes without soliciting any; and the king mentioned to M. le Prince and some other distinguished persons at Court that he should be glad if they were present at the bishop's reception. Thus M. de Noyon was first choice by the king and by the Academy, without his ever having thought of it, and the first for whose reception the king had given invitations.

The Abbé de Caumartin was at this time the director of the Academy, and consequently it was for him to reply to the speech of the prelate. He knew the latter's vanity, and his peculiar style, which was his alone. The abbé was witty and learned; he was young and half-brother of Caumartin, intendant of finances, who was much the mode in those days and was working under Pontchartrain, controller-general, his near relation and intimate friend. This intimacy made the abbé bold, and feeling sure of being approved by the world and sustained by the minister, he proposed to himself to divert

the public at the expense of the bishop whom he had to receive. Accordingly, he composed a verbose speech, imitating as closely as possible the style of M. de Noyon, which was only a tissue of the most exaggerated praises and emphatic comparisons, the pompous fustian of which was a continuous satire on the prelate's vanity and turned him openly to ridicule.

However, after rereading his work he was frightened, so out of decorum did it seem to him. In order to reassure himself he carried it to M. de Noyon as a pupil to his master, and a young man to a great prelate, expressing his desire to omit no praises that were due to him, but to say nothing that was not to his taste and did not meet with his approval. A respect so attentive delighted the bishop. He read and reread the speech; he was charmed with it, but he made a few corrections as to style, and added certain touches to his own glorification. The abbé saw his work returned to him with great satisfaction; but when he found the additions made by the hand of M. de Noyon and the prelate's erasures, he was enchanted with the success of the trap he had set, and with having in hand a proof of the bishop's approbation, which put him under shelter from all complaint.

The day arrived for the reception; the place was more than filled by all that was most distinguished in Court and city. People came from a desire to pay court to the king, and in the hope of being greatly diverted. M. de Noyon appeared with a numerous suite, bowing and smiling to the illustrious and crowded audience with a satisfaction he did not conceal, and pronounced his harangue with his usual confidence, the verbosity of its language holding the attention of his auditors. The Abbé de Caumartin replied with a modest air and decorous tone; and, by slight inflections of the voice at the most ridiculous parts and those which chiefly bore the earmark of the prelate, he would certainly

have roused the attention of all who listened to him if the maliciousness of the public had not been already alert. The applause was therefore great and general, and all present, as if in concert, intoxicated M. de Noyon more and more, making him believe that his own speech deserved it all, and that of the abbé was liked only because it had so worthily praised him. The prelate went home delighted with the abbé and the public, and without conceiving the slightest distrust.

It can well be imagined what a talk this made; and what sort of figure M. de Noyon cut by praising himself up in houses and companies for what he had said, and what had been said to him, and for the number and quality of the audience and their unanimous admiration, and for the goodness of the king on this occasion. M. de Paris, to whom he went to triumph over it, did not like him. He had long had upon his heart a humiliation the bishop had put upon him. He was not then duke; the Court was at Saint-Germain, where there were no little courtyards as at Versailles. M. de Noyon was driving in his carriage, when he met M. de Paris on foot. He called to him; M. de Paris approached, supposing he would get out. Not at all; he leaned from his carriage and took him by the hand, and thus leashed, led him to the steps, talking and complimenting the archbishop, who raged in his heart. M. de Noyon, still in the same tone, went up with him, and seemed so little to suspect the offence he had given that M. de Paris dared not make an affair of it.

We can imagine what a joke the reception at the Academy was to the archbishop; but he could not be fully satisfied so long as M. de Noyon continued to plume himself upon it. So he did not miss the occasion of his visit to open his eyes and let him understand, as his servant and brother,

what he did not venture to tell him outright. He turned about the subject for a long time without being understood by a man so full of himself and so far from imagining that it was possible to laugh at him. In the end, however, he got him to listen, and, for the honour of the episcopate, he said, which had been insulted by a young man, he begged him not to swell the victory by continuing to be duped, but to go and consult his true friends. M. de Noyon jargoned a long time before he would give in; but finally, as he could not avoid suspicion, he thanked the archbishop, and agreed with him to inquire of Père de La Chaise, who was one of his friends. To him he hastened on leaving the archbishop. He told Père de La Chaise the uneasiness that had seized him, and begged him so earnestly to reply in good faith that the confessor, who was kind by nature and who hesitated between leaving M. de Noyon in a ridiculous position and doing a bad turn to the Abbé de Caumartin, finally could not resolve to deceive a man who trusted to him, and so confirmed, as gently as he could, the truth which the Archbishop of Paris had been the first to tell him. Excessive wrath and vexation succeeded the excess of delight. In that state he returned home and the next day went to Versailles, where he laid before the king the most bitter complaints of the Abbé de Caumartin, who had made him his plaything and the laughter of all the world.

The king, who had meant to amuse himself a little, but who always wanted a certain order and decorum in everything, had already heard what had happened, and thought it extremely improper. The bishop's complaints irritated him the more because he felt himself the innocent cause of a scene so ridiculous and so public; and besides, though he liked to divert himself with M. de Noyon's foibles, he nevertheless felt both kindness and consideration for him. He

sent for Pontchartrain, and ordered him to comb the hair of his relation severely, and also to send him a *lettre de cachet* to go and ripen his brains and learn to laugh and speechify at the abbey of Busay in Brittany. Pontchartrain dared not reply; he executed the first part of the order; as for the rest he put it off till the next day, when he asked for pardon, and made the most of the abbé's youth, the temptation to profit by the bishop's absurdity, and above all, the speech itself, corrected and augmented by the hand of M. de Noyon, who had only himself to blame for not seeing what everybody else believed they saw. This last argument, cleverly advanced by an agreeable and witty minister, put an end to the *lettre de cachet*, but not to the king's indignation. Pontchartrain asked no better. He made the most of the regret and grief of the abbé, and his desire to go and see M. de Noyon and ask his pardon and assure him he never meant to be wanting in respect or to displease him. In fact, he did ask permission to go and make this apology, but the angry bishop would not receive him, and after declaiming much against the Caumartins, he carried his mortification to his diocese, where he remained in seclusion a long time.

I must say at once that soon after his return to Paris he fell ill and received the sacraments. Before receiving them he sent for the Abbé de Caumartin, forgave him, embraced him, drew from his finger a fine diamond, and asked him to keep it and wear it always for his sake; and when he recovered he did all he could with the king to heal the matter. He worked at this for the rest of his life with warmth and perseverance, and neglected nothing to make the abbé a bishop; but the trick had injured him radically in the king's mind, and M. de Noyon had only the good before God of this great action and the honour of it before the world.

About this time died the Marquise de Saint-Simon, at the

age of ninety-one. She was the widow of my father's eldest brother, whose property she had, leaving his debts to us. The Duchesse d'Uzès, widow of the son of her brother, only daughter of the late Marquis de Montausier,[1] died at the same time. The death of two illustrious men made more noise in the world than that of these great ladies, — La Fontaine, so well-known for his fables and his tales, so heavy, nevertheless, in conversation; and Mignard, illustrious by his brush. The latter had an only daughter, who was perfectly beautiful. It was she from whom he worked by preference; she is repeated in many of those magnificent historical pictures which adorn the great gallery of Versailles and its two salons, — pictures which have had no small part in irritating all Europe against the king, and in leaguing it far more against him personally than against his kingdom.

Deaths of La Fontaine and Mignard.

[1] The husband of Julie d'Angennes de Rambouillet, and the original of Molière's Alceste. — Tr.

III.

During this winter my mother was solely occupied in finding me a good marriage, much troubled at not being able to do so before. I was an only son, and I had rank and establishments which made some persons think much of me. There was a question of Mlle. d'Armagnac and Mlle. de la Trémoille, but all was in the air, and so with several others. The Duchesse de Bracciano had long lived in Paris, far from her husband and from Rome. She lodged very near us; she was a friend of my mother, and they frequently met. Her wit, her grace, her manners, had enchanted me; she received me with kindness, and I hardly stirred from her house. She had with her Mlle. de Cosnac, a relation of hers, and Mlle. de Royan, daughter of her sister, and, like herself, of the family of La Trémoille, both heiresses, and without father or mother. Mme. de Bracciano was very desirous of giving me Mlle. de Royan. She often spoke to me of establishment, and also to my mother, to see if some remarks might not be thrown out which she could gather up. It would have been a noble and rich marriage; but I was alone, and I wanted a father-in-law and a family on whom I could lean.

Origin of my friendship with the Duchesse de Bracciano, afterwards called Princesse des Ursins.

The preceding year there had been some question of the eldest daughter of the Maréchal de Lorges; it was broken off almost as soon as mentioned; but the desire was great on both sides to renew it. The maréchal, who possessed nothing, and whose first reward was the marshal's *bâton*, married on receiving it the daughter of Fré-

The Maréchal de Lorges.

mont, warden of the royal treasury, who, under M. Colbert, had acquired great wealth. The maréchal had always served with a great reputation for honour, valour, and capacity, commanding the armies with a success that M. de Louvois' hereditary hatred for M. de Turenne and for all belonging to him was forced to allow to the favourite nephew and pupil of that great captain. The integrity, uprightness, and frankness of the Maréchal de Lorges pleased me infinitely. I had seen those qualities closely during the campaign I had made in his army. The esteem and love which that whole army bore him; his consideration at Court; the magnificence with which he lived; his distinguished birth; his great alliances and connections, which counterbalanced the marriage that he had found himself, the first of his race, obliged to make; an elder brother much considered also; the singularity of the same dignities, the same offices, the same establishments in both brothers; above all, the intimate union of the two brothers and the whole of this great and numerous family; and, more than all that, the goodness and truth of the Maréchal de Lorges, so rare to find, and so active in him, — had given me an extreme desire for this marriage, in which I felt I had found all I lacked to sustain me, to help me make my way, and to live agreeably in the midst of such illustrious connections and so amiable a household.

I also found in the virtue above reproach of the maréchale, and the talent she had shown in reconciling M. de Louvois and her husband, all that I could wish for the conduct of a young wife at court, where her mother was respected and applauded for the courteous, wise, and noble manner with which she kept an open house for the best company, without any mixture, behaving with such modesty, while never losing anything of the dignity she had from her husband,

that she made her own birth forgotten by the maréchal's family and by the Court and society, where she had won complete esteem and personal consideration. She lived only for her husband, who had the most perfect confidence in her, and lived with her and her relations in a friendship and consideration which did him honour. They had an only son, whom they loved distractedly and who was then only twelve years old, and five daughters. The two eldest, who had passed their earliest life with the Benedictines at Conflans, had been for the last three years with Madame Frémont, mother of the Maréchale de Lorges, the houses of the latter being contiguous and communicating. The elder was seventeen years of age, the younger fifteen. Their grandmother never let them out of her sight.

My marriage.

Her secret preference was for Mlle. de Lorges; that of the maréchale for the second daughter, Mlle. de Quintin; and the mother's wish would have been that the eldest should have chosen a convent life in order that she might have married her favourite the better. The latter was a brunette with beautiful eyes; the elder a blonde, with a perfect figure and complexion, a most amiable face, an extremely modest but noble air, and something, I know not what, that seemed majestic from an air of virtue and natural sweetness. It was she whom I liked best as soon as I saw them both, without any comparison; I hoped for the happiness of my life with her, who has since made it, solely and absolutely. As she has become my wife, I abstain from saying more; except that she has fulfilled infinitely beyond what was promised to me, and what I myself had ever hoped.

My marriage being agreed upon and arranged, the Maréchal de Lorges spoke of it to the king for himself and for me, lest the matter should get wind. The king was kind

enough to tell him that he could not do better and to speak of me very obligingly; he told me this afterwards with pleasure. I had pleased the maréchal during the campaign I had made in his army, where, with the thought of renewing the marriage negotiation, he had secretly followed me with his eye, and thenceforth had resolved to prefer me to M. de Luxembourg, the Duc de Montfort, son of the Duc de Chevreuse, and many others. M. de Beauvilliers, without whom I did nothing, did all he could to promote this marriage, without any reference to the views of his nephew, notwithstanding the intimate relations between himself and the Duc de Chevreuse, and the fact of their wives being sisters.

The marriage took place at the hôtel de Lorges on the 8th of April, which I have always considered with great reason as the happiest day of my life. My mother treated me as the best mother in the world. On the Thursday after Easter we went to the hôtel de Lorges at seven in the evening. The contract was signed. A grand repast was served to the family, small on both sides, and at midnight the vicar of Saint-Roch said mass, and married us in the chapel of the mansion. The evening before, my mother had sent jewels to Mlle. de Lorges to the value of forty thousand livres, and I six hundred louis in a *corbeille* filled with all the elegancies given on such occasions. The next day M. d'Auneuil, who lived opposite, gave us a grand dinner after which the bride received on her bed at the hôtel de Lorges all France, the duties of civil life and curiosity attracting the crowd; and the first to arrive was the Duchesse de Bracciano with her two nieces. My mother being still in her second mourning, and her apartments black and gray, we preferred the hôtel de Lorges in which to receive the company.

The day after these visits, to which we devoted only one day, we went to Versailles. That evening the king wished to see the bride in Mme. de Maintenon's apartment, where her mother and mine presented her. The king, on his way there, jested with me, and was good enough to receive the ladies with much distinction and praise. After that they were at his supper, where the new duchess took her *tabouret.* On arriving at table the king said to her: "Madame, if you please, seat yourself." The king's napkin unfolded, he looked up and saw all the duchesses and princesses still standing, and half-rising in his chair, he said to Mme. de Saint-Simon: "Madame, I have already asked you to be seated;" on which all those who had the right sat down, — Mme. de Saint-Simon between my mother and her own, who sat below her. The next day she received the whole Court on her bed in the apartment of the Duchesse d'Arpajon, which was the most convenient, being on the ground-floor. The Maréchal de Lorges and myself were present only during the visits of the royal family. The next day we went to Saint-Germain; then to Paris, where I gave a grand banquet in my own house to the wedding guests, and the next day a special supper to all who were left of my father's old friends, to whom I had taken pains to announce my marriage before it was made public, and whom I have always cultivated with the greatest care until their deaths.

Marriage of my sister-in-law with the Duc de Lauzun.

Mlle. de Quintin was not long in having her turn. M. de Lauzun saw her on her sister's bed with several other marriageable girls. She was then fifteen, and he sixty-three. This was a strange disproportion of age; but his life had been up to this time a romance, which he did not consider over; he still had the hopes and the ambition of a young man. Since his return

to Court, and his restoration to the distinctions he formerly enjoyed there, and since the King and Queen of England had obtained for him the rank of a *duc vérifié*, there was nothing that he did not attempt to recover the confidence of the king, but without avail. He flattered himself that, by marrying the daughter of a general in the army, he should in some sort put himself between the king and the general, and open for himself in the affairs on the Rhine a way to succeed his father-in-law in the command of the king's guards, a post he could not console himself for having lost.

Full of these thoughts, he employed some one to speak to the Maréchale de Lorges, who knew him too well by reputation, and loved her daughter too much, to listen to a marriage that could not make her happy. M. de Lauzun redoubled his urgency, proposed to marry without a *dot*, and laid the matter in that light before Mme. Frémont and MM. de Lorges and Duras, by whom the matter was considered, concerted, and arranged for that grand reason of the *dot*, to the great displeasure of the mother, who, however, gave in at the last, from the difficulty of otherwise making her daughter a duchess like the eldest, whom she wished her to equal. Phélypeaux [only son of Pontchartrain], who thought himself on the level of everybody, offered to take her without a *dot*, on account of her connections and surroundings; and the fear that Mlle. de Quintin felt of that marriage made her consent with joy to marry the Duc de Lauzun, who had a name and rank and wealth. The disparity of years, and her own inexperience led her to regard this marriage as a restraint of two or three years at the most, to be afterwards free, rich, and a great lady; otherwise she would never have consented, as she frequently owned to us later.

The affair was conducted and arranged in the utmost secrecy. When the Maréchal de Lorges spoke of it to the

king, he answered: "You are very rash to put Lauzun into your family; I wish you may not repent it. You are the master of your own affairs; but as for mine, I shall not permit you to make this marriage, except on condition that you never speak of them to him."

The day the matter was made public the Maréchal de Lorges sent for me very early, to tell me and explain his reasons, the principal of them being that he was not obliged to give a *dot*, and that M. de Lauzun had made immense settlements on his wife after his death. We took the contract to the king to sign, who joked M. de Lauzun, and laughed very much. M. de Lauzun replied that he was only too happy to marry, inasmuch as it was the first time since his return that the king had laughed with him. They hurried the wedding immediately, so that nobody could have new clothes. M. de Lauzun's gifts were stuffs, precious stones, and elegancies, but no money. Only seven or eight persons were present at the marriage, which took place at the hôtel de Lorges at midnight. It met with nothing but censors. People could not understand either the father or the son-in-law. The reasons of the former could not be imagined — for that of the no *dot* was accepted by none; and there was no one who did not predict a coming rupture, from the well-known temper of M. de Lauzun.

The Duc de Lauzun; his character, etc.

The intimate union of the two sisters whom he and I had married, and our continual habitation at Court, where we even had a stated pavilion for us four at Marly on all the trips, made me live in close connection with him; in Paris we saw each other nearly every day, and took our meals constantly together, at my house or at his. He was a personage so extraordinary, and so unique in every way, that La Bruyère had great reason to say of him, in his "Caractères," that men were not per-

mitted to dream as he had lived. To those who saw him very closely in his old age, that remark seems to have more justice still. It is this which induces me to enlarge upon him here.

The Duc de Lauzun was a small, fairish man, well-made in figure, haughty in countenance, which was full of intelligence and imposing, though the face was not agreeable in youth, as I have been told by the men of his time; full of ambition, caprices, and oddities; jealous of everything; always wishing to get beyond the goal, content with nothing; not lettered, without any adornment or charm of mind, naturally sour, solitary, savage; much of a noble in all his habits; malicious and malignant by nature, even more than from jealousy and ambition; a good friend when he was a friend, which was rare, and a good relation; a ready enemy even to those who did not concern him; cruel to defects, and in finding and applying ridicule; extremely brave, and at the same time dangerously foolhardy; a courtier equally insolent, sarcastic, and base to servility; full of all resources of industry, intrigue, and villany to attain his ends; and with all that, dangerous to the ministers, dreaded by all at Court, and full of cruel shafts and wit, which spared no one. He came to Court without any means, a youth from Gascony, arriving from his province under the name of Marquis de Puyguilhem. The Maréchal de Grammont, cousin of his father, took him in. The maréchal was then held in the highest consideration at Court, in the confidence of the queen-mother and in that of Cardinal Mazarin, and was in command of the king's guards with survivance to his eldest son, the Comte de Guiche, who was the flower of chivalry and of the ladies, and much in the good graces of the king, and the Comtesse de Soissons, niece of the cardinal, from whose side the king never budged, she being at that time the queen of the Court.

The Comte de Guiche introduced to her the Marquis de Puyguilhem, and he in a very short time became the favourite of the king, who gave him a regiment of dragoons which he formed for him, and soon after made him a general, and created for him the office of colonel-general of dragoons.

The Duc de Mazarin, wishing to resign his post as grand-master of artillery, Puyguilhem got wind of it among the first, and asked the king to give him the place, which the king promised, but under secrecy for some days. The day came when the king had engaged to declare the appointment. Puyguilhem awaited his arrival in the council-room of Finance, where he found Nyert, first *valet de chambre*, on duty. Nyert asked him what he was doing there. Puyguilhem, sure of his appointment, thought he should bind the valet to him by making him a confidant. Nyert expressed his pleasure, looked at his watch, said he had just time to do what he called an errand for the king, and rushed up, four steps at a time, to Louvois' office and warned him. Louvois hated Puyguilhem as the friend of his rival, Colbert, and feared his favour in a high post that would surely interfere with his war department. He went instantly to the king, told him he heard he was about to appoint Puyguilhem grand-master of artillery, and said that he felt it his duty to lay before him the troubles that would arise in consequence; which he did at length.

The king felt extremely annoyed to find his secret known to the very man from whom he principally wished to hide it, and he answered Louvois with a serious air that the thing was not done yet. Shortly after the council ended, and the king on his way to mass saw Puyguilhem, and passed without speaking to him. Puyguilhem, much astonished, waited the rest of the day, and finding that the promised appointment did not come, spoke to the king about it at the little

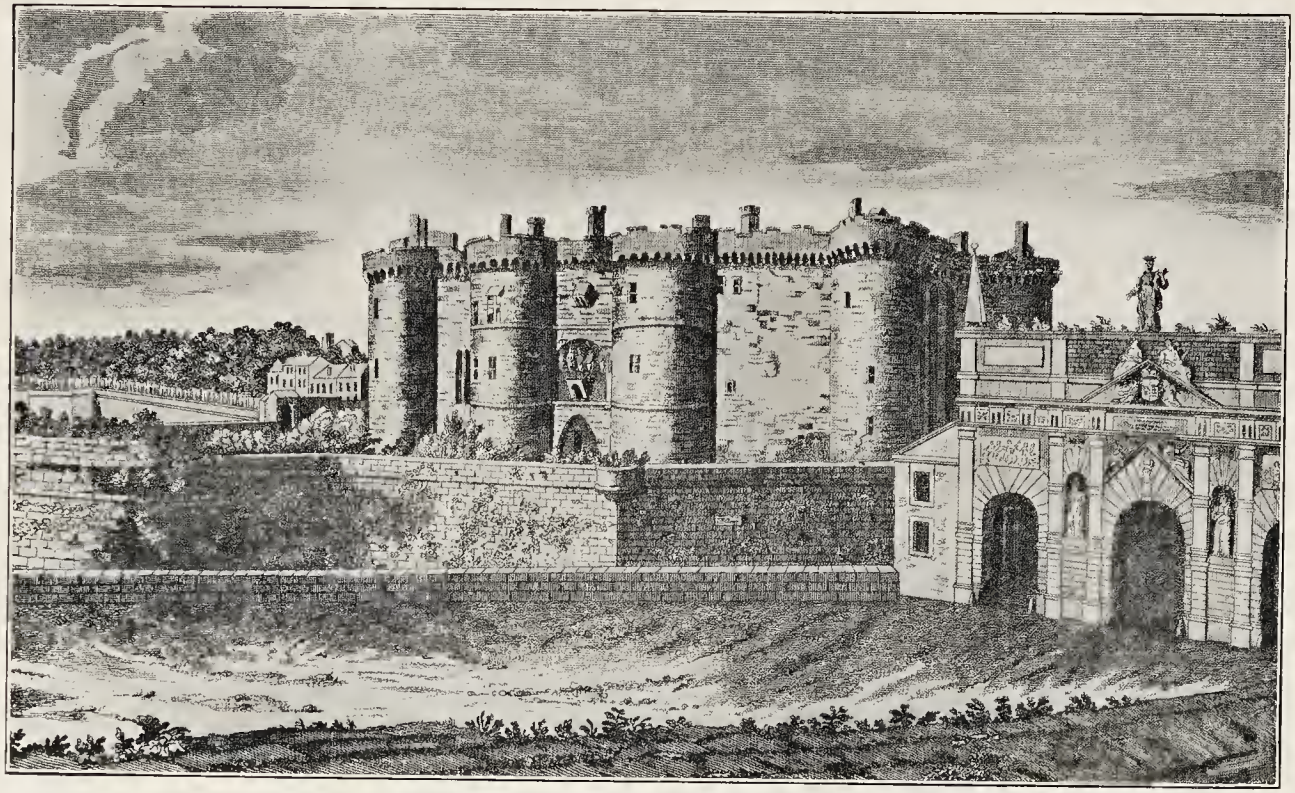
coucher. The king replied that it could not be done yet, and he would see about it. The ambiguity of this answer and the curt tone in which it was said alarmed Puyguilhem.

When it became certain that he was not to have the artillery he was so furious at missing it that the king and he were unpleasantly constrained with each other. This could only last a few days. Puyguilhem, having the *grandes entrées,* watched for a *tête-à-tête* with the king and seized it. He spoke of the artillery, and summoned the king audaciously to keep his word. The king replied that Puyguilhem had not kept his own, and that he had only given him the promise under pledge of secrecy, and that pledge he had failed to keep. Thereupon, Puyguilhem walked away a few steps, turned his back to the king, drew his sword, broke the blade with his foot, and shouted furiously that he would never in his life serve a prince who had broken his word so villanously. The king, in a transport of anger, did what was perhaps the finest action of his life. He turned instantly, opened the window, and flung out his cane, saying that he should be sorry to strike a man, and left the room. The next day Puyguilhem, who had not dared to show himself, was arrested, and taken to the Bastille. He was an intimate friend of Guitry, a favourite of the king, who had created for him the office of grand-master of the wardrobe. Guitry ventured to speak to the king in Puyguilhem's favour, and tried to restore the great liking the king had had for him. He succeeded in so touching the king for having turned Puyguilhem's head by refusing the great post when he thought it was promised to him, that he desired to make up for the refusal. He offered the position of captain of the body-guard as compensation to Puyguilhem, then in the Bastille. Puyguilhem, seeing this inconceivable and rapid return of the king's kindness towards him, recovered sufficient au-

dacity to fancy he could turn it to better purpose; so he refused. The king was not repulsed. Guitry went to the Bastille and lectured his friend, and persuaded him with great difficulty to have the kindness to accept the king's offer. As soon as he accepted it he was let out of the Bastille, went to make his bow to the king, took the oath for his new office, and sold out of the dragoons.

I shall not speak here of his adventures with Mademoiselle, which she relates herself so naïvely in her Memoirs, together with the extreme folly that he showed in putting off his marriage with her, to which the king had consented, in order to have fine new liveries, and obtain permission that the marriage should be celebrated at the king's mass; which delay gave Monsieur, instigated by M. le Prince, time to remonstrate with the king and get him to withdraw his consent; which put an end to the marriage. Mademoiselle breathed fire and slaughter. But Puyguilhem, who, since the death of his father, had taken the name of Comte de Lauzun, made the great sacrifice to the king with a good grace, and more wisely than was natural to him. He was given the company of the hundred gentlemen of the king's guard, and was made lieutenant-general.

In 1670, the king wished, under the pretext of visiting his places in Flanders, to make a triumphal journey with the ladies, accompanied by an army corps and by all the troops of his household; and the alarm caused by this was so great in the Low-Countries that the king took pains to reassure the inhabitants. He gave the command of the whole to the Comte de Lauzun, with the patent of general-in-chief of the army. Lauzun performed his functions with much intelligence and with extreme magnificence and gallantry. This glory, and so distinguishing a mark of Lauzun's favour gave much to think about to Louvois, whom Lauzun



The Bastille. From an Old Print

never treated with propriety in any way. The minister joined forces with Mme. de Montespan, who had never forgiven Lauzun for certain atrocious insults he had offered her; together they managed to rouse the king to a remembrance of the broken sword and the insolence of having refused his offers while still in the Bastille, and they made him consider Lauzun as a man beside himself, who had inveigled Mademoiselle till he was almost on the point of marrying her and securing her enormous fortune; in short, a very dangerous man on account of his audacity, and one who had taken it into his head to gain the devotion of the troops by his magnificence, by his services to the officers, and by the manner in which he had lived with them while in Flanders, which caused them to adore him. They made it a crime on his part to continue the friend of the Comtesse de Soissons, who had been driven from the Court and suspected of criminal offences. They probably laid other things to his charge that I never heard of, judging by the barbarous treatment they finally succeeded in giving him.

These proceedings lasted through the year 1671 without Lauzun ever discovering anything on the faces of the king and Mme. de Montespan, who treated him with their usual familiarity and distinction. He possessed great knowledge of precious stones and how to mount them, and Mme. de Montespan often employed him on hers. One evening, in November, 1671, he came out from Paris, Mme. de Montespan having sent for him about some jewels, and he had scarcely entered his room when the Maréchal de Rochefort, captain of the guards in quarters, entered and arrested him. Lauzun, in the most extreme surprise, wanted to know why, and to see the king, or at least to write to him. All was refused. He was taken to the Bastille, and shortly after to Pignerol, where he was confined in a low vault; and his post as cap-

tain of the guards was given to the Maréchal de Luxembourg. We can judge of the condition of mind of a man like Lauzun, precipitated in the twinkling of an eye from such a height to a dungeon in the fortress of Pignerol, without seeing a person or being able to imagine why. He bore up, however, for a long time, but finally fell so ill that he was forced to think of confessing himself. I have heard him tell how he feared lest the priest might be a sham one. For that reason he obstinately demanded a capuchin, and as soon as the capuchin came, he jumped at his beard and pulled it as hard as he could, this way and that, to be certain it was not false. He was four or five years in the dungeon. Prisoners find the occupations that necessity teaches. Other prisoners were beside him and above him, and above that again, and they soon found means to speak with him; and this intercourse led them to make a well-hidden hole through which they could hear easily, and finally to enlarge it until they could pay each other visits.

The *surintendant* Fouquet had been imprisoned in the neighbourhood of the men above since December, 1664; and he learned from them that Lauzun was below them. Fouquet, who had heard no news from the outside, hoped to get some from Lauzun, and was very desirous of seeing him. He had left him a young man, just dawning at court under the Maréchal de Grammont and well received by the Comtesse de Soissons, from whose side the king never stirred. The prisoners who held intercourse with Lauzun persuaded him to let them hoist him through the hole to see Fouquet in their cell, Lauzun being very glad to see him. So there they were together, and Lauzun related his fortunes and his misfortunes. The unhappy *surintendant* opened his eyes and ears very wide on hearing from this youth of Gascony, once only too happy to be received and sheltered by the Maréchal

de Grammont, that he had been general of dragoons, captain of the guards, with the patent and functions of the general-in-chief of the army. Fouquet did not know what to make of it, but supposed Lauzun was crazy, and was telling him delusions when he related how he had missed the artillery, and all that had happened after that; but he no longer doubted that his madness had reached a crisis when he told how the king had consented to his marriage with Mademoiselle, why it had been broken off, and all the immense property with which she had endowed him. This cooled their intercourse on Fouquet's side, who, believing Lauzun's brain entirely upset, took the things that he told him had happened in the world between the imprisonment of the one and the imprisonment of the other as so many fictions.

The captivity of the unfortunate *surintendant* was slightly modified before that of Lauzun. His wife, and a few officers of the fortress of Pignerol had permission to see him, and from them he learned the news of the world. One of the first things he said to them was to pity that poor Puyguilhem, whom he had left young and with so good a footing at Court for his age, and who was now crazy and put away to conceal his madness in that very prison. What was his astonishment when they told him and assured him of the truth of the very things he had heard from Lauzun! He could not get over it, and was inclined to believe the brains of all were deranged; it took some time to convince him. After a while Lauzun was taken from the dungeon and had a chamber, and soon after the same liberty as that given to Fouquet, and they were allowed to see each other as much as they liked. I never knew what it was that displeased Lauzun, but he came out of Pignerol Fouquet's enemy, and then did all the harm he could to him, and after his death to his family.

Mademoiselle was inconsolable for this long and harsh im-

prisonment, and made every possible effort to deliver Lauzun. The king, at last, resolved to profit by her feelings to enrich the Duc du Maine, and to make her buy the release of her Lauzun dearly. He caused a proposition to be made to her, which was nothing less than to secure, at her death, to the Duc du Maine and his posterity, the county of Eu, the duchy of Aumale, and the principality of Dombes. The gift was enormous, as much for its value as for the dignity and the extent of these possessions. She had, moreover, settled the first two on Lauzun, with the duchy of Saint-Fargeau and the beautiful estate of Thiers in Auvergne, at the time of their proposed marriage, and it was necessary to get him to renounce Eu and Aumale before Mademoiselle could dispose of them in favour of the Duc du Maine. Mademoiselle could not bring herself to pass under this yoke, and deprive Lauzun of her benefits. She was begged with the utmost importunity, and finally threatened by the ministers, sometimes by Louvois, sometimes by Colbert, with the latter of whom she was rather pleased, because he was at all times friendly to Lauzun, and managed her more gently than Louvois, Lauzun's enemy, who was held in reserve to say the harshest things, and always said them with the utmost harshness. She felt continually that the king did not like her, and had never forgiven her for the journey to Orléans, still less for the cannon of the Bastille, which she had ordered to be fired in her own presence against the king's troops; whereby she saved M. le Prince and his army in the battle of the Faubourg Saint-Antoine. However, she finally comprehended that the king, estranged beyond recall, would never consent to the release of Lauzun except through his passion to raise and enrich his bastards, and would never cease to persecute her until she consented without hope of rebate; so that she finally gave in with groans and the

bitterest tears. For the validity of the thing, it was thought necessary to set Lauzun at liberty to renounce the gifts of Mademoiselle; so the shift was invented that he needed the waters of Bourbon, and Mme. de Montespan also, in order that they might confer together on this affair.

Mme. de Montespan returned from Bourbon triumphant. Maupertius (whose stern pedantry of punctuality on these occasions Lauzun never forgave) and his mousquetaires took leave of him at Bourbon, whence he had permission to go to Angers; and soon after, his exile was enlarged to the full liberty of Anjou and Touraine. The consummation of the affair was put off till February, 1681, to give it a greater air of perfect freedom. So all that Lauzun got from Mademoiselle was Saint-Fargeau and Thiers, after missing a marriage with her and the possession of her vast estates, merely by not hastening the wedding.

Lauzun, who had hoped for gentler treatment, remained four years kicking his heels in the two provinces, where he was not less bored than Mademoiselle by his absence. She scolded and was furious against Mme. de Montespan and her son, and complained so loudly that after having pitilessly forced her to ransom him they cheated her still further by keeping him in exile, and made, in short so great a disturbance that she finally obtained his return to Paris at perfect liberty, on condition that he would never go within two leagues of the place where the king might be. He returned to Paris, where he saw his benefactress assiduously. The annoyance of this sort of exile, though greatly softened, threw him into high play, at which he was extremely lucky; he was always a fine and sure player, neat and accurate as possible, and won large sums. Monsieur, who made little stays in Paris, and played high, allowed him to play with him at the Palais-Royal and afterwards at Saint-Cloud, where

he made long visits in summer. Lauzun spent in this manner several years, winning and lending large sums of money like a noble. But the nearer he was to the Court and the great world, the more the prohibition to approach them became intolerable to him. At last, unable to bear it, he asked permission of the king to go and live in England, where they gamble much and high. He obtained it, and carried over with him a great deal of money, so that he was received with open arms in London, where he was not less lucky at cards than in Paris.

James II. who was then reigning, received him with distinction. The revolution was already brewing. It broke out about eight or ten months after Lauzun's arrival in England. James II., not knowing what would become of him, betrayed by his favourites and his ministers, abandoned by the whole nation, — the Prince of Orange, master of hearts and troops and fleets, about to enter London, — the unhappy monarch confided to Lauzun all that was most dear to him, the queen and the Prince of Wales, whom Lauzun managed to take safely to Calais. The queen immediately despatched a courier to Versailles. In her letter she insinuated that amidst her joy at finding herself in safety under the king's protection she had the pain of not venturing to lead to his feet the man to whom she owed the safety of herself and the Prince of Wales. The answer of the king, after he had said everything that was gallant and generous to her, was to the effect that he shared her obligation, and was in haste to see the Comte de Lauzun and return him his good graces. In fact when she presented him to the king on the plain of Saint-Germain, where the whole royal family went out to meet her, the king received him perfectly well, gave him then and there the *grandes entreés*, and promised him an apartment in the Château of Versailles, which he gave him the next day. From

that time forth he had one at Marly and one at Fontainebleau on all the trips, so that until the death of the king he never left the Court again. We may imagine the delight of so ambitious a courtier whom this dazzling and unique recall to favour dragged from the depths and placed once more upon the wave. The king allowed him to receive in Notre-Dame at Paris the order of the Garter from the hands of the King of England, granted him a second journey to Ireland as general of the auxiliary forces, permitting him at the same time to be a general of the King of England, who in that campaign lost Ireland at the battle of the Boyne, and returned to France with the Comte de Lauzun, for whom he obtained letters patent as duke, which were verified by the parliament in 1692. A miraculous return of fortune! But what was this fortune in comparison with a public marriage to Mademoiselle, with the possession of her vast estates, and the title and actual dignity of Duc et Pair de Montpensier? What a stupendous pedestal! and with children from that marriage, where might not Lauzun have winged his way, and who can say to what he might not have attained?

For the rest of his long life he preserved his privileges with the king, his distinctions at Court, great consideration, great abundance, the life and maintenance of a very great seigneur, and the pleasure of possessing one of the most magnificent establishments at Versailles, the best table, honourably frequented from morning till night, and the same in Paris after the death of the king. But all that did not content him. He never approached the king familiarly except on the outside; he felt that the mind and heart of the monarch were always on their guard against him, and at a distance which his utmost art and study could never lessen. It was this that made him marry my sister-in-law, in the hope of recovering a serious intercourse with the king,

being ignorant of the precautions and express prohibition of the king at the time the marriage was announced to him. He was forever fretting, and believed he was, and called himself, in disgrace. No chance escaped him to pay his court, with a depth of inward meanness and an exterior of dignity. Every year he made a sort of anniversary of his downfall by doing something extraordinary, of which temper and solitude were the cause, and some extravagant act the fruit. He spoke of this himself, and said he was not in his full senses at the annual return of that period. He thought he pleased the king by this refinement of courtiership, not perceiving that the monarch laughed at it.

He was extraordinary in everything by nature, and he liked still further to affect it, even in his household, and among his valets. He would pretend to be deaf and blind in order to hear and see without being distrusted; he delighted in fooling fools, even those in high places, by conversing with them in language that had no sense. His manners were cautious, reserved, soft-spoken, even respectful; but out of his low and honeyed tones came piercing shafts, overwhelming in their justice, force, or sarcasm, and that in two or three words only, — sometimes uttered with an air of innocence or absent-mindedness, as if he was not thinking of what he said. He was therefore feared by every one without exception; and with innumerable acquaintances, he had few or no friends, although he deserved them for his ardour in serving them, and his freedom in opening his purse. He liked to receive strangers of distinction, and did the honours of the court admirably; but the never-dying worm of ambition poisoned his life. He was a good and very helpful relation.

A review of the king's household troops was to take place on the plain along the edges of the Bois de Boulogne.

Passy is on the other side of it, and there M. de Lauzun had a pretty house. Mme. de Lauzun was staying there with an agreeable party, and I went out to pass the night before the review. The company, at supper, were considering how to attend it, when, amidst the gayety of the plan, M. de Lauzun arrived from Paris, where he had gone in the morning. They turned to tell him about it. No sooner did he hear it than he burst into a fury, stopped it almost foaming, and said the most unkind things to his wife, not only in the harshest but in the most violent, insulting, and crazy language. She took it gently, with the tears in her eyes; Mme. de Poitiers sobbed aloud, and the whole company were greatly embarrassed. The evening seemed a year, and the gloomiest refectory a banquet of gayety in comparison with that supper. Lauzun was sulky in the midst of the deepest silence, each person hardly and rarely saying a word to his or her neighbour. He left the table, as usual, with the fruit and went off to bed. The company wished to comfort themselves by saying something, but Mme. de Lauzun stopped it, politely and wisely, and called for cards immediately to prevent all return to the topic.

The next day, early, I went to see M. de Lauzun and tell him, very strongly, my opinion of the scene he had made the night before. I had no time to do so; as soon as he saw me he threw out his arms, exclaiming that I saw before me a madman, who deserved the asylum; made the greatest eulogy on his wife, — which she certainly deserved, — declared that he was not worthy to have her, that he ought to kiss the places where her feet had trod, and overwhelmed himself with abuse. Then, with tears in his eyes, he said that he was more deserving of pity than of anger; that he would now acknowledge to me his shame and his

misery, namely: although he knew that he was more than eighty years old, with neither child nor any to come after him, and that he who had once been captain of guards was now incapable of performing those functions could he be so again, and although he told himself this incessantly, nevertheless, he could not be consoled after all these years for losing that position; he had never been able to pull the dagger from his heart; anything that reminded him of it put him beside himself; and to hear that his wife was to take Mme. de Poitiers to see a review of those very guards in which he was no longer anything turned his head, and had made him outrageous, as I had seen him. He said he dared not show himself to any one after such an act of madness; that he was going to shut himself up in his room; but he would throw himself at my feet to conjure me to go and find his wife and try to obtain that she would have pity on a half-insane old man, who was dying of shame and grief, and deign to pardon him. This confession, so sincere and so painful to make, touched me deeply. I thought only of consoling and recovering him. The reconciliation was not difficult; we got him out of his chamber, though not without trouble; and it seemed to distress him much for several days to show himself, — at least, so they told me, for I went away that evening, my occupations in those days holding me very short.

I often reflected, as to this occasion, on the great misfortune of letting ourselves be carried away by the intoxication of the world; and on the dreadful state of an ambitious man whose grasp on worldly hopes neither wealth, nor the most agreeable home, nor acquired dignity, nor age, nor bodily weakness could loosen; and who, instead of enjoying tranquilly what he possesses and feeling the happiness of it, exhausts himself in regrets and useless and perpetual bitter-

ness, and cannot bring himself to see that, without children and near his end, the possession of what he regrets would be to gain deceptive ties binding him to a life just ready to escape him, and could only increase his bitter regrets in leaving it. But we die as we live; it seldom happens otherwise. How great the importance, therefore, of trying to live so as to know how to die to the world and fortune before they and life itself shall leave us, — to know how to live without them, and to hope and try to die well.

With all Lauzun's policy and servility he fell upon everybody, — always with the lash of the sharpest speech, and always with the gentle, timid air that was so peculiar to him. Ministers, generals in the army, and happy people and their families were those he most maltreated. He had as it were usurped the right to say all and do all without any one, no matter who, daring to be angry, — the Grammonts alone excepted. He remembered the hospitality he had found in their house at the beginning of his career. He loved them, he was interested for them; he behaved to them with respect. The old Comte de Grammont abused him and avenged the Court with squibs which he launched against him on many occasions without the Duc de Lauzun ever returning one of them, or getting angry; but he gently kept out of his way. He and I lived together in continual intercourse; he had even done me true services, solid and friendly, of his own accord; and I paid him all sorts of attentions and regards, as he to me. Nevertheless, I did not escape his tongue once by a flash that might have ruined me. To have been angry would only have given it more currency; so I took the thing as the scratch, drawing blood, of a cross cat, and I never let Lauzun perceive that I knew of it.

Two or three years before his death he had an illness

that brought him to extremities. Biron and his wife (daughter of Mme. de Nogent, Lauzun's sister) risked entering his room on tiptoe, keeping behind the curtains, out of sight; but he saw them in the glass over the fireplace, while they were fully persuaded that he could neither see nor hear them. The sick man rather liked Biron, but not at all his wife, who was his niece and principal heiress; he thought her very selfish, and her manners were intolerable to him. He was disgusted by her surreptitious entrance into his room, understanding fully that, impatient for her legacy, she came there to see for herself whether he were likely to die soon. He determined to make her repent, and also to get some amusement out of it. So he suddenly began to say aloud, like a man who thinks himself alone, an ejaculatory prayer, asking pardon of God for his past life, expressing himself like one who feels that death is near, saying that in the sorrow and impotence of his repentance he desired to at least use the property that God had given him to redeem his sins and leave it all to hospitals without reserve; for that was the only way which God left open to him to attain salvation after so long a life, passed in never thinking as he ought; and he thanked God that this resource was left to him, which he seized with all his heart. He uttered this prayer and resolution in so contrite, convinced, and determined a tone that the Birons never doubted for a moment that he would execute his design and they would thus be deprived of their inheritance. They had no desire to spy longer, but came away confounded to tell the Duchesse de Lauzun what they had heard and to entreat her to do something to prevent it. Thereupon the sick man sent for the notaries, and Mme. de Biron was in despair. This was just what the testator wanted. He kept the notaries waiting; then he called

them in and dictated his will, which was a deathblow to Mme. de Biron. However, he put off signing it; and finding himself better and better still, he did not sign it at all. He diverted himself much with this comedy, and could not help laughing over it with some of us after he got well. In spite of his age and the severity of his illness he recovered quickly to his former condition and seemed none the worse for it.

His health was of iron, with a misleading external appearance of delicacy. He dined and supped heavily every day; had very fine fare and very delicate, always with good company, morning and evening; he ate everything, feast and fast, with no sort of choice except his taste, and no caution; always took chocolate in the morning and kept near him on several tables fruits in their season and pastry at other times; with beer, cider, lemonade, and other such liquids iced; and going and coming, he ate and drank the whole afternoon and exhorted others to do likewise. He always left the table at night with the fruit, and went to bed directly. I remember once, among many other times, that he dined with me after his illness, and ate so much fish, vegetables, and all sorts of things, without our being able to prevent him, that we sent in the evening to inquire very gently if he did not feel the worse for it; the messenger found him at table eating his supper with a good appetite.

Gallantry lasted him a long time. Mademoiselle was very jealous, and they quarrelled often. I have heard Mme. de Fontenilles, a very amiable woman with much wit, very truthful, and of singular virtue, tell how, being at Eu with Mademoiselle, M. de Lauzun came there to pass some time. He could not keep himself from running after girls; Mademoiselle found it out, was furious, scratched him, and drove him out of her presence. The Comtesse de Fiesque recon-

ciled them; Mademoiselle appeared at one end of a gallery when Lauzun was at the other, and he went the whole length on his knees up to Mademoiselle's feet. These scenes, more or less violent, often began again before they were well over. He grew tired at last of being beaten, and took to beating Mademoiselle, well and soundly, himself. This happened several times, till finally, mutually tired out, they quarrelled once for all and never saw each other again. He had, however, many portraits of her and never spoke of her except with great respect. No one ever doubted that they were secretly married.

His natural temper, sad and captious, increased by imprisonment and the habit of solitude, had made him lonely and musing, so that although his house was filled with the best company he would leave them all to Mme. de Lauzun and retire alone, sometimes for the whole afternoon, but always for many hours together, generally without a book, for he read only fancy things without any purpose, and very little of them; so that he knew almost nothing of what he had seen, and to the very last busied himself only about the Court and the gossip of society. I have regretted a thousand times his radical incapacity for writing down what he had seen and done. It would have been a treasury of the most curious anecdotes; but he had no continuity and no application. I often tried to draw out of him a few fragments. Another provoking thing! He would begin to relate; in the tale came names of people who played a part in what he was telling; instantly he quitted the principal object of his tale to attach himself to one of these persons, and soon after to some other person connected with the first, and then to a third, after the manner of novels. He would meander thus through a dozen histories at a time, which made him lose ground, chasing from one to the other and never finishing

any, and with it all, a very confused style of speech, so that it was not possible to learn anything clearly from him or retain what he said. Moreover, his conversation was always hampered by temper or by policy (it was pleasant only by fits and starts), and by the spiteful shafts which darted from him. A few months before his death, when he was over ninety, he was still breaking horses, and he passaded a colt he had just broken, or indeed only half broken, again and again before the king on the way to La Muette, amazing the spectators by his dexterity, firmness, and grace. There is no end to what might be told of him.

His last illness came upon him without warning, almost in a moment, by the most horrible of all ills, a cancer of the mouth. He bore it to the end with firmness and incredible patience; without complaint, without ill-humour, without the least contrariety — he who was then intolerable to himself. When he found that the evil was increasing, he withdrew to a small apartment which he had hired with this intention in the precincts of the convent of the Petits-Augustins, into which he could enter from his own house, there to die in peace, inaccessible to Mme. de Biron or any other woman, except his wife, who had permission to go to him at all hours accompanied by a maid.

He thought only of putting to profit his dreadful state and of giving all his time to pious conversations with his confessor and a few of the religious of the convent, to good reading and to all that could best prepare him for death. When we saw him, nothing offensive, nothing lugubrious, nothing painful; politeness, tranquillity; conversation little animated, very indifferent to what was passing in the world; speaking seldom and with difficulty; little or nothing of moral topics, still less of his condition; and this courageous, peaceful uniformity was equably maintained until the end;

but the ten or twelve last days he refused to see his nephews and brothers-in-law; he would see his wife only, but he quickly sent her away. He received the sacraments with much edification and kept his mind clear to the last instant.

I see that I have been very prolix over a man, the extraordinary singularity of whose life, together with the continual intercourse which our close connection gave me with him, seemed to me to require that I should make him known, — all the more because he has never figured in public affairs enough to expect anything from future historians.

NOTE. — The king, who had a strong dislike to Paris, lived wholly at Versailles, with trips to Marly and semi-annual visits of two or three weeks at a time to Fontainebleau. The Château of Versailles, to which he was constantly adding, contained innumerable suites of rooms, in which were lodged the officers of the Court, and courtiers without offices, and their families; it was in fact a vast apartment-house. The king distributed the lodgings as he pleased, and each courtier furnished his own and had his own kitchens and retinue. Most of these persons had houses in Paris (Saint-Simon had his in the rue de Grenelle, also a country house at La Ferté), but the king was extremely jealous of their living in them; he liked to keep his world about him, under his own eye. Saint-Simon describes later the trips to Marly, where the king went several times in the course of the year, with a number of the members of his Court, usually selected by him for each trip. — TR.

IV.

BEFORE speaking of what took place after my return from the army, I must tell what happened at the Court during the campaign. The Archbishop of Cambrai was dead, and the king had given that great morsel to the Abbé de Fénelon, preceptor to the children of France. Fénelon was a man of capacity who had nothing, and who, conscious of much intellect and of that sort of insinuating and fascinating intellect which goes with many talents and graces and much knowledge, was also ambitious. He had long rapped at many doors without being able to open them. Piqued against the Jesuits, to whom he had addressed himself in the first instance as masters in the graces of his profession, and vexed at being unable to lay hold of them, he turned to the Jansenists to recover his complacency by the reputation he expected to make out of them through his talents, and so win the gifts of fortune which had hitherto passed him by. He was some time in becoming initiated, but attained, after a time, to the private repasts which the most important among them made together once or twice a week at the house of the Duchesse de Brancas.

The Abbé de Fénelon

I do not know whether he seemed to them too shrewd, or whether he hoped to do better elsewhere than with persons who had nothing to share except their troubles, but little by little his connection with them cooled, and by dint of hovering about Saint-Sulpice he succeeded in forming another, from which he had better hopes. That society of priests was just beginning to show its head and from a mere seminary

of a parish church to enlarge its borders. Ignorance, petty practices, the lack of all protectors, and a want of members of distinction in any way, inspired its company with a blind obedience to Rome and all its maxims, a great aversion to whatever passed for Jansenism, and much dependence on bishops who successively made them useful in several dioceses. They seemed a convenient middle-way to prelates who were equally afraid of the Court on questions of doctrine, and of the Jesuits, who put them under their yoke as soon as they could insinuate themselves among them. Hence the Sulpicians made their way rapidly.

None among them could enter into comparison with the Abbé de Fénelon, so that he found it easy to take the lead in everything and make himself protectors whose interest it would be to advance him in order that they might be protected in turn by him. His piety, which made him all things to all men, and his doctrine, which he formed on theirs, abjuring under his breath all he had contracted that was unsound in those he abandoned, the charm, the grace, the gentleness, the insinuating quality of his mind, made him a dear friend to this rising Society, and he found there what he had long sought, — persons to rally with, and who could and would advance him.

Mme. Guyon.

In those days, being still obscure, he heard of Mme. Guyon, who has since made so much noise in the world, where she is too well known for me to speak of her in particular. He saw her; their minds pleased each other; their sublimities amalgamated. I do not know if they clearly understood one another as to their system and the new language which was later to issue from their intercourse, but they persuaded themselves they did, and a tie was formed between them.

The Duc de Beauvilliers had become the governor of the

sons of France, without expecting that post and almost in spite of himself. By the esteem and confidence of the king the entire management of preceptors, sub-governors, and all the servants of the young princes, was left to him, no matter what resistance he made to it. Perplexed as to choosing a preceptor, he applied to Saint-Sulpice, where he had long confessed, and which he loved and protected strongly. Already he had heard the Abbé de Fénelon highly spoken of; the Sulpicians now praised his piety, his mind, his learning, his talents, and proposed him to the duke, who saw him, and was charmed, and made him the preceptor. Scarcely was Fénelon appointed before he saw the importance to his future fortunes of completely winning the man who had thus put him in the way of making them, and also his brother-in-law the Duc de Chevreuse, both of them being at the very highest point in the confidence of the king and Mme. de Maintenon. This was his first care, in which he succeeded so far beyond his hopes that he became, very rapidly, master of their hearts and minds and the director of their souls.

Mme. de Maintenon dined regularly once, sometimes twice, a week at the hôtel de Beauvilliers or de Chevreuse, a fifth between the two sisters and the two husbands, with a bell on the table, so as to have no footmen around them and to talk without restraint. It was a sanctuary which held the whole Court at its feet, and to which Fénelon was at last admitted. He had almost as much success with Mme. de Maintenon as with the two dukes. His spirituality enchanted her. The Court, before long, perceived the giant strides of the lucky abbé and pressed about him. But the desire to be free and to follow his own purpose wholly, and the fear of displeasing the dukes and Mme. de Maintenon, whose tastes were all for an aloof and private life, caused him to set up a shield of modesty and of his duties as preceptor; and this made him

dearer still to the persons he had captivated, and whose attachment he had so great an interest in retaining.

Among these cares he did not forget his good friend Mme. Guyon; he had already lauded her to the two dukes, and he now did so to Mme. de Maintenon. He even produced her to them, but as if with difficulty, and only for brief moments, as being a woman who was wholly given to God, and whom humility and the love of meditation and of solitude confined to narrow limits, dreading of all things to be noticed. This spirit pleased Mme. de Maintenon extremely; Mme. Guyon's reserve, mingled with the most delicate flattery, won her. She wished to hear her on matters of piety, and there was difficulty in bringing her to speak of them. She seemed to yield at last to the charms and the virtue of Mme. de Maintenon, whom the net so well laid captured.

Such was Fénelon's situation when he became the Archbishop of Cambrai. Little by little he had appropriated to himself a few of the distinguished lambs of the little flock which Mme. Guyon had gathered, but whom, nevertheless, he did not lead under the direction of that prophetess. The Duchesse de Mortemart, sister of the Duchesses de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, Mme. de Morstein, daughter of the first, and, above all, the Duchesse de Béthune were the principal ones. Cambrai was a thunderbolt to the little flock. They saw the archbishopric of Paris lost to them; and it was Paris that they wanted, not Cambrai, which they regarded with contempt as a country diocese, where there was no avoiding an occasional residence which would deprive them of their pastor. Paris would have put him at the head of the clergy, in a place of immediate and lasting influence that the world would accept, and in which he could dare all successfully for Mme. Guyon and her doctrines, which were still kept in secrecy among them. Their grief was deep

for that which the world was thinking a dazzling piece of good fortune.

The new Archbishop of Cambrai, however, applauded himself much for his success with Mme. de Maintenon; the hopes he conceived from it, with such supports as the two dukes beside it, were great; but he believed he could not reach with safety the ends he proposed unless he could make himself master of her mind without a sharer. Godet, Bishop of Chartres, was bound to her by the closest ties; he was diocesan of Saint-Cyr; he was also its sole director; moreover, he was that of Mme. de Maintenon herself; his morals, his doctrine, his piety, his episcopal labours, all were irreproachable. He went to Paris only on short, infrequent trips, stayed at the seminary of Saint-Sulpice, rarely appeared at Court, and then like a flash of lightning, and saw Mme. de Maintenon long and often at Saint-Cyr, but otherwise did his business with her by letter. He was therefore an odd rival to cast down. But however well anchored he might be, his external appearance, that of a squalid pedant, was reassuring. Fénelon believed that such he really was, from his long, untidy, fleshless face, thoroughly Sulpician, his seemingly simple air and silly aspect, and his intimacies with none but the inferior priests; in short, he took him for a man without connections, without talents, with little mind, and short of knowledge, whom the good luck of Saint-Cyr being planted in his diocese had brought where he was; a man sunken in his functions, and with no supporters and no acquaintance. With this idea, Fénelon never doubted he could soon make him lose ground through the new spirituality of Mme. Guyon, already so enjoyable to Mme. de Maintenon; he was aware that the latter was not insensible to novelties of all kinds; and he flattered himself he could

Secret struggle between the Archbishop of Cambrai and the Bishop of Chartres.

in this way knock over M. de Chartres whenever Mme. de Maintenon could be brought to feel and despise his ignorance.

To reach this end, he endeavoured to persuade Mme. de Maintenon to let Mme. Guyon enter Saint-Cyr. He succeeded. Mme. Guyon went to Saint-Cyr two or three times. Then Mme. de Maintenon, who liked her more and more, made her sleep there, and from one thing to another, but always nearer and nearer, her stays were prolonged, and, by her own acknowledgment, she sought among its inmates persons whom she thought suitable to become her disciples, and made them so. Soon there was collected within Saint-Cyr a little flock, whose maxims, and even their spiritual language seemed very foreign to the rest of the establishment, and presently extremely strange to M. de Chartres. This prelate was very far from being what M. de Cambrai thought him. He was a learned and very profound theologian; to this he joined much wit, gentleness, firmness, and even grace; and, what was more surprising in a man who had been brought up in, and had never left the depths of his profession, he was so competent for the Court and for society that the finest courtiers would have found it hard to follow him, and might have profited by his lessons. But this was in him as a talent buried from others, because he never employed it except for real needs. His disinterestedness, his piety, his rare integrity restricted all his wants, and Mme. de Maintenon, on the terms he was with her, supplied them.

As soon as he got wind of this strange doctrine he managed to get admitted to a knowledge of it two of the ladies of Saint-Cyr, on whose spirit and discernment he could rely, and who could fully impress it on Mme. de Maintenon's mind. He chose them carefully himself and instructed them well.

The new proselytes seemed at first delighted, then, little by little, bewitched. They attached themselves more closely than any of the rest to their new instructress, who, aware of their mental powers and their reputation in the establishment, congratulated herself on a conquest which smoothed the way for her purposes. She devoted herself therefore to winning these young women completely; she made them her dearest disciples. She opened herself to them as to those most capable of profiting by her doctrine and making it acceptable to the community. She and M. de Cambrai, whom she kept informed of her progress, triumphed, and the little flock exulted. M. de Chartres, by whose consent Mme. Guyon had entered Saint-Cyr and become an "external" mistress, let her do what she liked. He followed her with his eye; his faithful pair rendering him an exact account of all that they were learning as to dogmas and practices. He informed himself fully, he examined the whole matter minutely, and when he thought the time had come, he blazed forth.

Mme. de Maintenon was strangely surprised at what he told her of her new school, and still more when he proved it to her from the lips of two of her most trusted pupils, who had also put it in writing. Mme. de Maintenon questioned the other scholars, and saw by their answers that, more or less instructed and more or less admitted into the confidence of their new mistress, all were tending to the same end, and that that end and the path to it were most extraordinary. She was now in great trouble with a great scruple. She resolved to speak to M. de Cambrai; he, not suspecting how well informed she was, entangled himself in his replies, and increased her suspicions. All of a sudden, Mme. Guyon was dismissed from Saint-Cyr, and every effort was made to efface even the slightest trace of what she had taught

1696. Mme. Guyon dismissed from Saint-Cyr; and soon after sent to the Bastille.

there. There was great difficulty in doing this. She had charmed many who were truly attached to her and to her doctrines; and M. de Chartres profited by this to show the danger of the poison; rendering M. de Cambrai more and more distrusted. Such a reverse, so little expected, bewildered the archbishop but did not cast him down. He faced it out with sense, mystical authorities, and firmness in his stirrups. His principal friends sustained him.

M. de Chartres, satisfied with having solidly strengthened himself in the mind and confidence of Mme. de Maintenon, did not wish to push to the wall a man so supported. But Mme. de Maintenon, piqued at having been led so near to the edge of a precipice, grew colder and colder to M. de Cambrai and more and more irritated against Mme. Guyon. It was known that the latter continued to see society in an underhand way in Paris. She was forbidden to do so under such great penalties that she hid herself closely, but even then she could not give up dogmatizing in secret, nor could her little flock be prevented from collecting about her at different places. This conduct being known she was ordered to leave Paris. She obeyed, but instantly returned, and hid herself as before in an obscure little house in the faubourg Saint-Antoine. A servant who carried to her bread and vegetables was followed so closely and adroitly that she was found and taken immediately to Vincennes, with an order to treat her well, but also with the most rigorous injunctions not to let her see, or write to, or receive news from any person whatever. This was like a stroke of lightning to M. de Cambrai and his friends, and to the little flock, who never met again.

I should have said above that before she was arrested she had been placed in the hands of the Bishop of Meaux, the celebrated Bossuet, and was a long time with him, or with the sisters of Sainte-Marie de Meaux, where that prelate

studied her doctrine to the bottom, without being able to make her change her sentiments. At last, weary of being a prisoner in his hands, she pretended to open her eyes to the light, and signed a retractation such as he made out for her; in return for which he was very kind, and was in all good faith her dupe; he procured her liberty, and the abuse she made of it by holding secret conclaves with the most faithful of her school led to her being driven from Paris. It was on her secret return thither that she was shut up in Vincennes. The bad faith of this false conversion, joined to the fruit of the conferences at Meaux, and the celebrated stratagem performed so nimbly by M. de Cambrai in confessing to M. de Meaux in order to shut his mouth, combined to put a pen in the hand of the latter prelate, in order to expose to the public the doctrine, the behaviour, and the proceedings of all from the beginning of the affair, under the title of "Instruction on States of Prayer." Before printing it he gave a sight of his work to M. de Chartres, to the Archbishops of Reims and Paris, and also to M. de Cambrai himself. The latter felt the full burden and necessity of forestalling it. It is to be supposed that he had his matter long prepared and written down; otherwise the speed of his composition would be incredible, especially in a composition of that nature. He wrote a book, unintelligible to all who are not theologians versed in the deepest mysticism, which he entitled "Maxims of the Saints," and printed it in two columns, the first containing the maxims which he gave as orthodox and as those of the saints; the other containing dangerous, suspicious, or erroneous maxims, which showed the abuse that might be made of good and healthful mysticism. In his eagerness to bring out the book before M. de Meaux produced his, he had it printed with all possible rapidity, and in order to lose not an instant,

the Duc de Chevreuse established himself at the printing-office to correct each sheet as it was printed. Hardly any one who was not a theologian could understand it, and those who did, after three or four readings only. He had, therefore, the disgust of receiving no praises, and very few thanks, and those mere compliment. Connoisseurs thought they found in its mystical language pure quietism, — detached, refined, and purified of all uncleanness; separated from all grossness, which, however, was apparent enough; and with all this, subtleties that were very novel, and very hard to understand, and still harder to practise. I am not reporting my judgment, as may well be believed, but that which was talked at the time, — and people really talked of nothing else, even among ladies; apropos of which a saying was revived of Mme. de Sévigné at the time of the hot disputes about grace: "Do weight religion for me a little; it is evaporating by dint of being subtilized."

Death of Mme. de Sévigné.

Mme. de Sévigné, so amiable, and such excellent company, died about this time at Grignan, in the house of her daughter, who was her idol, but deserved it only moderately. I was very much the friend of the young Marquis de Grignan, her grandson. This woman, by her ease, her natural graces, the sweetness of her mind, gave those qualities, through her converse, to those who had none; she was extremely good withal; knowing much on all subjects without ever wishing to appear to know anything. My friend was the only son of the Comte de Grignan and the daughter so adored in Mme. de Sévigné's letters, the eternal repetition of which is their only defect. They married their son to the daughter of a rich farmer-general. Mme. de Grignan, in presenting her to the world, made excuses; and used to say, with her mincing manner,

Her daughter, Mme. de Grignan.

and dropping her little eyes, that it was very necessary, now and then, to manure the best soil. She was much pleased with herself for this speech, which other people justly thought impertinent, she having made the marriage, and especially to say it half aloud before her daughter-in-law. Saint-Amant, the father, who had lent them enough to pay their debts, heard of it at last, and was so affronted that he shut the faucet. His poor daughter was none the better for that. But it did not last long. Her husband, who distinguished himself very much at the battle of Hochstedt, died at Thionville of what was said to be small-pox. He had a regiment, was a brigadier, and on the point of promotion. His widow, who had no children, was a saint, but the saddest and most silent saint I ever saw. She shut herself up in her house, where she passed the rest of her life, perhaps twenty years, going out of it only to church, and never seeing any one, no matter who.

Death of La Bruyère.

The public lost soon after a man illustrious for his intellect, his style, and his knowledge of men. I mean La Bruyère, who died of apoplexy at Versailles, after surpassing Theophrastus in working like him, and painting the men of our time in his "Nouveaux Caractères" inimitably. He was, besides, an extremely worthy man, very good company, simple, without anything pedantic, and very disinterested. I knew him well enough to regret him and the works which his age and health led us to expect from him.

Death of the Marquis de Chandenier; his misfortunes.

About this time died the Marquis de Chandenier the elder, of the house of Rochechouart, so celebrated for his downfall and for the magnanimity with which he bore it for more than forty years until his death. He was chief captain of the body-guards, and singularly respected for his valour,

his sense, and his extreme integrity. He lost his post, with the other captains of the body-guards, at the affair of the Feuillants in 1648, which is no concern of these Memoirs and can be found in all those of that period; and he was the only one of the four to whom it was not restored, although he had in no way differed from them in his conduct. A lofty man, full of honour, intelligence, and courage, of a great birth withal, he was irksome to Cardinal Mazarin, though the latter had never found him in the slightest degree in fault, or eager to ask for anything. The cardinal felt it a point of honour to make the captain of his own guards the chief captain of the king's body-guards, and did not lose this occasion to place in that position so faithful a henchman as M. de Noailles. M. de Chandenier refused to resign; the cardinal thereupon ordered the price he put upon the office to be deposited with a notary, and he made Noailles take the oath and enter upon his functions without Chandenier's resignation. Chandenier was poor, and they hoped in this way to conquer his obstinacy. But the Court got tired of the fruitless attempt and he was sent a prisoner to the château de Loches, on the "king's bread" like any criminal, and all his little revenue was stopped in order to force him to receive the money of M. de Noailles, and consequently give in his resignation. They mistook him. M. de Chandenier lived on the "king's bread" and on what the bourgeois of Loches sent him for dinner and supper in a little porringer which made the rounds of the town. Never did he complain, never did he ask for his property or his liberty. Two years passed in this way. In the end, the Court, ashamed of a violence so unexampled and so little deserved, and still more at being vanquished by a courage they could not subdue, released his revenues and changed his prison into exile, where he remained many

years, always without deigning to ask for anything. As before about his imprisonment, shame in the end made them revoke his exile.

He returned to Paris, where he would only see a very few friends. He was a close friend of my father, who took me to see him, and asked him pretty often to dinner. He also took him sometimes to La Ferté; and it was he who made my father, when he wanted to build, open a cross-ways through which he could draw wood, which is a great beauty near the house, where my father was thinking of cutting down the trees, not considering either how or where to do so. After my father's death I saw M. de Chandenier several times, with true respect, in the simple but very pretty retreat he had made for himself at Sainte-Geneviève, where he died. He was a man of great taste and excellent company, who had seen and known much; for a long time before his death he was very religious. They made use of this during the last year of his life to put scruples of justice to his creditors into his mind, saying they could be paid only by his taking M. de Noailles' money and giving his resignation. And when they had finally conquered him on that point the same people undertook to make him see M. de Noailles' son, who had succeeded his father in M. de Chandenier's office. The force of religion made him submit to receive this visit, which on his part passed coldly but honourably. He had lost, many years earlier, his wife and his only son, a young man, as I have heard, of great promise.

Cavoye and his luck.

At all courts there are singular personages, who, without mind, without distinguished birth, without connections or duties, make their way into the familiarity of all that is most brilliant, and end, no one knows how, in obliging the world to reckon with them. Such was Cavoye, all his life, a very paltry gentleman at the

most, whose real name was Oger. He was grand-marshal of the king's houses; and the tale which won him this office ought not to be forgotten, after saying what there is to say about him at the present time. He flattered himself he should be made chevalier of the Order of the Holy Spirit in the promotion of 1688. The king arranged it with M. de Louvois, who was chancellor of the Order. That minister, who was then designing the great war he had already declared, thought only of using this promotion to make himself followers. He therefore made it wholly military, the first time it had ever been done in that way, and paid great attention to excluding all those whom he did not like. Cavoye's friendship with Louvois' enemy Seignelay, put him among the latter number; he was not in the promotion, and he felt he must die of grief. The king, to whom he spoke himself and also through Seignelay and other persons, softened his distress by kind remarks and hopes for another occasion. Divers little promotions were made subsequently, but Cavoye was always left out, because they were, in fact, made on particular occasions concerning the persons who were thus promoted. Finally, Cavoye, tired and outraged, wrote the king a rhapsody about his health and his prospects, and asked permission to resign his office. The king said nothing to him about it at the time and sent him no message; and Cavoye made all his arrangements publicly to retire from Court, which I think he would have cruelly repented. Ten or twelve days after his sending his letter to the king came a trip to Marly, and Cavoye attended officially, as usual. Two days later, the king on entering his cabinet called to him, and said kindly that they had been too long together to part now; that he did not wish him to leave him, and he would take care of his interests. To this he added hopes of the Order. Cavoye

asserted later that he had the promise; and behold him enrolled at court more closely than ever.

He was one of the best made and handsomest men in France, and he dressed well. He profited by this among the ladies. Those were days when people fought duels in spite of the edicts; Cavoye, courageous and skilful, acquired such a reputation in this way that the name of "the brave Cavoye" stayed by him. Mlle. de Coëtlogon, one of the maids of honour of Queen Marie-Thérèse, fell in love with him, — madly in love with him. She was ugly, virtuous, artless, much loved, and a very good creature. Nobody took it into his head to think her love was queer, and, what is really remarkable, everybody pitied her. She made all the advances. Cavoye was cruel, and sometimes brutal; he was importuned to death. It went so far that the king, and even the queen, reproached him, and requested him to be more humane. He was sent to the army, where, however, he had only a petty employment. Behold the Coëtlogon in tears and outcries; she left off her ornaments throughout the campaign, and never put them on again till Cavoye's return. No one did more than smile. There came a time when Cavoye served as second in a duel, and was put in the Bastille; more grief; and everybody went to condole with her. She took off all her finery this time, and dressed herself as badly as she could. She spoke to the king about Cavoye, and not being able to get the release, she quarrelled with him, even to the point of insulting him. The king laughed with all his heart, which made her so furious that she showed him her claws, to which the king thought it wise not to expose himself. He dined and supped every day in public with the queen. The Duchesse de Richelieu and the maids of honour waited on them. As long as Cavoye was in the Bastille, Coëtlogon would never serve the king

with anything, no matter what; either she evaded it or she flatly refused, saying that he did not deserve to be waited on by her. Jaundice, hysterics, despair seized upon her. Things went so far at last that the king and queen seriously requested the Duchesse de Richelieu to take the Coëtlogon to see Cavoye in the Bastille; which was done once or twice. He got out at last, and Coëtlogon, enraptured, adorned herself once more; but it was only with difficulty that she consented to forgive the king. Pity, and the death of M. de Froulay, grand-marshal of the king's houses, came to her succour. The king sent for Cavoye, whom he had already vainly sounded as to the marriage. This time he told him he wished it, and instead of a *dot* with a girl who had nothing, he would present him with the office of grand-marshal of his houses. Cavoye still sniffed, but he had to come to it. Since then he has lived very well with her, and to this day she has always the same adoration of him; it is a joke sometimes to see the caresses she gives him before all the world, and the vexed gravity with which he receives them. Other stories of Cavoye might make a little book; it is enough here to report this history for its oddity, which is certainly unexampled, for never has the virtue of Mme. de Cavoye, before or after her marriage, received the slightest smirch. Her husband, connected all his life with the most brilliant persons about the Court, has erected a species of judgment-seat in his home which must not be displeased, but reckoned with and respectfully treated even by ministers; but for all that he is a kind man, and a very honest man, who can be trusted in all things.

Mme. de Castries.

On our return from the army, we found Mme. de Castries established at Court as lady-in-waiting to Mme. la Duchesse de Chartres, in place of Mme. de Mailly. Through the bastardy of the princess, Mme.

de Castries was her cousin-german, they being the daughters of brother and sister. The Duc du Maine had obtained this post from the king, and from Mme. de Maintenon, without whose consent such appointments were never granted. Mme. de Castries was a mere scrap of a woman, a kind of half-made biscuit; so extremely small, though well-formed, that she might have passed through a medium-sized ring; neither a behind, nor a before, nor a chin; very plain, always a distressed, astonished look; but with it all a countenance that shone with intellect, and kept its promise. She knew everything: history, philosophy, mathematics, learned languages; and never did it appear that she knew more than how to speak French; but her speech had a correctness, an energy, an eloquence, a grace even in the commonest things, and above all that unique turn to it which belongs only to the Mortemarts. Amiable, amusing, gay, serious, all things to all men, charming when she wished to please, with natural humour of the utmost keenness but without intending it, flashing a satire that was never forgotten, loftily proud, shocked at a thousand things in a plaintive tone that brought down the house; cruelly malicious when it pleased her to be so; but a very good friend, polite, gracious, obliging in general; wholly without coquetry, delicate in spirit, amorous of a soul when she found it to her liking; and with all this, possessing a gift of narration, and, when she chose to make a tale upon the spot, a well-spring of production, variety, and charm which astonished every one. With all her pride, she thought herself well-married from the friendship which she had with her husband. She expatiated on whatever belonged to him, and was quite as vainglorious for him as for herself; from him she received reciprocity, and all sorts of attentions and respect.

She was found one morning in her bed unconscious, and, in

spite of all remedies, did not come to till eight at night, when she died, leaving no children. She was perfectly well, and Mme. de Saint-Simon had passed a part of the previous evening with her. But she was all soul and spirit with scarcely any body; hers was so tiny and slender that a breath could have blown it away. 'T was a great pity.

M. de Cambrai had not been able to face the poor success of his book, which met with no praises except in the "Journal des Savants" published by a Calvinist in Holland. He started for his diocese, where he went now and then, but fell ill immediately, and to be nearer his friends, remained with Malezieux, a friend whose house was a few leagues from Versailles. The two books[1] so opposed in doctrine and style and so differently received by the world, made a very great hubbub. The king interposed, and obliged M. de Cambrai to allow his book to be examined by the archbishops of Reims and Paris, and by the bishops of Meaux, Chartres, Toul, Soissons, and Amiens; that is to say, by his adversaries, or the prelates who agreed with them. The Bishop of Amiens, formerly Abbé de Brou and almoner to the king, was very learned, and an intimate friend of M. de Meaux, thinking with him on all kinds of doctrine. He was also a very amiable man, well-trained to the world, much relished and sought; but a saintly bishop wholly devoted to his study and his diocese, which he left as little as he could, giving all that he had to the poor.

1697. Continuation of the affair of the Archbishop of Cambrai.

I cannot refrain from relating here an anecdote which will make him known in two words. A scruple seized him on his entrance to the episcopate; and after reflecting upon it he went to see Père de La Chaise, to whom he said that he

[1] "Maxims of the Saints," by M. de Cambrai (Fénelon); "Instruction on States of Prayer," by M. de Meaux (Bossuet).

had bought the office of almoner to the king solely for the purpose of making himself a bishop; that he knew it was an obtrusion, and therefore he had brought with him his resignation, pure and simple; that he wished for no abbey in leaving a bishopric he had so wrongly entered, and he asked him to take his resignation to the king and get him to appoint his successor. Père de La Chaise admired his delicacy and refused to take the resignation. They argued the matter and separated. A few months later M. d'Amiens brought back his resignation and seeing that it would have as little success as before, he declared that if the confessor did not take charge of it, he would carry it himself to the king. Père de La Chaise finding his resolution so determined, took the resignation and promised to deliver it to the king. He did so; the answer was prompt, and worthy of all three. The confessor told the prelate that the king accepted his resignation; but, at the same time, he appointed him again as Bishop of Amiens, and commanded him positively to accept. In this way the scruple ceased, and the affair ended; but it had no small part in another scruple which the king, in his turn, took up as to the venality in the office of his almoners, and the attention he subsequently paid to putting an end to it.

M. de Cambrai resolves to carry his affair to Rome. Curt answer of the pope.

To return to the subject from which this parenthesis enticed me. M. de Cambrai submitted to the examination he could not escape, and from which he had nothing to expect; but he took the resolution to write to the pope and lay the matter before him, asking permission of the king to go to Rome and defend his cause; this the king forbade. M. de Meaux thereupon sent his book to the pope and M. de Cambrai had the grief of receiving a curt answer from his Holiness, and of seeing M. de Meaux triumph in

the one received by him. All this irritated the king, who, without being willing to see M. de Cambrai, sent him word to go to Paris at once, and thence to his diocese, which, since then, he has never left.

Exiled by the king to his diocese.

It was at this time that M. de Troyes surprised the world by his brave and beautiful retirement. He had benefices very early in life, he was almoner to the king, and became, while still young, bishop of Troyes. He had learning, and he also knew more of the temporal affairs of the clergy than any of his body; so that he was called to all the assemblies of the clergy and shone in all. He had, moreover, a good intellect, much worldly wit, *badinage* with women, and the tone of good company; he passed his life among the best and most distinguished persons of the Court and city; sought by all, especially for high play and among the ladies. He was their favourite. They called him "Le Troyen," and "chien d'évêque" and "chien de Troyen" when he won their money. He went, every now and then, to bore himself at Troyes, where, either from propriety or for want of something better to do, he never failed to perform his functions; but he seldom stayed long; and once returned, it was hard for him to tear himself away.

M. de Troyes; his life, his retirement.

It was thus that up to this time he had passed his life. But now reflections came to trouble his pleasures. He tried not to yield to them; he struggled with them, till finally experience made him understand that he would always be vanquished if he did not break his bonds in such a manner that they could never be resumed. Never had he seemed better company nor gayer than he did at a dinner given at the hôtel des Lorges to a large and select party; leaving which he went to sleep at Versailles as previously arranged with Père de La Chaise. The next morning when the king left his *prie-dieu* he asked for a moment's audience, which was

given in the cabinet before mass. There he made his confession ingenuously. He acknowledged to the king the need he felt for retirement and repentance, and said that he should never have the strength for it so long as certain pretexts held him to the world. He presented to the king his resignation of his bishopric, saying that if he wished to gratify him he could give it to his nephew, the Abbé Chavigny, whose age was suitable and who had more merit, learning, and virtue than himself; and that he himself would retire to his own house in Troyes, which he would share with his nephew and live in solitude for the rest of his life. The bishopric was worth little; the king loved M. de Troyes in spite of his dissipations, and he granted his requests immediately. Leaving the cabinet, M. de Troyes went to Paris, saw no one, and started the next day for Troyes, where he did exactly as he had purposed, without seeing any one but his nephew and the priests, and without writing letters or holding any communication with others, entirely given up to prayer, repentance, and perfect solitude.

Italian comedians driven away.

The king turned away this winter in a violent hurry the troupe of Italian comedians, and would have no others in their place. As long as they merely overflowed with filth at their theatre, and sometimes with impiety, they had only been laughed at; but they suddenly chose to act a play which was called "The Sham Prude," in which Mme. de Maintenon was easily recognized. Every one ran to see it, but after three or four representations, which they gave one after another on account of their great gains, the company received orders to close their theatre, and leave the kingdom within a month. The affair made a great noise; and though the comedians lost their establishment by their boldness and their folly, she who had driven them away gained nothing, on ac-

count of the license which this ridiculous event gave to speech.

The peace of Ryswick.

The first news received of the signing of the peace of Ryswick was from an aide-de-camp of Maréchal de Boufflers, who arrived Sunday, Sept. 22, at Fontainebleau, sent by the maréchal on receiving news that the peace was signed the preceding Friday at midnight. The King and Queen of England were at Fontainebleau, to whom, of course, the recognition of the Prince of Orange was very bitter; but they saw the necessity of having peace, and knew very well that that article was as unwelcome to the king as to themselves, the reason for which I will presently explain. They consoled themselves as best they could, and seemed to be much obliged to the king, who stood firm in not allowing that they should leave, or even quit for a time their residence at Saint-Germain. These two points had been eagerly demanded (the last especially in the expected impossibility of obtaining the other) as much at Ryswick as in the conferences with the Duke of Portland. The king had the thoughtfulness to say to Torcy, on the eve of the signature, that if the courier who brought the news should arrive, one, or many, or one after another, they were not to come and tell him if he was with the King or Queen of England; and he forbade the musicians to sing anything relating to the peace until after their departure.

Personal hatred of the king to the Prince of Orange; its cause.

As for the private reasons which made it so bitter to the king to recognize the Prince of Orange as King of England, they are these. The king was very far, when he first had his bastards, from thoughts which, by degrees, grew up in him as to their elevation. The Princesse de Conti, whose birth was the least odious, was also the first; the king believed he could magnificently marry her to the Prince of Orange, and had the proposal made to

him at a time when the prince's prospects and his position in Europe persuaded the king that he would receive it as the the greatest honour and advantage. He was mistaken. The Prince of Orange was the son of a daughter of the King of England, Charles I., and his grandmother was the daughter of the Elector of Brandebourg. He remembered all this with much haughtiness, and replied curtly that the princes of Orange were accustomed to marry the legitimate daughters of great kings, and not their bastards. That speech entered the heart of the king so deeply that he made it his business, and often against his most obvious interests, to show how much the indignation that he felt had sunk into his soul.

Nothing was omitted on the part of the Prince of Orange to efface this impression; respect, concessions, good offices, patience under insults and personal provocations, and renewed efforts, all were rejected with contempt. The ministers of the king in Holland were expressly instructed to thwart the prince, not only in the affairs of State, but in those that were personal and private; to rouse as much as possible the people of the towns against him; to scatter money about in order to elect to the magistracies those who were most opposed to him; to openly protect those who had declared against him; and to refuse to see him, — in a word, to do him all the harm and all the personal rudeness that they could. Never did the prince, up to the opening of the late war, cease endeavouring, both publicly and in hidden ways, to appease this anger; never did the king relax it. At last, in despair of recovering the king's good graces, and in the expectation of his own approaching invasion of England and of the effect the formidable league he had called together would have on France, the prince said openly that all his life he had worked uselessly to obtain the king's good-will, but that now he hoped to be more lucky in deserving his respect. We can therefore im-

agine what a triumph it was for him to force the king to recognize him as King of England, and also what it cost the king to do so.

Preparations for the marriage of Mgr. the Duc de Bourgogne. Arrival of the Princesse de Savoie.

The Princesse de Savoie had arrived early on Tuesday, October 16, 1696, at the bridge of Beauvoisin. There she rested in a house on the Savoie side, and dressed herself; she then went to the bridge, which is wholly in France, at the entrance of which she was received by her new household and conducted to the French house prepared for her on the other side. There she slept; and the next day she parted from her Italian household without shedding a tear, and was followed only by a single waiting-maid and her physician, who were not to remain in France, and were soon sent back.

Sunday, November 4, the king, Monseigneur, and Monsieur went separately to Montargis to meet the princess, who arrived at six in the evening, and was received by the king at the door of his carriage. He took her to the apartment prepared for himself at a house in the town and there presented to her Monseigneur, Monsieur, and the Duc de Chartres. All that was reported of her graceful ways and her flatteries, which were full of sense, and the absence which she showed of embarrassment, together with a sedate air and respectful manners, surprised every one immensely and charmed the king at once. He praised her incessantly, caressed her repeatedly, and hastened to send a courier to Mme. de Maintenon with a letter to tell her of his joy and to praise the princess. The king ruled that she should be called "The Princess" merely, that she should dine alone, served by the Duchesse du Lude, and see only her own ladies and those to whom the king might give express permission; also that she should hold no Court as yet, and that Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne should visit her only once a fort-

night, and MM. his brothers once a month. The whole Court returned on the 8th of November to Versailles, where the princess was given the apartment of the late queen, in which, on arriving, all the most distinguished persons in Paris were presented to her. The king and Mme. de Maintenon made a doll of the princess, whose caressing, insinuating, attentive spirit pleased them infinitely, and little by little she usurped with both a freedom never attempted by any of the children of the king, and which enchanted them. It seems that her father, the Duc de Savoie, who was well informed even to the depths of our Court, had carefully instructed his daughter; but what is really surprising is that she knew so well how to profit by the instruction, and with what grace she did so. Nothing was ever seen like the cajoleries by which she soon bewitched Mme. de Maintenon, whom she always called "aunt," and to whom she showed as much dependence and respect as she could have done to a mother and a queen; but with it all a familiarity and an apparent freedom, which delighted Mme. de Maintenon and the king also.

The king, who took more and more pleasure in the princess, whose cleverness, attentions, and graces immeasurably surpassed her age, would not lose a day beyond her twelfth birthday in celebrating the marriage, and he therefore fixed it for December 7, which fell of a Saturday. He had expressed himself as desirous that the Court should appear on this occasion very magnificently; and he himself, who for a long time past had worn simple clothes, ordered some very superb ones. This was enough to allow of no question as to consulting one's purse or even station, unless it were ecclesiastical or magisterial. It was who could surpass all others in richness and invention. Gold and silver were soon scarce enough. The shops of the merchants were emptied in a very

few days; in a word, unbridled luxury ruled court and town as well, for the fête had a vast crowd of spectators. Things went to such a point that the king repented having given rise to it, and said he could not comprehend how husbands could be foolish enough to let themselves be ruined for their wives' clothes; he might have added, for their own. But the bridle was loose and there was no time to remedy the matter, and, in his heart, I don't know that the king would have been glad if it could have been remedied, for he took great pleasure during the fêtes in examining the clothes. It was easy to see that this profusion of materials and rarities of industry pleased him, and with what satisfaction he praised the most superb, and the best arranged toilets; and having once launched his little word of policy, he said no more, and was delighted that no one paid heed to it.

It was not the first time that this thing had happened to him; he loved, passionately, all sorts of sumptuousness at his Court, above all on marked occasions, and whoever had minded what he said would have paid their court unwisely. There was no possibility of being wise in the midst of such folly. Many suits were required. As for Mme. de Saint-Simon and me, it cost us twenty thousand francs between us. Workmen were lacking to get all these sumptuosities finished in time.

Marriage of the Duc de Bourgogne.

Saturday morning, December 7, the whole Court went early to the Duc de Bourgogne, after which the duke went to the princess. Her toilet was finished, and there were very few ladies with her, most of them having gone to the tribunes or to the scaffoldings placed in the chapel to witness the ceremony. All the royal family had already seen the princess, and were now waiting in the king's room, where the bridal pair arrived soon after twelve o'clock. The king was in the salon, and

immediately led the way to the chapel. The march and all the rest was exactly like the marriage of the Duc de Chartres, except that the Cardinal de Coislin began with the betrothal, and everybody stayed on their knees during a middling pause between the betrothal and the marriage. The cardinal said a low mass, after which the king and the royal family returned as they came, and immediately sat down to dinner. A courier, all ready at the door of the chapel, started for Turin the moment that the marriage was celebrated. The day passed rather dully. About seven o'clock in the evening the King and Queen of England arrived, the king having invited them several days earlier. They remained in the colonnade, and at eight o'clock entered the salon at the end of the gallery adjoining the apartment of Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, before which, in spite of the rain, fireworks were let off from the Swiss quarters. The supper was like the dinner, with the addition of the King and Queen of England, the queen being seated between the two kings. On leaving table, the company went to the *coucher* of the bride, from which the king rigidly excluded all the men. The ladies remained, and the Queen of England gave the chemise, which the Duchesse du Lude handed to her. Monseigneur le Duc de Bourgogne undressed in the antechamber, seated on a folding stool. The king was there with all the princes. The King of England gave the chemise, handed to him by the Duc de Beauvilliers.

As soon as Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne was in bed, Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne entered and placed himself in the bed to the right, in presence of the kings and all the court; and immediately after the King and Queen of England went away, the king retired to bed, and everybody left the nuptial chamber except Monseigneur, the ladies of the princess, and the Duc de Beauvilliers, who remained beside the pillow of

his pupil, with the Duchesse du Lude on the other side. Monseigneur remained about a quarter of an hour conversing; after which he made M. his son rise, having previously told him to kiss the princess, in spite of the opposition of the Duchesse du Lude. It proved that she was right. The king thought it very wrong, and said that he did not choose his grandson to kiss so much as the tip of his wife's finger till the time came for them to live together.

Sunday a circle was held at Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne's. The king came towards the end, and conducted all the ladies into the salon near the chapel, where they found a fine collation, then music, after which they remained in the colonnade. At nine o'clock the king conducted the Duc and Duchesse de Bourgogne to the princess's apartment, and all was over for the day. She continued to live as before the marriage, but Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne went to see her every day, and the ladies-in-waiting had orders never to leave them alone together. Sometimes they supped *tête-à-tête* with Mme. de Maintenon. Wednesday, Dec. 11, the king came at six o'clock to the Duchesse de Bourgogne's apartment, where there was a crowded Court. He waited for the King and Queen of England, and then entered the great gallery, where there were seats erected and splendidly decorated for the balls. The Duc d'Aumont, who managed all these fêtes, lost his head; the crowd was so great and the disorder was such that the king himself was overwhelmed by it, Monsieur was thrown down and trampled upon in the press; and so it may be judged what became of the rest. No room at all; by force and necessity people pushed where they could. It spoilt the fête. There was a *branle*, and just the right number of princes and princesses of the blood with M. le Comte de Toulouse to lead; for the rest, there were many more gentlemen than ladies.

Apropos of the privacy of the king and his intimate domestic affairs, I must not forget one circumstance. People were surprised at Fontainebleau, where the princess had hardly arrived, on her way to Versailles, before she was taken by Mme. de Maintenon to an obscure little convent at Moret, in which there was nothing to interest her, nor any nuns who were known at all. She returned there several times during this journey, which aroused curiosity and rumours. Mme. de Maintenon often went there from Fontainebleau; so often that people had grown accustomed to it. In this convent was a Moorish nun, unknown to every one, and who was never seen by visitors. Bontems, the king's first *valet de chambre*, and governor of Versailles, to whom all the domestic secrets of the king passed at all times, had placed her in this convent when quite young, paying a *dot*, which was never mentioned, together with a large annuity every year. He took great care that she had all she needed, and all that might be thought abundance for a nun; and everything she could want in the way of sweetmeats was sent to her. The late queen constantly went to Fontainebleau, and took much pains for the well-being of the convent, and so did Mme. de Maintenon after her. Neither the one nor the other took any direct care that could be remarked upon of the Moorish nun; but they were none the less very attentive to her. They did not see her every time they went to the convent, but they did so quite often, and they paid great attention to her health, and her conduct, and that of the superior towards her. Monseigneur went sometimes, and his sons once or twice, and they all asked to see the Moorish nun, and were kind to her. She received as much consideration from the nuns as any well-known and distinguished person, and she plumed

The Moorish nun at Moret; very enigmatical.

herself much on the care that was taken of her, and the mystery that was made of her life; but though she lived in the convent conformably, it was easy to see that her vocation had been prompted. Once, it escaped her to say heedlessly on hearing Monseigneur hunting in the forest: "There 's my brother hunting." It was said she was a daughter of the king and queen, hidden on account of her colour, while the news was given out that the queen had had a miscarriage; and many persons about the Court were convinced of this. However that may be, the matter has always remained an enigma.[1]

Election of the Prince de Conti as King of Poland.

Galleran, secretary of the Abbé de Polignac (envoy to Poland), had arrived Thursday, July 11 of this year, very early at Marly, with the news of the election of M. le Prince de Conti [2] as King of Poland. The king kept it secret and sent for Monseigneur and the Prince de Conti. During the promenade, at which the Prince de Conti joined the king, nothing was said of Poland; the king returned to Mme. de Maintenon's apartment and sent again for the prince, who threw himself on his knees before him. He had received by the same courier a letter from the Abbé de Polignac and one from the Abbé de Châteauneuf, both very short, to the address of his Majesty of Poland. The king, after congratulating the prince and receiving his thanks, wished to treat him as King of Poland, but the prince entreated him to wait until his election was more certain and beyond all fear of reversal, in

[1] It is singular that Saint-Simon makes no mention of the Man in the Iron Mask, although he died in the Bastille in 1703, and his identity was so much a subject of comment that Louis XIV. himself said: "If you were told who he was you would not think it in the least interesting." — TR.

[2] François-Louis, Prince de Conti, brother of Louis-Armand, Prince de Conti, who m. the daughter of the king and Mlle. de la Vallière, and d. 1685. The present Prince de Conti was the favourite nephew of the Great Condé.

order that no embarrassment should be created in case of a revolution in favour of the Elector of Saxony. This modesty, which really came of his own desire to avoid the crown, was much praised; the king consented, though he still chose to make the news public at once. He therefore left the chamber of Mme. de Maintenon and entered the grand cabinet, where there were many ladies having the privilege of entrance, to whom the king said, pointing to the Prince de Conti: "I bring you a king." Instantly the news spread everywhere; the Prince de Conti was smothered in compliments, and he went to Saint-Germain to tell it to the King and Queen of England, to whom the king despatched it by the Duc de la Trémoille, sending him also to Monsieur at Saint-Cloud.

On the 30th of August a courier arrived with further news, which furnished matter for resolutions taken that day and the next, and for a long audience given by the king, Sunday morning, September 1, in his cabinet at Versailles before mass, to the Prince de Conti, who came out with tears in his eyes; and it was known immediately after that he was going to Poland. He begged the king not to treat the Princesse de Conti as queen until he could send him the news of his coronation, to avoid all embarrassment in case the affair fell through and he was forced to return. The king gave him two millions in money, and four hundred thousand francs to carry with him, and a hundred thousand francs for his outfit, besides all the remittances to be made in Poland, either from the king or from his own property, which Samuel Bernard was charged to see paid. The prince passed Monday in Paris, and started Tuesday, September 3, for Dunkerque. The celebrated admiral, Jean Bart, promised to take him safely in spite of the enemy's fleet which lay off that port, and kept his word.

Very different motives were visibly at work in this great separation. The king was delighted to find himself gloriously rid of a prince to whom he had never forgiven his journey to Hungary, still less the fame of his deserts and the applause which followed him even to Court and under the very eyes of the king, and was not repressed by the desire to please him or by fear of his indignation. He could not conceal his joy, or his eagerness to see the Prince de Conti removed forever. It was easy to distinguish this private sentiment from the feeble satisfaction of having a prince of his blood at the head of a nation which figured little among those of the North, and gave no chance for its king to distinguish himself. Every one wanted the Prince de Conti at the head of our armies; this departure released the king from the importunity of that desire and from a judgment so universal; it released also his best-beloved son from so mortifying a contrast, and delivered the king himself from the presence of the only member of his family the purity of whose blood was not tarnished by admixture with bastardy; and one too, standing alone, whose poverty excited murmurs, to say the least, against the immense establishments of those who were born in illegal obscurity, and those others, who, being of the blood of kings, had gained their wealth through their marriages with natural children.

Mme. la Princesse de Conti, who felt the weight which lay upon a husband whom she loved, and whose fortunes she shared, seemed transported with joy at the thought of reigning; M. le Prince, more delighted still at the glory of a crown for a son-in-law whom he respected and could not help loving, hid beneath that covering his joy at the peace of his family. M. le Duc floated between the fury of his jealousy of so superior a merit thus rewarded, and the satisfaction of seeing himself relieved from the daily sense of the

pricks of that merit, not to speak of others still more irritating to a husband of his temper. Who, then, was to be pitied? Mme. la Duchesse, who loved, and was loved, and could not doubt that she was dearer than the glory of a crown. But she had to take part in a glory so near to her, — in the joy of the king, and in that of her family, who watched her at every moment, and saw clear; but nothing was shown that offended propriety. Monseigneur was a little touched, but on the whole, glad of other people's pleasure; his apathy was not much stirred. M. du Maine, transported to the bottom of his soul at a deliverance so great and so little hoped for, put on the face and bearing he thought most proper, and the public remained divided between the grief of losing its delight and the joy of seeing him crowned. Monsieur and his son were rather glad. Mme. de Maintenon triumphed in her retreat, and the armies, no longer hoping to see him at their head, were less afflicted at the fact that they had utterly lost him than that they could take no part in the royal establishment to which he was called. As for himself, sunk in the deepest grief, at an end of all his obstacles, difficulties, and delays, it must be owned that he bore very ill this brilliant choice, and that he did not conceal either his desire or his hope that in the end it might still be reversed.

On the 25th of September the Prince de Conti arrived in the roadstead of Dantzig, where the Abbé de Châteauneuf awaited him. The town had declared for the Elector of Saxony, and gave no sort of welcome to the Prince de Conti. Few Poles, and those of no mark, went on board to salute him. The town of Dantzig refused provisions to our frigates, or even to allow them to remain in port. The Prince de Conti, who was still on board in the roadstead, was firmly resolved not to go ashore until he saw troops at hand

and ready to support him. But instead of the army, which did not take a single step towards him, he found only greedy Poles, urging him to fulfil the immense promises made to them by the Abbé de Polignac. The desire to succeed in this great affair, — from which he hoped the purple, — had blinded Polignac, and drawn him into impossible engagements, so that, deceived himself in the first place, he deceived and misled the king and the Prince de Conti. Neither the army nor anybody of nobility made the slightest movement to come and receive the prince; and this was more than enough to induce the return of a candidate far more eager than the Prince de Conti, who was forced to play a very sad and humiliating part for himself and for France, — welcomed by none, barked at by all, and not venturing to set foot in an enemy's town, which refused him provisions, or even an entrance to the port for any of his vessels. He sent the king word of his resolution and his reasons, and on the 6th of November Jean Bart set sail to return, though he could not get out of the roadstead before the 8th, capturing on his way five of the Dantzig vessels. On the 12th of December the prince reached Paris, which was more to his liking than being king in Warsaw. The next day he went to Versailles to make his bow to the king, who received him wonderfully well, profoundly vexed as he was at seeing him.

V.

THE czar had already begun his travels. He has, justly, made so much noise in the world that I shall be succinct about a prince so great and so well-known, and one who will no doubt be so to the latest posterity, for having made himself alarming to all Europe and mingled necessarily in the affairs of this part of the world, with a Court which had never hitherto been a Court, and a nation despised and utterly disregarded for its barbarism. This prince had gone to Holland to learn for himself and work with his own hands at the building of ships. Although incognito, pursuing his purpose, and not allowing his rank or his grandeur to hamper him, he made everything yield to him, but after his own fashion and as he chose.

1698. The czar, Peter the Great, and his travels.

He was inwardly displeased that England did not hasten to send him an embassy when he was thus in her close neighbourhood, and all the more because, without committing himself, he was very desirous of allying himself with her for commerce. The embassy at last arrived. At first he postponed giving it audience; finally, he named a day and hour, but the place was on board of a large Dutch vessel which he wished to examine. There were two ambassadors and they thought the place barbarous, but they had to accept it. Matters were still worse when they got on board. The czar sent them word he was in the main-top, and it was there he would receive them. The ambassadors, whose sea-legs were not sufficiently steady to risk the shrouds, excused them-

selves; the czar insisted, and the ambassadors were much disturbed by so strange and obstinate a proposal. At last, after a few rough answers to their next messages, they felt they must needs attempt the horrid ladder, and up they went. In that narrow space and swinging in mid-air, the czar received them with as much majesty as if he were sitting on his throne. He listened to their harangue and answered obligingly to the king and the nation; then he joked at the fear he saw depicted on the ambassadors' faces, and laughingly let them feel it was a punishment for having come to him too late.

King William, on his side, had by this time understood the great qualities of the czar, and now did all he could to stand well with him. So much went on between them that the czar, curious to see and learn everything, went over to England, still incognito, but after his own fashion. He was received as a monarch whom it was desirable to placate, and after fully satisfying his objects he returned to Holland. He designed to go to Venice and Rome and all through Italy, and, above all, to see the king and France. He caused the king to be sounded about it, and was much mortified because the king politely declined his visit, not wishing to have the trouble of it. Soon after, losing all hope of this, he resolved to travel in Germany and to go to Vienna. The emperor received him at the Favorita. At the end of three weeks the czar was warned of a great conspiracy in Moscow, and started hastily for that city. Passing through Poland he saw the king, and it was then that the first foundations of their friendship and alliance were laid. Reaching home, he found the conspiracy wide-spread, and his own sister at the head of it. He had always loved her and treated her well, but had never married her. The nation at large was incensed at finding he had cut his beard, shortened the tails of his long coat,

dropped quite a number of his barbarous customs, and now took foreigners into his confidence and put them in high places; all this led to a great conspiracy, which was about to break forth into revolution. He pardoned his sister, whom he put in prison, and he hanged to the bars of her window the guilty leaders, as many each day as could hang there.

The Camp at Compiègne determined and announced.

The king, being henceforth fully at peace, desired to astonish Europe by a show of his power, which she had reason to suppose exhausted by a war so long and so general, and at the same time to give, more especially for Mme. de Maintenon, a superb spectacle in the name of Mgr. the Duc de Bourgogne. It was under the pretext of letting the duke see an image of war, and of giving him a first lesson in it, so far as times of peace permitted, that he announced a camp at Compiègne, to be commanded by Maréchal de Boufflers under the young prince. The troops, of whom a vast number were to compose it, were named and the general officers selected. The king also fixed the time when he expected to go to Compiègne himself; and he made it understood that he should be pleased if a very large court attended him.

Camp at Compiègne superb.

Nothing was talked of but Compiègne, where sixty thousand men were brought into camp. The same thing happened in this matter as at the marriage of the Duc de Bourgogne. The king intimated that he expected the troops to be splendid and that each man should show emulation. That was enough to excite an emulation of which, afterwards, they had every reason to repent. Not only was there never anything so perfectly splendid as the troops, — to such a point, indeed, that it was impossible to give the palm to any of the corps, — but their commanders added to the majestic and warlike beauty of the men the splendour of arms, horses, trappings and court mag-

nificence; while the rest of the officers exhausted their means on uniforms that were fit to adorn a fête.

The colonels, and many of the simple captains, kept abundant and delicate tables; six lieutenant-generals, and fourteen brigadier-generals distinguished themselves by vast display; but Maréchal de Boufflers astonished all by his lavishness, and by the surprising order of his profusion, with its choiceness, its magnificence, and its courtesy, throughout the whole period of the camp and at all hours of the day and night, teaching even the king himself what it was to give a really superb and magnificent fête, and M. le Prince, whose art and taste were thought to surpass those of everybody else, what elegance, novelty, and exquisite choiceness really were. Never was there a spectacle so brilliant, so dazzling, and it must be said, so alarming, while, at the same time nothing was more composed than the maréchal and his surroundings amid this universal hospitality, nothing more silent than all the preparations, more easy than this prodigious splendour, nothing so simple, modest, and free of all care as the great general who had ordered all and was ordering it unceasingly, although he seemed to be occupied only by the duty of commanding the army. Tables without number, freshly replenished and served at all moments as officers, courtiers, or spectators, even the most unknown idlers, came to them; all were received, invited, and as if captured by the attention, civility, and promptitude of the multitude of officials. All sorts of hot and cold liquors were also served, everything, in short, that could be most splendidly included in that class of refreshment; French wines, foreign wines, the choicest liqueurs were lavished in profusion; and measures were so carefully taken that an abundance of game and venison arrived from all directions;

Unheard of magnificence of the Maréchal de Boufflers.

and the seas of Normandy, Holland, England, Brittany, and even the Mediterranean furnished whatever they had that was rarest and most costly day after day at the right moment, with inimitable order, and by means of couriers and small post-chaises. Even the water, which it was feared might be exhausted or made turbid by so many mouths, was brought from Sainte-Reine, from the Seine, and other esteemed sources. It is not possible to imagine anything of any kind that was not there to hand, and for the poorest comer as for the most important and well attended guest. Wooden houses furnished like the most superb Parisian houses, all being new and made expressly for the purpose with taste and charming gallantry; immense and magnificent tents, the number of which alone formed a camp in themselves; kitchens, offices, and the innumerable officials required for this uninterrupted service of the tables, the butlers, the cellars, — all these things formed a spectacle the order, silence, punctuality, rapidity, and perfect cleanliness of which filled every one with surprise and admiration.

This trip was the first in which the ladies yielded their usual fastidious demands in a way that no one would have ventured to propose to them; but there were so many who wanted to be of the party that the king relaxed his hand and allowed all who wished to go to Compiègne to do so. The court of men was very numerous, so much so that for the first time the dukes were billeted in couples. I was put with the Duc de Rohan in a fine large house belonging to the Sieur Chambaudon, where we and our servants were much at our ease.

All the ambassadors were invited to go to Compiègne. Old Ferreiro, from Savoie, put it into their heads to insist upon the *for*. He assured them that he had always had it

during his first embassy to Paris. The ambassador from Portugal declared that Monsieur, on taking him to Montargis, had made his stewards give it to him; which, said he, was only done to follow the king's example; whereupon the nuncio maintained that the Nuncio Cavallerini had had it before being made a cardinal. Pomponne, Torcy, the introducers of ambassadors, and Cavoye all protested that it could not be so, that no ambassador had ever claimed it, and there was not one word about it on the records. The fact was the ambassadors felt that the king wanted to spread the magnificence of this camp before their eyes and they thought they could profit by this desire to obtain a new privilege. The king, however, held firm; the negotiations to and fro were kept up to the very day of the trip, and the ambassadors ended by not going at all. The king was so annoyed that I heard him — he, so moderate and so close-mouthed — say at supper at Compiègne that if he did right he should deprive them of coming to Court except for an audience, as was done in other countries.

Ambassadors insisting on the "for."

The *for* [*le pour*] is a distinction of which I do not know the origin, and it is in fact mere nonsense; it consists in writing with a piece of chalk on the doors of the apartments "*for* M. such a one" instead of writing "M. such a one." The stewards of the king's houses mark in that manner the lodgings assigned on these trips *for* the princes of the blood, cardinals, and foreign princes. M. de la Trémoille also obtained it, and the Duchesse de Bracciano, afterwards Princesse des Ursins. What makes me call this distinction silly is that it carries with it neither preference nor precedence; cardinals, foreign princes, and dukes being lodged precisely alike without any distinction whatever; the whole matter is in the word *for*, which operates in no way at all.

Thursday, August 28, the Court started for Compiègne; the king passed through Saint-Cloud, slept at Chantilly, stayed there one day, and arrived at Compiègne on the Saturday. Headquarters were in the village of Condun, where the Maréchal de Boufflers had houses as well as tents. The king brought with him Mgr. le Duc and Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, etc.; they were given a magnificent collation at the maréchal's quarters, and then saw all the arrangements I have mentioned above, which so surprised them that on his arrival at Compiègne the king told Livry, who by his order had prepared the camp tables of the Duc de Bourgogne, that the young prince must not keep them, for do what he would they could not compare with what he had just seen, and that whenever his grandson went to the camp he was to dine with the maréchal.

The king amused himself greatly in seeing and in showing to the ladies the troops, their arrival, their camping, their distribution, in a word, all the details of a camp, detachments, marches, foragings, exercises, sham fights and convoys. The Duchesse de Bourgogne, the princesses, and Monseigneur often took collation with the maréchal, where Mme. de Boufflers did the honours. Monseigneur dined there sometimes and the king took the King of England, who spent three or four days at the camp, to dinner with the maréchal. It was many a long year since the king had done that honour to any one, and the singularity of entertaining two kings together was great. Monseigneur and the three princesses dined there also, and ten or a dozen of the principal men of the Court and army. The king urged the maréchal strongly to sit at table, but he would not do so; he served the king and the English king himself, and his father-in-law, the Duc de Grammont, served Monseigneur. On their way they had inspected the troops in camp, and on returning they

witnessed the exercising of the whole infantry in parallel lines facing each other. The previous evening the king had taken the King of England to a review of the army. The Duchesse de Bourgogne saw it from her carriage. She had with her Mme. la Duchesse, Mme. la Princesse de Conti, and other titled ladies. Two of her carriages followed, filled with her own ladies.

Malicious trick of M. de Lauzun.

An amusing adventure happened at this review to the Comte de Tessé, colonel-general of the dragoons. M. de Lauzun had asked him, two days earlier, with that gentle air of kindness and simplicity he was always assuming, whether he had thought of all he needed to salute the king at the head of the dragoons; on which the count gave him a description of the horse and trappings and the clothes with which he meant to appear. After praising them all, "But the hat," said Lauzun, kindly, "I did not hear you mention the hat." "Why, no," said the other, "I expect to wear a cap." "A cap!" cried Lauzun; "what are you thinking of? A cap! That may do for others, but the colonel-general in a cap! Monsieur le comte, you must be dreaming." "What then?" said Tessé; "what ought I to wear?" Lauzun held back, and made him beg a long time, making him believe he knew more than he was willing to say; but at last, won by entreaty, he said he could not let him commit such a blunder, especially as the office had been created for himself and he knew well all the points of etiquette, one of which was that when the king reviewed the dragoons the colonel-general should wear a gray hat. Tessé, much surprised, admitted his ignorance and, frightened at the blunder he might have committed without this timely warning, exhausted himself in thanks and then rushed home to send a messenger to Paris to fetch him a gray hat. On the morning of the review I was at the king's *lever*

and I noticed that, contrary to his usual custom, M. de Lauzun remained, although, having the *grandes entrées*, he always withdrew when the courtiers came in. Presently I saw Tessé with a gray hat, a black feather, and a big cockade, puffing and pluming himself on his appearance. It seemed to me extraordinary, and the colour of the hat, to which the king had so great aversion that no one had worn it for several years past, struck me and made me look at him attentively; for he was almost opposite to where I stood, with M. de Lauzun quite near but a trifle behind him. The king, after putting on his shoes and stockings and speaking to some one, noticed the hat. In his first surprise he asked Tessé where he had got it. Tessé, with an air of satisfaction, replied that he had sent to Paris for it. "What for?" said the king. "Sire," replied the other, "because your Majesty does us the honour to review us to-day." "Well," said the king, more and more surprised, "what has that to do with a gray hat?" "Sire," said Tessé, beginning to be embarrassed by this questioning, "it is the privilege of the colonel-general of dragoons to wear on that occasion a gray hat." "A gray hat!" exclaimed the king; "where the devil did you get that idea?" "From M. de Lauzun, sire, for whom you created the office; he told me." On which the worthy duke burst out laughing and disappeared. "Lauzun was making fun of you," said the king, rather sharply. "Take my advice, and send that hat to the prior-general of the Prémontrés." Never did I see any man more confounded than Tessé. He stood with his eyes dropped, gazing at that hat with a sadness and shame that made the scene perfect. None of the spectators restrained their laughter, but the whole Court told him what they thought, and asked him why he did not know M. de Lauzun, who was laughing at him, better than that. Tessé did not dare to be angry; and the whole thing, though rather

strong, remained a joke, about which Tessé was long teased and much ashamed.

Nearly every day the sons of France dined with Maréchal de Boufflers; sometimes also Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, the princesses, and the ladies, but they went more frequently to collation. The beauty and the profusion of the silver services, sufficient to serve everything and all marked with the arms of the maréchal, were immense and incomparable. And what was not less remarkable was the punctuality of the hours and the moments of all service everywhere. Nothing was waited for, nothing lagged, as little for the hangers-on of the people and even the lacqueys as for the greatest lords; all was there at all hours and for all comers. For ten miles around Compiègne the villages and the farmhouses were filled with people, French and foreign, till they could hold no more, and yet things all went on without disorder. The gentlemen and *valets de chambre* of the maréchal's household were a world in themselves; all courteous and most attentive to their functions, retaining those who came and serving them with what they needed from five in the morning till ten or eleven at night, without stint or measure, and doing the honours, together with a great concourse of liveried pages. I repeat all this in spite of myself, because whoever saw it can never forget it, or cease from admiration and astonishment at the abundance, the sumptuousness, and the order which never failed for a single instant, nor at a single point.

The king desired to present an image of all that is done in war, and a regular siege was therefore laid to Compiègne, with all due forms though much abridged, — lines, trenches, batteries, mines, etc. Crenan defended the place. An ancient rampart ran round the château on the side toward the open country; the top of it was on a level with the king's apart-

ment and it overlooked the whole slope. At its foot was an old wall, and just beyond the king's apartment was a windmill on the rampart which had neither buttress nor breastwork before it. Saturday, September 13, was the day appointed for the assault. The king, followed by all the ladies, and in the finest weather ever known, went to this rampart, where were flocks of courtiers and all the foreigners of distinction. From there the whole plain and the disposition of all the troops could be seen. It was the finest *coup-d'œil* imaginable, that splendid army and the crowds of spectators on horse and foot, at a proper distance from the troops in order not to embarrass them; together with the play of the attacking force and the uncovering of the defenders, — because, there being nothing serious but the show, no precautions had to be taken by either side except as to the precision of their movements. But a spectacle of another sort which forty years hence I could describe as I do to-day, so forcibly did it strike me, was that which the king gave on the top of that rampart to his whole army and to the innumerable crowd of assistants of all conditions, whether on the plain or on the rampart itself.

Singular spectacle.

Mme. de Maintenon sat facing the plain and the troops in a sedan chair, behind its three windows; her porters were dismissed. On the front pole of the chair to the left, sat Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne; behind her on the same side, in a sort of semicircle, stood Mme. la Duchesse, Mme. la Princesse de Conti, and all the other ladies, and behind them again the courtiers. Beside the right-hand window of the sedan chair stood the king, and a little behind, also in a semicircle, were the most distinguished of the men. The king's head was uncovered nearly the whole time, and at every instant he lowered it to the window to speak to Mme. de Maintenon, to explain to her what she was seeing and the reasons for every manœuvre. Each time that

he did so she politely lowered the glass four or five inches, never half way, as I particularly noticed; for I confess I was more attentive to this spectacle than to that of the troops. Sometimes she opened it herself to ask questions of the king, but it was nearly always he who, without waiting for her to address him, bent down low to give her information; and at times when she did not notice him he rapped upon the window to make her open it. He spoke only to her, except to give orders in a few words and very seldom, and to answer briefly Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, who tried to make him talk to her, and to whom Mme. de Maintenon spoke from time to time, but without opening her front window, through which the young princess screamed back a few words in reply. I examined closely the faces of those present; they all showed a stealthy, timid, and ashamed surprise; and all those who were behind the chair and the semicircles watched this scene far more than they did the army, and all with an air of respectful fear and embarrassment. Often the king laid his hat on the top of the chair in order to speak within it; and this continual bending must have tired his loins greatly. Monseigneur was on horseback on the plain, together with his younger sons, and Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne was with the Maréchal de Boufflers, who performed the functions of general in command. It was five in the afternoon, and the weather the finest that heart could wish.

Directly in front of the sedan-chair was a steep pathway not visible from above, with an opening made in the old wall at the bottom to allow a messenger to go up from below and take the king's orders if necessary. The case occurred. Crenan sent Canillac, colonel of the Rouergue, one of the regiments defending the place, to take the king's orders on some point of which I am ignorant. Canillac

began to ascend, and rose to about the height of his shoulders — I can see him now as distinctly as I saw him then. By degrees as his head rose he beheld the sedan-chair, the king, and all the assistants, which he had not before seen, his post being at the foot of the rampart, from which he could see nothing above him. The spectacle struck him with such amazement that he stopped short, with his mouth open and his eyes staring, while the utmost astonishment was depicted on his face. There was no person present but who noticed it. The king saw it so plainly that he said, with some emotion, "Come, Canillac, come up!" Canillac remained stock still, and the king said again, "Come up; what is the matter?" Canillac then came up and approached the king, but with slow steps, trembling, turning his eyes to right and left with a bewildered air. I was standing within three feet of the king; Canillac passed in front of me and stammered something in a low tone. "What is that you say? Speak out!" said the king. Canillac could not recover himself, and got out only what he could. The king, who did not fully understand the matter, but saw that he could get no better out of him, answered shortly, adding with a displeased air, "Go, sir." Canillac did not wait to be told twice, but regained his pathway and disappeared. Hardly had he done so, when the king, looking about him, said, "I don't know what is the matter with Canillac, but he has lost his wits and forgot what he had to say to me." No one answered.

Just before the capitulation Mme. de Maintenon apparently asked permission to retire, for the king called out: "The porters of madame!" They came and carried her away; and less than a quarter of an hour later the king withdrew, followed by Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne and nearly all the others on the rampart. Many persons spoke

to one another with eyes and elbows as they retired, and afterwards in low whispers; none could recover from the sight they had seen. The same effect was produced among those on the plain. Even the soldiers asked the meaning of that chair to which the king was stooping continually, and it was necessary to gently hush up the officers and stop the questions of the troops. We can imagine what the foreigners said, and the effect produced upon them by such a spectacle. It made a noise throughout all Europe, and was as much talked of as the camp at Compiègne itself, with its pomp and its amazing splendour. In other respects Mme. de Maintenon showed herself very little at the camp, and always in a carriage with three or four of her intimates; she went to see the Maréchal de Boufflers and the marvels of his prodigious magnificence once or twice.

The last act of this great scene was the representation of a battle between the first and second entire lines, one against the other. M. Rose, the first of the lieutenant-generals of the camp, commanded on this occasion against the Maréchal de Boufflers, with whom was Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne as general. The king, Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, the princes, the ladies, the whole Court, and a multitude of curious spectators were present at the spectacle; the king and all the men on horseback, the ladies in carriages. The execution was perfect in all its parts and lasted a long time. But when it became the duty of the second line to give way and beat a retreat, Rose could not bring himself to do so, which greatly prolonged the action. M. de Boufflers sent him several messages in the name of the Duc de Bourgogne, telling him that the time had come. Rose flew into a passion and would not obey. The king, who had planned it all and saw the going and coming of the aide-de-camps, and the long delay, laughed heartily and said, "Rose does

Louis XIV

not like to play the beaten rôle." Finally he sent him word himself to end the thing and retreat. Rose obeyed, but very unwillingly, and was even rough to the messenger. This made conversation on the return and for all that evening.

At last, after attacks on the intrenchments, and all sorts of representations of what is done in war, and after a multitude of reviews, the king left Compiègne on Monday, the 22nd of September, and went with the same carriage-full to Chantilly where he spent Tuesday, arriving on Wednesday at Versailles, with as much rejoicing on the part of the ladies as they had shown of eagerness to be of the trip. They did not eat with the king at Compiègne, and they saw as little of Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne as at Versailles. But they were forced to go to the camp every day, and the fatigue of it was greater than the pleasure, and far greater than the distinction they had looked for. The king, extremely pleased with the beauty of his troops, who were all in full dress and wearing every ornament their leaders could devise, gave, on leaving, a present of six hundred francs to every captain of cavalry and dragoons, and three hundred francs to every captain of infantry ; he gave the same to the majors of all regiments, and distributed certain gifts among the household. To Maréchal de Boufflers he sent a present of one hundred thousand francs. In the aggregate this cost him a great deal, but to each person it was merely a drop in the bucket. There was not a single regiment but what was ruined for many years, corps and officers ; and as for the Maréchal de Boufflers, I leave it to be imagined how far one hundred thousand francs could go toward the inconceivable magnificence with which he had terrified all Europe, through the tales that were told abroad by the foreigners who witnessed it, and who could scarcely, day by day, believe their eyes.

The affair of M. de Cambrai was reaching its close and making more noise than ever. The prelate was daily issuing some new work to elucidate and support his "Maxims of the Saints" into which he put all imaginable ability. His three antagonists each replied separately; bitterness came to the surface on both sides, and with the exception of M. de Paris, who controlled himself with great moderation, M. de Cambrai and MM. de Meaux and de Chartres treated each other very ill. The king was urgent for the judgment of Rome; he thought to hasten the affair by giving M. de Cambrai's lodging at Versailles to Mme. de Lévi, and by forbidding the prelate to retain the character of preceptor of the sons of France (the salary for which he had already taken from him), and made this last act known to the pope and to the congregation appointed to judge of the book. The pope pronounced the condemnation, which was drawn up in the form of a declaration, in which the Court of Rome, sure of the king's impatience to receive it, inserted terms of assumption which France does not admit. The nuncio, who received it by courier, carried it instantly to the king, who publicly evinced his joy. The nuncio spoke to the king between his *lever* and mass. This was Sunday, March 22.

1699. Condemnation at Rome of the book of the Archbishop of Cambrai.

When the king returned from mass he found M. de Beauvilliers in his cabinet, ready for the council which was then to be held. As soon as he saw him he went up to him and said: "Well, M. de Beauvilliers, what will you say now? Here is M. de Cambrai condemned in full form." "Sire," replied the duke, in a respectful but firm tone, "I have been the intimate friend of M. de Cambrai, and I shall be so always; but if he does not submit himself to the pope I shall hold no further intercourse with him." The king was silent, and the spectators were full of ad-

miration, on the one hand for so firm a generosity, on the other for so clear a declaration, the submission of which, however, was only toward the Church. Rome, as if to do worse still, showed by the sentence itself that it was given more for the king than to weigh upon M. de Cambrai. Twenty-three propositions in the "Maxims of the Saints," were qualified as bold, dangerous, erroneous, but *in globo;* and the pope excommunicated all persons who should read the book, or keep it in their houses. M. de Cambrai learned his fate almost at the same time, and at a moment which would surely have overwhelmed one who had less resources within himself. He was about to enter the pulpit; he did not allow himself to be disturbed; he laid aside the sermon he had prepared, and without delaying for a moment to preach, he took for his theme the submission due to the Church; he treated the subject in a strong and touching manner, announced the condemnation of his book, retracted his opinions therein expressed, and concluded his sermon by perfect acquiescence, and by submission to the sentence pronounced by the pope. Two days later he published a very short charge to his clergy, again acquiescing, and submitting himself to his condemnation, and in the most concise, clear, and forcible terms, putting out of his power all means of reconsideration. A submission so prompt, clear, and public was generally admired.

The king sent a letter to all the metropolitans of the kingdom, charging them to assemble their suffragans to hear and pronounce upon the condemnation given by the pope to the "Maxims of the Saints" of M. de Cambrai, sending them at the same time a copy of the declaration. M. de Cambrai endured this last affront with the same grandeur of soul with which he had received and accepted his sentence. He assembled his suffragans, like the other metropolitans, and met in that assemblage with an opportunity to render his

forbearance illustrious, as he had already made illustrious his submission. Valbelle, bishop of Saint-Omer, a Provençal, eager after fortune, was not ashamed, expecting to please, to add sorrow to sorrow. He declared to the assembly that it was not sufficient to condemn the "Maxims of the Saints," unless at the same time all the works written by M. de Cambrai to sustain it were condemned. The archbishop replied modestly that he accepted with all his heart the condemnation of the "Maxims of the Saints," and he had not waited, as every one knew, for this assembly before giving public signs of entire submission to the sentence rendered; but he thought that sentence ought not to extend to matters which had not been judged; that the pope had been silent as to the writings put forth in support of the condemned book; and he believed he was conforming entirely to the judgment of the pope by retracting the book that he had condemned, and by keeping silence, as he had done, about all the other writings. Nothing could have been wiser, more moderate, or more conformable to reason, justice, and truth than that answer. But it did not satisfy M. de Saint-Omer, who wanted to distinguish himself and make people talk of him. He flew into a rage, and insisted, with long and violent arguments. M. de Cambrai listened peaceably, and said nothing. When the Provençal was exhausted, the archbishop said that he had nothing to add to his first answer, that it now remained for the other two prelates to decide, and that he should accept without reply whatever their decision might be. MM. d'Arras and de Tournai thereupon hastened to side with M. de Cambrai, and to put down with indignation M. de Saint-Omer, who did not cease to mutter and threaten between his teeth. He missed his mark, however, for most people rose against him; even the Court blamed him, and when he reappeared there he met with nothing but coldness

among persons whom he had thought his friends, and who were now neither M. de Cambrai's nor his.

Death of Racine.

About this time we lost the celebrated Racine, so well known for his noble plays. No one had a greater fund of intellect, nor one more agreeably employed; nothing of the poet in his behaviour; always the honest man, the virtuous man, and, towards the last, the man of means. His friends were the most illustrious persons, whether at Court or among men of letters; I leave it to the latter to speak of him, better than I am able to do. He wrote, for the amusement of the king and Mme. de Maintenon, and to practise the young ladies of Saint-Cyr, two masterpieces, —Esther and Athalie; all the more difficult to do because there is no love in them, and because they are sacred tragedies, in which the truth of history had to be preserved because the respect due to Holy Writ would not allow of alteration. The Comtesse d'Ayen and Mme. de Caylus excelled in playing them before the king and a very narrow and select company in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments. The whole Court was sometimes admitted at Saint-Cyr, but generally a selection. Racine was appointed to write the history of the king conjointly with his friend, Boileau-Despréaux. This mission, and these plays obtained for him many privileges. It sometimes happened that when the king was not working with his ministers in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments, as on Fridays, and especially on stormy winter days when the sessions had been very long, they would send for Racine to amuse them. He desired to be buried at Port-Royal des Champs, with the illustrious inmates of which he had had relations since early youth, little interrupted by his poetic career, though that was very far from meeting with their approbation. It would be hard to tell how piqued the king was by this interment.

A very bold robbery took place in the great stables at Versailles during the night of the 3rd and 4th of June. The king was at Versailles, and all the hammer-cloths and caparisons were carried off, to the value of one hundred and fifty thousand francs. The thieves' measures were so well taken that not a person perceived anything in a building fully inhabited; and in that very short night all was carried off and no news ever obtained of it. Forces were sent along the roads, and Paris and Versailles were searched, quite uselessly. And this reminds me of another robbery, which happened just before the time I began these Memoirs. The grand apartment, that is to say, from the gallery to the chapel, was furnished in crimson velvet with gold gimps and fringes. One fine morning it was found that the latter were all cut off. This seemed amazing in a place where persons were passing all day long, which was closed at night and watched at all hours. Bontems, in despair, made and caused to be made every possible inquiry, but all without the slightest success. Five or six days later I was at the king's supper; there was no one but Daquin, the king's physician, between me and the king, and no one at all between me and the table. As the entremets were being served, I saw I can't say what that was big and as if black in the air above the table, which I had no time to discern or point out before the big thing fell on the end of the table in front of the places of Monsieur and Madame, who happened that day to be in Paris, but always sat at table on the left of the king with their backs to the windows looking on the courtyard. The noise the thing made in falling was great, and its weight seemed like to break the table, making all the dishes jump though none were broken, for luckily it fell upon the cloth, and not upon the dishes. The king, at the blow it gave,

Two very strange robberies from the king.

half turned his head, and without the slightest emotion said, "I believe those are my fringes." It was in fact a package about the breadth of a priest's hat, tied up in a badly made pyramid about two feet long. It was thrown from far behind me, through the two antechambers, and a scrap of the fringes getting detached in mid-air fell on the king's wig; which Livry, who was on his left, saw and lifted off. He went to the edge of the table, and found it was really the fringes twisted up in a bundle; and we all saw them then, as he did. As Livry was about to lift the bundle he saw a note attached to it. He left the bundle and took the note. The king held out his hand for it, saying, "Let me see;" but Livry very properly would not, and stepping backward read it, and gave it to Daquin behind the king with whom I read it as he held it in his hands. It was written in a long, feigned hand, like that of a woman, and said: "Take back your fringes, Bontems; the trouble was more than the pleasure; my kiss-hands to the king." It was folded, but not sealed. The king wished to take it from Daquin, who drew back, smelt it, rubbed it, turned it, and returned it, and then showed it to the king, but would not let him touch it. The king told him to read it aloud, and read it himself at the same time. "That is very insolent," said the king; but he said it in an equable and, as it were, historical tone. Then he told them to take away the package. Livry found it so heavy that it was all he could do to lift it from the table. From that moment the king said no more about it, and no one else dared say anything, at any rate out loud, and the rest of the supper passed as if it had never happened. Nothing was discovered about this theft, nor about the bold manner of restitution.

The king, who always spent the octave of the Holy Sacrament at Versailles, on account of the two processions and the

benedictions, was also in the habit of going to Marly after the benediction of the octave. He discovered this year that the Comtesse de Grammont had gone to spend several days of the octave at Port-Royal des Champs, where she had been educated and for which she had always retained a great attachment. This was a crime, which in any other person would have been irredeemable; but the king had a true regard for Mme. de Grammont personally, a friendship which greatly displeased Mme. de Maintenon, who had never been able to break it up, and suffered from her inability to do so. She never ceased to show her jealousy by flashes of ill-temper, though usually guarded; and the countess, who was very haughty and had all the air and manner of a great lady, with the remains of beauty, and more wit and grace than any other woman at Court, did not give herself the trouble to notice them, and on her side let Mme. de Maintenon feel, by her want of cordiality towards her, that she gave her the little attention she did give only out of respect for the feelings of the king. So Mme. de Maintenon endeavoured to turn this trip to Port-Royal to profit, but it ended only in slight punishment and not in a permanent disgrace. The countess was always on the trips to Marly and wherever else the king went, but she was not summoned on this occasion. This was something new; and she laughed over it secretly with her friends. In other respects she kept silence and went off to Paris. Two days later she wrote to the king by her husband, who was free to go to Marly, but she did not write nor did she send any message to Mme. de Maintenon. The king replied to the Comte de Grammont, who tried to justify his wife, that she could not be ignorant of what he thought of a house that was wholly Jansenist, a sect he held in horror. Shortly after the return to Versailles

Brief disgrace of the Comtesse de Grammont.

Mme. de Grammont arrived there and saw the king privately. He scolded her, and she promised she would not go again to Port-Royal, unless she wholly abjured the world, and they were reconciled, to the great displeasure of Mme. de Maintenon, who made no show in the affair.

M. Boucherat, chancellor and keeper of the Seals of France, died in Paris Wednesday, September 2, about eight o'clock in the evening. MM. d'Harlay and de Fourcy, his sons-in-law, immediately brought the Seals to the king, who started for Fontainebleau the next day, taking the Seals with him. M. de Pontchartrain, the president of the parliament, and MM. Courtin, d'Aguesseau, Pomereu, La Reynie, councillors of State, were the six men chiefly spoken of for the place. Of these, the president, the only real antagonist, being excluded, the choice of the king was soon made; it fell upon M. de Pontchartrain, controller of the finances, and Mme. de Maintenon assisted in determining his wishes, which were always favourable to Pontchartrain, even in times of fog and tempest. M. Pelletier, formerly the controller of finances, had made him first intendant of finances, and then obtained for him his own post in 1689, when he wanted to leave that painful employment. Pontchartrain had the utmost difficulty in bringing himself to accept it, and instead of gratitude to Pelletier for so great an advancement, he was angry and declared that he could never forgive him. From that time forth he made many urgent requests to be relieved from the finances. As a man of capacity he stood well with M. de Louvois, who refused to have any one else in control of the finances; and Mme. de Maintenon, to whom his wife was also agreeable, was still more averse to any change. The controller-general was of all the ministers the one she courted most. Her principal interest centred in him for the many affairs which she

Pontchartrain made chancellor.

protected, and also because it was in his power to approach or remove from the king both men and things as she wished, for it was with him that the king ordinarily worked, and he therefore had the principal influence. No one was better at this sort of management than Pontchartrain. He was a very small man, thin, well set-up in his little figure, with a countenance from which the fires of the mind sparkled incessantly, and kept even more than its promises. Never was there such promptitude of comprehension, such lightness and charm of conversation, such neatness and quickness of repartee, such facility and solidity of work, such rapid perception of men, and such cleverness in getting hold of them. With these qualities, an enlightened simplicity, a sensible gayety which overflowed all and made him charming in trifles, and in business also. His nicety was remarkable, and extended to everything, and throughout all his gallantry, which lasted in his soul to the very end, much piety and goodness, and I must add equity, both before and after his career in the finances, and even during his administration of them, as much as they allowed to exist. He himself admitted the difficulty of this, and it was that difficulty which made the post so painful to him; he often spoke with bitterness to the parties who made him feel it. Frequently he wanted to resign, and it was only by various wiles that his wife made him keep his office, asking sometimes for two, sometimes for four, sometimes for eight days' delay. I have heard him say many a time that his castle in the air was to end his days as honorary counsellor to parliament and have a house in the cloisters of Notre-Dame.

His wife was a woman of great sense, wise, solid, enlightened in conduct, equable, consistent, unaffected, with nothing bourgeoise about her but her appearance; liberal, free with her gifts, and in the art of imagining and executing fêtes

noble, magnificent to the highest point, and with it all an admirable and orderly manager. No one, and this is surprising, knew the Court or people of the world better than she, or had, and her husband also, more graces and charms of mind. She was of great use to him both in counsel and conduct; and he had the sense to know this and to profit by it. Their union was always intimate. Her piety rested on a great foundation of virtue, which constantly increased; it turned her to reading and to prayer, and made her, when she was able, devoted to good works; she was the mother of the poor; and with it all, gay, capital company; indeed, they both did much for conversation, though very far from gossiping, and both were highly capable of friendship — he of serving and also of injuring. What they gave to the poor is incredible. Mme. de Pontchartrain always had her eyes and hands open to their needs; she was always in quest of persons reduced to poverty, gentlemen and young women in need, girls in danger, seeking to draw them from peril and suffering; marrying or finding places for some, giving pensions to others, and all in the utmost secrecy. Besides the large sums devoted to the poor of their parish, both she and her husband were ingenious in assisting those of other places; and this ingenuity, this gallantry of spirit, she employed in succouring persons who hid their needs, of which she herself pretended to be ignorant. She was a stout woman, very ugly, of an ignoble and coarse ugliness, who sometimes showed temper, which she controlled as best she could. Never were there better relatives, or better friends than this couple, nor persons more courteous, I might sometimes say respectful, nor who remembered better what they had been and what others were, in spite of that leaven which mingles with all favour, authority, and public posts.

They stood a long time very well with Mme. de Mainte-

non, but little by little a coldness grew up between her and Pontchartrain, whom she found she could not manage with the facility she wished. His wife, whom she liked at all times, tried to make Pontchartrain more complying, and for her sake Mme. de Maintenon put up with an inflexibility she would not have borne from any one else; but the ball rolled up so much that she was quite delighted to get rid of him honourably by the Seals. Pontchartrain had read enough, amid his application and his assiduity in his functions and his taste for society and good company, to be well informed on many things. He was brought up in parliament and in its maxims, to which he was not in the least a slave, though he had taken what was good in the maxims of France in relation to Rome. Of these matters, which often came up in council under divers aspects, none escaped him. The extreme facility of his apprehension, and the firm and vigorous agility of his elocution often annoyed the Duc de Beauvilliers, whose mind and conscience could not agree with his in those matters, and who, though in the main he was always for the maxims of France, was in minor details forever escaping them in favour of Rome. This soured them towards each other, — sometimes even to indecency on the part of Pontchartrain, who, having more depth than the duke, did not always spare him on such occasions, which made them as much enemies as right-minded men ever can be. The burden of providing for the enormous number of created offices, and additional employments to which the necessities of war had led, fell in part upon Pontchartrain, and it was this that urged him ceaselessly to get free of the finances. He had been pressed to establish the poll-tax, and the *dixième*, both invented by the powerful Bâville (master of Languedoc under the name of intendant), who proposed them incessantly in order to

pay his court. The poll-tax had been forced upon Pontchartrain after resisting long and with all his strength. He foresaw the terrible consequences, and knew that such a tax was of a nature never to cease. But in the end, by dint of outcries and needs, his hand was forced. Pontchartrain had a horror of both taxes, believing that their facility of levying and of increasing would make them perpetual, and of ever increasing weight. He rejected the *dixième*, not allowing it even to be considered; but he could not escape the other.

The day that Boucherat died, which was, as I have already remarked, a Wednesday, the day before the king went to Fontainebleau, the latter said to Pontchartrain as they left the council, "Should you like to be chancellor of France?" "Sire," replied he, "if I have urgently asked you more than once to relieve me of the finances and let me be a simple minister and secretary, you can imagine whether or not I would leave that office with a glad heart for any place that might be given to me." "Well," said the king, "say nothing about this to any one; but if the chancellor dies, as he probably will to-day, I make you chancellor, and your son shall be a secretary of State." Pontchartrain retired in the greatest joy he ever felt; less for being made chancellor — though, as I have heard him say, he was greatly gratified — than for being delivered from the burden of the finances, which, in spite of the peace, were becoming more intolerable to him every day.

Death of Sir Wm. Temple.

England lost this year, in the person of a simple gentleman, one of her principal ornaments. I mean the Chevalier Temple, who figured with the highest reputation equally in letters, in sciences, and also in the science of politics and government, and who made for himself a great name in most important embassies, and in the

first negotiations for a general peace. He was, with a great mind, penetration, firmness, and dexterity, a simple man, who did not seek to make a figure, and who liked to enjoy himself and live free, like a true Englishman, without any care for elevation, or property, or fortune. He had many friends everywhere, illustrious friends, who felt themselves honoured by his intercourse. During a journey which he made to France for pleasure, the Duc de Chevreuse, who knew him through his works, saw much of him. They met one morning in the gallery at Versailles and set about discussing machines and mechanics. M. de Chevreuse, always oblivious of time when arguing, kept him so long that two o'clock struck. At that sound the chevalier interrupted the duke and taking him by the arms, "I assure you," he said, "that of all sorts of machines I know none so fine at this time of day as a spit, and I am off in haste to test it." So saying he turned his back on the duke, leaving him astonished that he could be thinking of dinner.

The year ended with an ecclesiastical rumpus, which the king quelled, between the Jesuits, who apparently desired his interference inasmuch as they forced him to speak, and the Benedictines. The latter had lately published a fine edition of Saint Augustine, whose morality is not that of the Jesuits. To smother it down they employed their usual weapon, which has always served them well. The book, they declared, was Jansenist; they attacked it. The Benedictines replied; both sides got angry. The Jesuits, getting to an end of their proofs and reasons, but not of their insults and assertions, which were more than bold, were unable finally either to blast the edition or get it suppressed. This failure was very bitter to them, but at least they had the credit of stopping the fight, when they found they were worsted, by getting the king to forbid

both sides to either write or say another word of any kind about that edition. It was Pontchartrain who wrote this to each of them. The Jesuits had the annoyance soon after of seeing this edition of Saint Augustine solemnly approved at Rome.

VI.

1700. Delfini, nuncio and cardinal, goes home without presents.

The nuncio Delfini was made a cardinal at the beginning of this year in a promotion of nuncios and Italians. The courier of M. de Monaco arrived before that of the pope. The king, having reasons for wishing to do him a peculiar favour, wrote him a note with his own hand to inform him and congratulate him. As soon as Delfini received it he went to Versailles to thank the king in person. The nuncio was very clever and certainly had the face of it. Never did I see two such little eyes, or two that said so much. He was very gallant and maybe something more; he liked to amuse himself, and went often to the opera. The king, who was at that time more austere in his piety than he became afterwards, was scandalized, and caused it to be delicately insinuated to the nuncio that it was not the custom here for bishops and priests to go to the theatre. To this he turned a deaf ear and pretended not to understand; on which the king sent him a message. The good Delfini, gliding over the conscience side, turned to that of custom, and was overwhelming in his thanks for the care the king was taking of his fortune, but declared that he never expected to make it in France, but only in Italy, where the opera and theatres were no obstacle to anything, and he continued to attend them all the same. The king, seeing that the hat arrived for the nuncio in spite of the opera, wished perhaps to efface the little bitterness of his advice by the marked attention of his note, — not wishing to send back to Rome a discontented cardinal.

But a difficulty of another kind arose which mortified the king. He had, little by little, brought all the ambassadors to visit MM. du Maine and de Toulouse as princes of the blood and without the slightest difference. The nuncio Cavallerini, the predecessor of the present one (made cardinal in France, like Delfini), had allowed himself to visit the bastards in that way. He was rebuked for it, and so ill received on his return to Rome that Delfini dared not do likewise. The cardinals, accustomed to the general precedence which they enjoyed everywhere, felt it was even a descent from the days of Richelieu and Mazarin to treat as equals the true princes of the blood and take their hands, which was never done in the time of those two cardinals. But to do it to the bastards of the king, in a public act of ceremony, seemed to them monstrous. The matter was negotiated for a whole month without inducing Delfini to give way, and so, although in other respects his acts as nuncio were very satisfactory, he was unable to obtain an audience to take leave or even a private audience, to present his letters of recall, and he was also deprived of the gift of eighteen thousand francs in silver-plate which it is customary to make to nuncio-cardinals on their departure, so that he went away without saying good-bye to any one.

From before Candlemas up to Lent there was nothing but balls and gayety at Court. The king gave them at Versailles and at Marly, with ingenious masquerades and scenic interludes, a species of fête which amused the king much, though they were all given under pretence of amusing the Duchesse de Bourgogne. Monseigneur also gave balls, and the principal personages piqued themselves on giving entertainments to the Duchesse de Bourgogne. M. le Prince, in his apartment of few rooms and those very small, found means to astonish the Court with a

Many balls at Court.

most gallant fête, the best planned and the best arranged of all: a full-dress ball, with masks, interludes, booths of all nations, and a collation, the decorations of which were charming; and all without refusing invitations to a single person of the Court, and yet there was no crowd or confusion. Not a single evening passed without a ball. Mme. de Pontchartrain gave one at the Chancellerie which was the most elegant and most magnificent of them all. The chancellor received Monseigneur, his three sons, and Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne at the door of their carriages about ten o'clock and then went off to bed at the château. There were separate apartments for the full-dress ball, for the masquerade, for a superb collation, and for booths of all nations, Chinese, Japanese, etc., where many choice things both for beauty and singularity were sold, though without money; they were presents to the Duchesse de Bourgogne and the ladies. Besides all this there were songs to her praise, a comedy and ballet. Nothing was ever so well managed or so superb and so perfectly planned. Mme. de Pontchartrain acquitted herself with a politeness, a gallantry and freedom and ease, as if she had had nothing at all to do. All present amused themselves much, and it was past eight o'clock in the morning when they left. Madame de Saint-Simon, who always followed Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne (which was a great favour), and I were three weeks without seeing daylight. It was held *de rigueur* that certain dancers should not leave the ball before the duchess, and one morning when I tried to get away to Marly, she had the doors closed to me; and there were others in the same predicament. I was delighted when Ash-Wednesday arrived; but I continued to feel giddy for two or three days. Mme. de Saint Simon, quite worn-out, was not over it by the *Mardi-gras*. The king played at *brelan*, and low stakes, with certain chosen ladies

in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments, and sometimes at *reversi* on the days when there were no ministers or when his work with them had been short; and this amusement was prolonged into Lent.

The king pays the debts of Mme. la Duchesse.

Mme. la Duchesse, whose debts the king had paid not long before, which amounted to very large sums, to her tradespeople, and also to other persons, had not dared to tell him of her losses at play, which were very heavy. These debts were still increasing; she knew she was powerless to pay them, and was thus in the greatest embarrassment. What she feared the most was that M. le Prince, and above all M. le Duc should know of them. In this extremity she resolved to appeal to her old governess; and she explained her position plainly in a letter, with a confidence which won her that all-powerful protection. Mme. de Maintenon took pity on her, persuaded the king to pay her debts, made her no reprimands, and kept her secret. Langlée, a species of man peculiar to courts, was appointed to draw up with her a list of the debts, obtain the money from the king, and pay it to those to whom Mme. la Duchesse owed it; so that in a few weeks she was clear, without the persons whom she feared knowing anything of the debts or of their payment.

The Partition Treaty of the monarchy of Spain.

The Treaty of Partition of the monarchy of Spain was beginning to make a great noise in Europe. The King of Spain had no children, and no hope of having any. His health, which had always been very feeble, had become extremely bad for two or three years past, and he had been at the point of death on several occasions. King William of England, who, since his usurpation, had greatly increased his credit, through the confidence of all the members of the great Alliance he had formed against France, and of which he had been the soul and leader

until the peace of Ryswick (having since maintained himself on the same footing), undertook to provide for this great succession in a manner which should, when the time came, prevent a war. He did not like France or the king, and in truth he had good reason to hate them thoroughly; he feared their aggrandizement; and he had just experienced, during the union of all Europe against France through a ten years' war, what a power she was after such a tissue of conquests as the present reign had seen. In spite of the queen's renunciations, he dared not hope that the king would allow that vast inheritance to pass by without drawing something out of it; and besides this, he had seen by the conquests of Franche-Comté and a part of Flanders how very slight a check those renunciations had proved to be.[1] He therefore thought of a partition of this inheritance which the temptation of its being made peaceably, and under the guarantee of the principal Powers, might induce the king to accept, and at the same time be such as should not increase his power; be nothing more in fact than a slight addition to his present frontiers; while all the rest of his gains should be so distant from France that the difficulty of preserving them would keep his hands full, and those of his successors after him. At the same time King William wanted to secure the coasts of the sea towards England, and to protect his dear Dutch against

[1] Louis XIV. claimed the right of succession for his grandson through his wife Maria Theresa, daughter of Philip IV., father of Charles II., the present King of Spain. By her marriage contract Maria Theresa had renounced all claims to the succession for herself and children, on condition of the payment of her dowry. This dowry was never paid; and, furthermore, Maria Theresa, being a minor at the time of her marriage, could not, it was said, sign away her rights. The Emperor of Austria, on the other hand, claimed the succession for his son by right of his mother, a sister of Philip IV., and his wife, a younger daughter of Philip IV., neither of whom had made "renunciations." A third claimant, a son of the Elector of Bavaria, need not be mentioned, as he died before the question became vital. — TR.

France, besides giving the Emperor of Austria such a slice as must content him, and stop all regret for the total inheritance, which Austria was not powerful enough to even hope for against France. He destined to the latter only, so to speak, the parings. For that reason he wanted to make sure of her consent, as being the least likely to be satisfied with his offer, feeling certain that if she accepted it, he had only to show the emperor that the richest and largest share, together with a name that might pass for all, ought to console him for what was lacking, and thus make him accept so ample a monarchy, won without a blow.

His plan was to give to the archduke, second son of the emperor, Spain and the Indies, with the Low-Countries and the title of King of Spain; to France, Guipuscoa, because its aridity and the difficulties of its frontier were such that it was left in peace throughout all the wars against Spain; Naples and Sicily, the distance and poor revenues of which made them more of an embarrassment and a salve to honour than an aggrandizement, while the necessity of keeping possession of them would hold France in check to the maritime powers; Lorraine, which was certainly a rounding of the frontier, though it did not carry France beyond where she now was, and in case of war would not help her further than by an occupation which it cost her nothing to make; and finally, by way of compensation, the territory of Milan to M. de Lorraine, who thus, from being a vassal of France through the cession of Lorraine, would become a free and powerful prince of Italy.

The King of England made these proposals first to the king, who, being weary of war and now of an age and a position which made him long for rest, disputed but little, and finally accepted them. M. de Lorraine was not, by interest or condition, in a state to refuse a change of coun-

try proposed to him by England and Holland on one side, and by the king, who sent Caillières to talk with him, on the other. That done, it was only a question of the emperor; and it was here that the cleverness and influence of the English king broke down. The emperor was determined to have the whole inheritance; he held firmly to the renunciations of Queen Maria-Theresa; he would not hear of the house of Austria being turned out of Italy (for it was wholly that by the plan of the King of England, which gave to France the maritime ports of Tuscany held by Spain, and known under the name of *gli Presidi*). Pressed by Villars, sent to him by the king, by England, and by Holland, who had signed the treaty and who made him understand that they should join against him if he obstinately refused so fine a partition, he firmly answered that it was unheard-of and against all natural law to divide an inheritance before it fell in, and that he would never listen to such a thing during the lifetime of the King of Spain, the head of his house and his near relation. This resistance, and still more the spirit of it, divulged before long a secret which was intended to be kept until the death of the King of Spain, who was warned of the partition by the emperor, and urged to make his will in favour of the archduke and his own family.

The King of Spain cried out vehemently that they were trying to rob him in his lifetime, and his ambassador made such a fuss in England and in terms so little respectful (calling the King of England King William) that that prince told him to leave the country in four days, which he did, retiring to Flanders. But the emperor, though much displeased with the King of England, wanted to soften what was not really the point between them. He offered to interpose, and did so manage as to patch up this accessory

quarrel so that the Spanish ambassador returned to London. The emperor, however, thought of nothing else than of strengthening his party in Spain. But in France, people were satisfied with the Treaty of Partition, and it was signed.

Death of Le Nôtre. (Created the gardens of Versailles, Trianon, and the Tuileries.)

About this time died Le Nôtre, after having lived eighty-eight years in perfect health, with all his faculties and in the fulness of his good taste and capacity; illustrious as being the first to give designs for those fine gardens which decorate all France, and have so effaced the reputation of the gardens of Italy — which are, in fact, nothing by comparison — that the most famous masters of this art now come from Italy to learn and admire here. Le Nôtre had an integrity, a scrupulosity, an uprightness which made him respected and beloved by every one. Never did he issue from his own position, nor fail to recognize it; and he was always disinterested. He worked for private persons as he did for the king, and with the same earnestness. He sought only to aid Nature, and to evoke the truly beautiful at as little cost as possible; he had an artless simplicity and truth that were charming. The pope begged the king to lend Le Nôtre to him for a few months. Entering the pope's room, instead of falling on his knees, he ran to his Holiness and fell on his neck, embraced him and kissed him on both cheeks, crying out: "Eh! good-day, my reverend father; how well you look! how glad I am to see you in such fine health!" The pope, who was Clement X., Altieri, laughed with all his heart; he was enchanted with this queer greeting and was very friendly to Le Nôtre ever after.

On his return, the king led him into the gardens of Versailles and showed him what had been done during his absence. When he saw the colonnade, he said not a

word. The king pressed him to give his opinion. "Well, sire, what do you expect me to say to you? You have made a gardener out of a mason" (meaning Mansart), "and he has given you a dish of his trade." The king was silent, and everybody smiled, for it was quite true that that bit of architecture, which is nothing of a fountain, though meant for one, is wholly out of place in the garden. A month before his death, the king, who liked to make him talk and to show him things, took him into the gardens and, on account of his great age, had him put in a chair which the porters rolled beside that of the king; on which Le Nôtre exclaimed: "Ah! my poor father, if you could have lived to see your son, a poor gardener like me, rolling in his chair beside the greatest king of all the earth, nothing would be wanting to my joy." He was intendant of buildings and lived in the Tuileries; he had charge of the gardens, which were his own making, and also of the palace. All that he did is still far above all that has been done since his day, no matter what pains have been taken to imitate him, and work after him as nearly as possible. He used to say that flower-beds were only good for the wet nurses, who, being unable to leave their nurslings, could look down upon them from the second-story windows. Nevertheless, he excelled in them as in all other parts of a garden; but he held them in poor esteem, and he was right, for it is there that people seldom walk.

Death of the Duke of Gloucester.

The King of England lost the Duke of Gloucester, heir presumptive to his crowns. He was eleven years old and the only son of the Princess of Denmark. His preceptor was Doctor Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury, who was in the secret of the affair of the invasion, and who went to England with the Prince of Orange at the time of the revolution, of which he has left a very

false history, and several other works in which there is neither truth nor good faith.

Le Vassor.

The sub-preceptor was the celebrated Le Vassor, author of the "History of Louis XIII.," which would be read with still more pleasure if he had put into it a little less wrath against the Catholic religion, and less passion against the king and many other persons. With that exception, it is excellent and true. He must have been singularly well informed about the anecdotes which he relates, and which have escaped most historians. I found, for example, the Day of the Dupes told precisely as it was told to me by my father, who was so principal and close an actor in it; besides other curious anecdotes which are no less accurate. This author has made so much noise that it is worth while for me to say something about him. He was a priest of the Oratoire, devoted to study, and standing well in his congregation; a man otherwise of low position. No one distrusted him, and he was even considered as a man whose life was without reproach, whose mind and knowledge did honour to the Oratoire, and who was likely, in time, to reach the highest positions in it.

The surprise was therefore very great when, during the session of a general assembly, Père de La Chaise showed much bitterness to the principal superiors of the Oratoire on account of a resolution which the latter believed to have been kept profoundly secret. Suspicion of betrayal could fall only on Père Le Vassor, who knew the fact through the confidence they had placed in him. The superiors searched his papers. His very table betrayed him; he had left upon it letters to and from him, memoranda, and other things, that gave the most complete proof of his treachery, and showed that from the time he had first taken orders, he had never ceased to be a spy of the Jesuits. This honest man, on returning to his

room, cast his eyes on the table, saw it much cleared of papers, looked it over, and discovered what were missing. Behold him in despair. He hunted everywhere with a remnant of hope, rather than uncertainty, that he had put them away himself, and was still searching when the superiors returned to the room and saved him further trouble. Fury at being discovered succeeded anxiety; he packed up his things and departed the next day. In despair, he went to Père de La Chaise and asked for an abbey, pointing out to him the hardship of his case. But a spy who becomes useless has no merit in himself. The discovery which dishonoured him fell like lead upon the Jesuits, who felt no pressure to reward his imprudence. Maddened by despair, and shame and hunger, and the hope of a living which never came, he flung himself into La Trappe. But the views that led him there were not straightforward, and no blessing rested on them; in a very few days his vocation dried up, and he went to the abbey of Perseigne, where he hired the abbatial lodge, and lived for several months. He had endless squabbles with the monks; so that one day he caught most of their hens, and cut off their beaks and spurs with his shears, and flung them back to their owners across the hedge. This cruelty was so marked that I record it. Such a surly retreat, of which God was not the object, could not last.

He returned to Paris to make a last effort to get something to live on, and the reward of his treachery, but did not succeed. Furious and hungry he went to Holland, made himself a Protestant, and set to work to live by his pen. It soon made him known. His position as proselyte, though usually despised in that country, and with good reason, was supported in his case with intellect, knowledge, talent, and a fine genius. A man discharged from the Oratoire as a Jesuit spy gave hopes of learning a good deal out of him.

All this together procured him acquaintances, friends, protectors. He was known by reputation in England, where he hoped to make his fortune more readily than in Holland; and he went there, recommended by friends. Burnet received him with open arms. His "History of Louis XIII." rejoiced the hatred against the Catholic religion and the king; Burnet made him known to the King of England and obtained him as sub-preceptor under himself to the Duke of Gloucester. It was difficult to have the latter instructed by two greater enemies to Catholics and to France, and nothing suited King William better for the education of his successor. The Duke of Portland, utterly disgusted, had retired altogether to the Hague, and the King of England was forced to swallow many insults from parliament, where they called him publicly King of Holland, and Stadtholder of England.

In October of this year, while at Fontainebleau, I suffered one of the greatest afflictions I could possibly meet with, in the loss that came to me of M. de la Trappe. While attending the king's *coucher* one evening, M. de Troyes showed me a letter which announced his alarming illness. I was the more surprised because I had not received news from him for ten or twelve days, and at that time his health was as usual. My first impulse was to hasten there, but reflections which I was urged to make arrested me. I sent instantly to Paris for an admirable doctor named Audri, whom I had already taken to Plombières, who started at once, but on arriving he found M. de la Trappe no longer living. These Memoirs are too worldly to relate anything here of a life so sublimely sacred, and a death so great and so precious in the sight of God. I shall only say that the grief and the praises of all were deep and prolonged; that the king made his eulogy in public; that he

Death of M. de la Trappe.

wished to read the accounts of his death, and that he spoke of him more than once to his grandsons in the way of instruction. In all parts of Europe people seemed to be sensible of this great loss; the Church mourned him, and the world itself did him justice. This day, so happy for him, so sad for his friends, was the 26th of October; he died towards mid-day, in the arms of his bishop, and in presence of his community, at the age of seventy-seven, forty years of which had been passed in the deepest penitence. I cannot omit to mention a most touching and honourable mark of his friendship. As he lay on the ground, on straw and ashes, to die as do all the brotherhood of La Trappe, he deigned to think of me and he charged the prior of La Trappe to tell me from him that he was very sure of my affection for him, and he relied upon my never doubting his tenderness for me. I stop short; all that I could add would be out of place here.[1]

Truth of the story of Mme. de Montbazon and M. de Rancé.

The Princesse de Guéméné, who died Duchesse de Montbazon in 1679, was that beautiful Mme. de Montbazon of whom the following tale was told, which has always received belief. It was said that M. de Rancé was very much in love with her and beloved in return; that he left her at Paris in good health to make a little tour in the country; that soon after, having heard she had fallen ill, he hurried back, and on entering her room abruptly the first object on which his eyes fell was her head, which the surgeons on opening had separated from the body, and in that way he

[1] The following is a clause in the Duc de Saint-Simon's will: "Ninthly, I beg Mme. la Maréchale de Montmorency to kindly receive as a mark of my true friendship the cross of wood bound by metal with which the sainted abbé, reformer of La Trappe, was blest, and which from the day of his death I have always worn; also the things which he used that have remained to me." — TR.

knew of her death; that the sudden shock and horror of that sight, joined to the grief of a man so passionately in love, had converted him, and caused his retreat from the world, his entrance into the Order of Saint-Bernard, and his subsequent reform of La Trappe. There is nothing true in all that except the facts which gave rise to the fiction. I asked M. de la Trappe frankly about it; not coarsely as to his love, still less as to his happiness, but as to the facts; and this is what he told me:—

He was intimately one of her friends, constantly at the hôtel de Montbazon, and a friend of all the personages of the Fronde, of M. de Châteauneuf, Mme. de Chevreuse, M. de Montresor, and all who were then considered most important, but more particularly of M. de Beaufort, with whom he frequently hunted; and he was also in the closest intimacy with Cardinal de Retz, which lasted until the latter's death. Mme. de Montbazon died of measles after a very few days' illness. M. de Rancé was beside her, and never left her; he saw her receive the sacraments, and was present at her death. The truth is that, being already touched in soul, and pulled both ways between God and the world, already meditating for some time past a retreat, the reflections which a death so sudden brought to his heart and spirit determined him, and shortly after he went to his estate of Véret in Touraine, and that was the beginning of his separation from the world.

M. de la Trappe painted from memory.

The attachment that I felt to M. de la Trappe and my admiration for him had long made me extremely desirous to preserve his personal resemblance after his lifetime, just as his works would perpetuate his mind and its marvels. His sincere humility would never permit me to ask for the kindness of letting himself be painted. A sketch of him had been caught in

the choir, which produced a few medals that were fairly like him; but that did not content me. Besides, having become extremely infirm, he seldom left the hospital, and was never in a place where a sketch of him could be seized. Rigault was then the first painter of Europe for likenesses of men and for durable painting; but to get him I should have to persuade a man already overrun with work to leave Paris for several days; and, moreover, I should have to convince him that his head was strong enough to make a likeness from memory. This latter proposition, which frightened him at first, was perhaps the real cause of his acceptance of the work. A man who excels all others in his art, is piqued to excel in a unique way. He wanted to make the attempt, and was willing to give the necessary time. The money, too, may have pleased him.

Returning from Fontainebleau, I slept but one night in Paris, where I took my measures with Rigault, who started with me the next day. On arriving at the monastery I told M. de la Trappe that an officer of my acquaintance had such a passion to see him, that I entreated him to consent (for he now saw almost no one) to allow him to do so. I added that on the hope I had given my friend, he was about to arrive; that he stammered badly, and therefore would not ask to be spoken to, but would be quite content with looking at him. M. de la Trappe smiled kindly, thought the officer inquisitive about a very small matter, and promised to see him. The next morning the père-abbé and I took Rigault to a sort of study in which M. de la Trappe usually worked, and where I was accustomed to see him when he came from the hospital. This study was lighted on two sides, and had nothing but white walls, —on which were a few devotional prints,—straw-chairs, and a desk on which M. de la Trappe had written all his

works. Rigault found the place to his liking as to the light; the père-abbé sat down where M. de la Trappe was accustomed to be seated with me in the corner of the study, and Rigault fortunately found everything suitable to watch him at that point. Next, the père-abbé and I took him to another place, where we were quite sure he would not be seen or interrupted by any one at his work. Rigault found it all that he desired as to light, and he at once set up whatever he needed for the execution of the work.

That afternoon I presented my officer to M. de la Trappe, and he sat with us in the place he had chosen in the morning, remaining about three-quarters of an hour in the room with us. His difficulty of speech was made the excuse of his not entering into conversation, and he then went off, as I have said, to throw upon his canvas, which was all prepared, the image and ideas with which he had filled himself. M. de la Trappe, with whom I remained some time longer, trying to divert his mind rather than seriously converse with him, suspected nothing, and only complained of the officer's tongue-tied condition. Next day, the same thing repeated. M. de la Trappe began to think that a man whom he did not know, and whose difficulty of speech prevented him from entering into conversation, had seen him sufficiently; and it was only out of kindness to me that he did not refuse to let him come again. I hoped there would be no need of it, and what I saw of the portrait confirmed me, for I thought it extremely well taken and very like. But Rigault absolutely insisted on another sitting to perfect it to his liking, and I was forced to obtain it of M. de la Trappe, who was now tired by him, and refused me at first. But I said so much that I finally snatched, rather than obtained, the third visit. M. de la Trappe remarked that merely to see a man who deserved no notice, and only wished to remain obscure, was a waste

of time and ridiculous; that for this once he yielded to my importunity, and the fancy I had to oblige a man whom he could not comprehend, who did not know himself what he wanted, and had nothing to say; but only on condition that it was the last time, and that I would not speak of it again. I told Rigault he must manage to do without returning again, for there was absolutely no hope of it. He assured me that half an hour was all he asked for, and that he really did not need to have more. He kept his word, and was there for barely the half-hour.

When he went out M. de la Trappe expressed to me his surprise at being so long and so attentively looked at by a species of mute. I told him my friend was the most inquisitive man in the world, who had long had the greatest desire to see him, and had owned to me he was so happy in doing so that he could not take his eyes off him; and moreover, that, dumb as he was and unable to enter into conversation, he had only thought of satisfying his eyes and looking at him as much as he could. I changed the conversation as fast as possible, under pretence of saying things which I could not mention before Rigault; I was anxious to stop reflections about *looks*, — which were certainly not what I had represented them, being in fact very peculiar, — for I was dying with fear lest our real motive should come into his head; or at any rate that he should have suspicions which might make the termination of my enterprise difficult. Happily, he suspected nothing.

Rigault worked the rest of the day, and all the next day without seeing M. de la Trappe again, and he made as perfect a masterpiece as if he had painted it openly from the original. The resemblance was exact: the gentleness, the serenity, the majesty of the face; the noble, vivid, piercing fire of the eyes; the delicacy, the soul, the grandeur expressed in the counte-

nance; the candour, the wisdom, the interior peace of a man who possessed his soul, — all was rendered, even to the graces which had not left that face, attenuated though it was by penitence, age, and suffering. The next morning I made Rigault take a sketch of the père-abbé seated at M. de la Trappe's desk, for the attitude and clothes, and even the desk itself; and the next day he departed with the precious head he had caught so well, and had so perfectly rendered, to adapt it in Paris to a larger canvas, with the body, the desk, and all the rest. He was moved to tears at the grand spectacle of the choir, and the general communion of the high mass on All-Saints' day, and he could not refuse to make for the père-abbé a copy in full of my original. He was transported with joy at having so perfectly succeeded in a new and quite unexampled manner; but he owned to me that the effort he had made at La Trappe, and the repetition in his mind of the images which he kept recalling in order to execute the copies had almost turned his brain, so that he was powerless for several months to work at his other portraits. I was much annoyed at the talk this made in the world; but I consoled myself by thinking that I had forever preserved a resemblance so dear and so illustrious, and had given to posterity the portrait of a man so grand, so accomplished, and so celebrated.

I did not dare acknowledge to him by word of mouth my robbery; but on leaving La Trappe I left with him the whole story in a letter in which I begged his pardon. He was greatly pained, annoyed, and afflicted; but he could not keep anger against me. He wrote me that I was surely not ignorant of what a Roman emperor had said: that he liked the treachery, while he hated the traitor; but, for himself, he thought quite otherwise; he loved the traitor, but could not help hating his treachery. I made a present to La Trappe of

a copy full length, one smaller, and also two smaller, that is, half-lengths, to M. Maisne, the père-abbé, and to M. de Saint-Louis, formerly a colonel of cavalry much esteemed by the king, who had long retired to La Trappe. M. de la Trappe had for several years had his right hand disabled so that he could not use it. As soon therefore as I received my own original picture in which he is painted, pen in hand, seated at his desk, I wrote this circumstance on the back of the canvas, in order that in future it might not be misleading; and I also wrote the manner in which the portrait was painted from memory, that he might never be suspected of complying with a desire to have it taken.

The Spanish succession.

The news from Spain was growing daily more and more interesting. We have seen already the extreme anger of Charles II. on the news, to him so odious, of the Treaty of Partition, the complaints he had made, echoed by his ministers throughout all Europe, and particularly in what terms he had made his ambassador in London complain to the King of England, and the results of the bitterness of that complaint. The Council of Spain was constantly assembled to deliberate on a matter so important that it awakened the men who composed the Council from that deep lethargy which, outside of Madrid and whatever happens there, renders the great Spanish seigneurs indifferent to all the rest of the world. The first step of the Council was to beg the King of Spain, in order to spare his health and avoid hearing the frequent discussion of matters that could only pain him, to allow them to assemble out of his presence as often as he judged necessary; and to render him an abridged account of the result of the measures he saw fit to take, and the consequent orders which he might give under the circumstances. Besides the Council itself, several of the great officers of the State deliberated with it.

The Council of Spain.

Of the Council, Villafranca was the first who opened his eyes to the only course they could take to prevent the dismemberment of the monarchy. He was the head of the house of Toledo, a man of seventy, Spanish to the teeth, attached to the maxims, customs, morals, and etiquettes of Spain to their last minutiæ, courageous, lofty, proud, stern, full of honour, valour, integrity, virtue; a person of the antique, universally liked and respected, without enemies, much beloved and revered by the people, and, with all that I say of him, a mind of mediocrity. He saw that to preserve the grandeur of the State and for its people to remain the subjects of a great king, the succession ought to fall upon the second son of the only son of the Queen of France, sister of the King of Spain. He opened himself cautiously, feeling his way, to Medina-Sidonia, though the latter was not of the Council, but by office and by intellect a great figure and much in favour, and with whom he was particularly intimate. Medina-Sidonia, who respected Villafranca, and knew him to be as good an Austrian as himself, and who, governed by his own interests, feared above all things the dismemberment of the monarchy, entered into Villafranca's views and confirmed them by his own convictions and arguments. The latter were clear: the power of France was great and in high reputation in Europe; the country was contiguous by sea and land to all sides of Spain, consequently in a situation to either attack or support her with success and promptitude; it formed the whole frontier of the Low-Countries, and, moreover, was in a position to defend the Milanese territory, Naples, and Sicily against a feeble emperor who was contiguous to none of those States, but distant from all. They communicated their thoughts to Villagarcias and Villena, who at once entered into them. They next thought it

wise to win over San-Estevan, the wisest head in the Council; Villena was the husband of his sister, and his intimate friend; Villagarcias stood well with him; together they undertook the matter and succeeded. Thus five of the principal men of Spain were determined to give its crown to one of our princes.

They felt, nevertheless, two great difficulties: the solemn and repeated renunciations of our queen, both in the peace of the Pyrenees and in her marriage-contract; and the natural reluctance of their own king to withdraw the succession from his own house, in the adoration of which he had been brought up and nurtured all his life; and to withdraw it, too, in favour of a house the enemy and rival of his throughout all time. This last obstacle they felt there was no one able to remove except the Cardinal Portocarrero, and he, through the workings of conscience.

Celebrated opinion on the renunciations of Queen Maria-Theresa.

With regard to the difficulty of the renunciations, Villafranca delivered an opinion which cut them short. He declared that the renunciations of Maria-Theresa were good and operative so long as they were kept to the purpose for which they were demanded and granted; namely, to prevent, for the peace of Europe, that the two crowns of France and Spain should be united on one head, as might have happened without this wise precaution in the person of the dauphin. But since that prince had now three sons, the second of whom could be called to the throne of Spain, the renunciations of the queen his grandmother were *nil*, since there was no such effect as that for which alone they were made, but on the contrary another, not affecting the peace of Europe and unjust in itself, because dispossessing a prince without a State, and yet a legitimate heir, in order to invest with his rights those who were not heirs, — a disposition, moreover,

which would have the effect of dispersing and totally destroying a monarchy for the preservation of which those very renunciations had been made. This celebrated opinion was approved by all; and Villafranca was charged with stating it in open Council. Up to this time there were but six persons in the secret: the four councillors named, Medina-Sidonia, and the Cardinal Portocarrero. They justly felt the secret must still remain inviolably guarded among them until the cardinal had persuaded the king. The difficulty of doing this was immense.

Besides the innate and unbounded passion of the King of Spain for the grandeur of the house of Austria, he had already made a will in favour of the archduke. It was necessary therefore to make him destroy his own act, the masterpiece of his heart, the consolation for the premature end of his grandeur, which was to leave all to his own house, branching it anew after the manner of Charles V. Furthermore, to base on this destruction for the house of France, the perpetual enemy and rival of the house of Austria, the like grandeur, was to destroy with his own hands all that was most precious to him only to enrich his enemy with the crowns that the house of Austria itself had accumulated on his head. But to succeed in bringing the king to reason it was necessary to struggle against the power and influence of the queen, which were firmly established, and to conduct this plot under the eyes of the emperor's ambassador, Comte d'Harrach, who had his own scheme, long since formed, and his eyes well open.

The king was watched and closely surrounded, in the hope which the cardinal had of bringing him to a perfect and prompt obedience, so that when the time came for the decision required of him, nothing would be left to conquer but the impotent re-

Will of the King of Spain in favour of the Duc d'Anjou.

mains of his repugnance, in which case the work could be carried through in earnest. Ubilla, secretary of the Council, admitted to the secret, drew up another will in favour of the Duc d'Anjou, giving the motives and causes which have seemed to all disinterested minds so full of equity, prudence, force, and wisdom, and are now so public that I shall say no more about them. When the will had been thoroughly examined by the Councillors who were in the secret, Ubilla took it to the King of Spain, with the other will in favour of the archduke, which latter was burned by him in presence of the king, the cardinal, and the king's confessor, while the other was immediately signed by the king, and, as soon as it was closed, certified on the outside by the signatures of the cardinal, Ubilla, and several others. The fact that the King of Spain was *in extremis* was not known for several days after the signing of the will. As soon as the news of his dying condition reached Versailles, the king gave orders to the Marquis d'Harcourt to hold himself ready to assemble an army at Bayonne, for which all necessary preparations were made, and Harcourt started on the 23rd of October, intending to seize all the places on that frontier, such as Fontarabia and others, and enter Spain from there. Guipuscoa belonging to France by the Treaty of Partition, nothing was to be done in that direction.

As soon as the King of Spain had expired, the object was to open his will. The Council of State assembled, and all the grandees of Spain who were then in Madrid came also. Curiosity to behold the grandeur of an event so rare, and in which so many millions of men were interested, drew all Madrid to the palace, where the crowd were nearly smothered in the rooms adjoining that in which the grandees and the Council were opening the will. All the foreign ministers besieged the doors, contending among themselves who should

be the first to know the choice of the king who was just dead, in order to inform their own Court instantly. Our ambassador, Blécourt, was there with the others, and not knowing more than they. He did not wait to hear more [than the announcement], but rushed home to write the news and despatch his courier. While he was doing this Ubilla sent him an extract from the will, which he held all ready, and Blécourt had only to put it in his packet, which Barbézieux received and carried instantly to the king at the Council of finances, on Tuesday morning, November the 9th.

The two Councils in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments.

The king, who was to hunt that day, countermanded the party, dined as usual, showed nothing by his countenance, and merely announced the death of the King of Spain, and the fact that he should wear mourning for him; adding that there would not be during the whole winter either *appartement* or comedies, or any amusements whatever at Court. As soon as he re-entered his cabinet, he sent word to the ministers to meet him at three o'clock in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments. Monseigneur had just returned from a wolf-hunt, and he, too, was at Mme. de Maintenon's at three o'clock. The council lasted till nearly seven o'clock, after which the king worked till ten with Torcy and Barbézieux. The next day, Wednesday, there was council of State in the morning as usual, and the king, on returning from a hunt, held another, as on the previous evening, in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments from six in the evening till nearly ten. However accustomed the Court was to the favour of Mme. de Maintenon, it was not prepared to see her taking an open part in public matters. The surprise was therefore extreme when it was known that two councils of State had assembled in her room for the greatest and most important deliberation which

during this long reign, and many another reign, had been brought upon the floor.

The king, Monseigneur, the chancellor, the Duc de Beauvilliers, and Torcy were the only ones who discussed this great affair, and Mme. de Maintenon, whom, being silent out of modesty, the king obliged to give her opinion after all had expressed theirs, except himself. The speakers were divided in opinion: two were in favour of the Treaty of Partition; two others for accepting the will.

The first two maintained that good faith was pledged. That in accepting the will a long and bloody war must be expected, because of the insult of the rupture of the treaty, and also because of the interest of all Europe in opposing a colossus such as France would become for a time, if allowed to take possession of so vast an inheritance. That France, exhausted by a long succession of wars, had not had time to breathe since the peace of Ryswick, and was not in a condition to meet another struggle. That the acceptance of the will involved questions of which no man could see the result; but which, considered in general, showed plainly that human prudence was against such committal. That by holding to the treaty of Partition, France conciliated Europe by keeping her word, and by a great example of moderation, and would thus attract the confidence of all Europe of which she would become the dictatress, — a thing she could never hope to be by arms; while the interior of the kingdom, restored by long peace, enriched at the expense of Spain and with all the commerce of the Levant, would form a State so powerful that it would in future be the terror and the refuge of all others, and in a sure position to turn the affairs of Europe as she chose. Torcy opened with this opinion, which the Duc de Beauvilliers supported powerfully.

The chancellor, Pontchartrain, who throughout this argu-

ment had applied himself solely to discovering the king's wishes, and believed that he had finally done so, spoke next. He established, in the first place, that the choice lay with the king whether to allow the house of Austria to branch for the second time with far less present power than she had in the days of Philip II., or whether he should take the same advantage for his own house. That the kingdom of France, the most extended, the most abundant, the most powerful in Europe (each State considered separately), had the advantage of not depending on the opinion of any one, no matter who, and of taking its own steps by the sole will of its king, which rendered its action prompt and secret; also that of being contiguous from one sea to another with Spain, and able by both those seas to increase her commerce and her navy, protect those of Spain, and profit by this union for the trade of the Indies. That France and Spain, by their contiguity, made one and the same province, and could act at all times without the knowledge of any neighbour; and that all these advantages were not balanced by the acquisition of Lorraine. That the Treaty of Partition had only been accepted because no better could then be hoped for. The face of things, entirely changed since the time of its signature, gave the king full liberty of action without accusing him of want of faith; and to refuse this succession against all interests, such as had now been shown, would win less confidence from those who had signed the Treaty of Partition than contempt, and the conviction of an impotence which would embolden them to attempt to despoil France herself.

These two opinions, of which I give here a mere synopsis,[1] were far more extended on both sides, and much disputed by each. Monseigneur, smothered as he was in fat and apathy, seemed like another man at these two councils, to the great

[1] Very much abridged in the translation. — Tr.

surprise of the king and the rest. When the time came for him to speak, he expressed himself with vigour in favour of an acceptance of the will, and went over a part of the best reasons of the chancellor. Then, turning to the king with a respectful but firm manner, he told him that having now given his opinion with the others, he should take the liberty to demand of him his heritage, inasmuch as he was in a position to accept it; that the monarchy of Spain was the right of the queen his mother, consequently of himself, and, for the tranquillity of Europe, of his second son, to whom he ceded it with all his heart; but that he would not yield one inch of ground to any other; that his demand was just and in conformity with the honour of the king, and the interests and grandeur of his crown, and that he hoped it might not be rejected. This was said with an excited face which surprised every one exceedingly. The king listened very attentively; then he turned to Mme. de Maintenon and said: "And you, madame, what do you say on all this?" She played the modest, but after a while, being pressed and even commanded, she answered in a few words of becoming embarrassment, and then praised Monseigneur (whom she feared and did not like, nor he her), adding that she was in favour of accepting the will.

The king closed the council without expressing himself. He said that he had listened to all, and understood all that had been said; that there were strong reasons on both sides; that the matter deserved to be slept upon; and also that it were best to wait twenty-four hours for further news from Spain, and see if the Spaniards were of the same mind as their king. He then dismissed the council and ordered them to return at the same hour to the same place the following evening. The next day, Thursday, the king, between his *lever* and hearing mass, gave audience to the Spanish ambas-

sador, at which Monseigneur and Torcy were present. The ambassador presented, on behalf of the queen and the Junta, an authentic copy of the will. None of us doubted that the king, though he did not commit himself explicitly, gave great hopes of acceptance to the ambassador, after whose departure he sent for Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, to whom he confided the secret of his decision.

The necessary continuation of so interesting a narrative has not allowed me to break the thread of it. But now that it reaches a halting-place, I return for a moment on my steps. The astonishment of Blécourt in Madrid at so unlooked-for an event was inconceivable. The surprise of the king and his ministers at Versailles was unparalleled. Neither he nor they could believe what they read in Blécourt's despatches, and it took them several days to recover themselves sufficiently to deliberate carefully on so important a matter. As soon as the news was made public, it made the same impression upon the whole Court, and the foreign ambassadors spent whole nights in conferring and meditating on the course the king would take, and on the interests of their masters, all the while preserving the strictest silence externally. The courtiers busied themselves in arguing, but nearly all were in favour of accepting. The manner of acceptance was much discussed in the councils; it was even proposed to play a comedy to the world and smuggle the Duc d'Anjou, under convoy of the Nuncio Gualterio, into Spain. I knew of this, and was thinking about being of the party. But so miserable an evasion was at once rejected, out of shame at accepting in such a manner the offered crowns, and also because of the necessity of throwing off the mask in order to support Spain, which was too feeble to be left to her resources. As nothing was talked

Surprise of the king and his ministers.

of at Court but the course to be followed, the king amused himself one evening in his cabinet by asking the princesses their opinion. They replied that the Duc d'Anjou ought to be sent to Spain at once, that this was the general sentiment and one that they had heard on all sides. "I am certain," replied the king, "that whichever course I take, there will be plenty of people to condemn me."

Proclamation of the King of Spain.

On Tuesday, November 16, the king, directly after his *lever*, took the Spanish ambassador to his cabinet, which the Duc d'Anjou had already entered by the private door. The king, pointing to the duke, told the ambassador that he might now salute him as his king. Instantly he threw himself on his knees, after the Spanish fashion, and made the prince a long compliment in that language. The king told him that his grandson did not yet understand it, and that he himself would reply for him. Immediately after this the king, against all custom, ordered the folding-doors of his cabinet to be thrown wide open, and commanded the company, who were almost a crowd, to enter. Then, turning his eyes majestically on the numerous assembly he said, motioning to the Duc d'Anjou: "Messieurs, here is the King of Spain. Birth has called him to that throne; the late king also, by his will; the nation desires it and urges it upon me; it is Heaven's command; and I grant it with pleasure." Turning to his grandson: "Be a good Spaniard; that is now your first duty; but remember you were born a Frenchman to uphold the union of the two nations. That is the means to make them happy and preserve the peace of Europe." Then, speaking to the ambassador and pointing with his finger to his grandson, he added: "If he listens to my counsel, you will be a great seigneur, and that soon: he cannot do better than follow your advice."

The first tumult among the courtiers having subsided, the two other sons of France came forward, and all three embraced each other tenderly and with tears in their eyes again and again. Monseigneur, who knew the hour which the king had determined for the declaration of the King of Spain, told it to those who were at Meudon. Monsieur, who also knew the secret, stood beneath his clock impatient to announce it; and a few minutes before the hour could not keep himself from informing his Court that it was about to hear great news, which he accordingly told them when the hands of the clock touched the hour. Since the preceding Friday, Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, M. le Duc d'Anjou, and the ambassador of Spain knew it and kept the secret so well that nothing transpired in their air or manner. Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne heard it on arriving from Fontainebleau, and M. le Duc de Berry on Monday morning. Their joy was extreme, though mingled with the bitterness of parting; the brothers were tenderly united, and if, at times, their vivacity and youth excited a few little squabbles between the elder and the younger, it was always the second, naturally cool, sensible, and reserved, who pacified them.

On the same day it was made known that the King of Spain would start on the 4th of December; that he would be accompanied by the princes his brothers, who had begged to go as far as the frontier; that M. de Beauvilliers would have authority throughout the journey over the princes and courtiers, and the sole command of the guards, the troops, the officers, and the suite; and that he alone would regulate and order all things.

Departure of the King of Spain and the princes.

On Saturday, Dec. 4, the King of Spain went to the king before any one was admitted, and stayed with him a long time. He then descended

to Monseigneur, with whom he was alone for a time. They all heard mass together; the crowd of courtiers was incredible. Coming out from mass they got at once into the carriage, — Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne between the two kings on the back seat, Monseigneur on the front between his other two sons, Monsieur being at one door, Madame at the other, surrounded with the pomp of more guards, men-at-arms, and outriders than usual. The whole road to Sceaux was lined with carriages and people. At Sceaux, where they arrived about mid-day, they found the palace filled with courtiers and ladies and guarded by both companies of the mousquetaires. As soon as they left their carriage the king passed rapidly through the lower apartment and entered the last room alone with the King of Spain, leaving the others in the salon. A quarter of an hour later he called Monseigneur from the salon, and shortly after the ambassador from Spain, who took leave of his new master. The king then summoned together Mgr. le Duc and Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, M. le Duc de Berry, and Monsieur and Madame; next, after a short interval, the princes and princesses of the blood. The double doors were then left open and from the salon they could be seen, all weeping bitterly. The king said to the King of Spain, presenting to him the princes: "These are the princes of my blood and of yours; the two nations must henceforth look upon themselves as one nation; they must have the same interests; therefore I wish these princes to be attached to you as well as to me; you can have no friends more faithful nor more lasting." All this took an hour and a half. At the close they were forced to separate. The king conducted the King of Spain to the end of the apartment, where he embraced him many times and held him long in his arms.

Monseigneur the same. The scene was extremely touching. The king retired for some time to recover himself; Monseigneur got alone into his calèche and returned to Meudon; and the King of Spain, with his brothers and M. de Noailles in the same carriage, drove off to sleep at Chartres.

M. de Beauvilliers, who had crammed himself with quinine to check an obstinate fever accompanied by a distressing diarrhœa, went away with his wife and Mmes. de Cheverny and de Rasilly. The king absolutely insisted that he should start and attempt to make the journey. We will let them go, and admire the ways of Providence, which plays with the thoughts of men and disposes of nations. What would Ferdinand and Isabella, Charles V., or Philip II. have said, they who attempted to invade France so often, they who have been accused of aspiring to universal monarchy, nay, Philip IV. himself, with all his precautions at the marriage of the king and the peace of the Pyrenees, — what would he have said to see a son of France become King of Spain by the will of the last of his blood in Spain, and by the universal desire of the Spaniards themselves, without design, intrigue, or cabal of ours, without the knowledge of our king and to his extreme surprise, he feeling nothing but embarrassment in deciding, and pain in accepting? What great and sage reflections could here be made! But in these Memoirs they are out of place. Return we now to other events, leaving this curious and interesting tale, the current of which I have not been willing to interrupt.

VII.

BONTEMS, the first of the king's four *valets de chambre* and governor of Versailles and of Marly, having the entire administration of the houses, the hunts, and a quantity of all sorts of expenses, died about this time. Of all the household valets, he was the one to whom the longest and most entire confidence of the king in all private and personal matters was given. He was a tall man, very well-formed, who had grown stout and heavy and was almost eighty years of age; he died on the 17th of January, after four days' illness, of apoplexy. No man was ever more profoundly discreet, faithful, and completely the king's own than he; to say all in one word, it was he who arranged the nocturnal mass in the king's cabinet at Versailles, said by Père de La Chaise in the winter of 1683–84, at which the king married Mme. de Maintenon in presence of Harlay the Archbishop of Paris, Montchevreuil, and Louvois.

1701. Death of Bontems.

We may say that Bontems and the king were, in this respect, like master, like man; for he was a widower, and had in his apartments at Versailles a Mlle. de La Roche (mother of the La Roche who followed the King of Spain and was his head *valet de chambre* for twenty-five years until his death). Mlle. de La Roche was never visible elsewhere, and seldom in Bontems' apartments, which she never left, and where she ruled him without appearing. No one doubted that she was his Maintenon, and that he had married her. But why not acknowledge it? *That* no one

has ever known. He was bluff and brusque, but with it all respectful and always in his place, which was never anywhere except in his own apartments or those of the king, which he entered at all hours by the back way. He had no other thought than to serve his master well, and to him he was utterly devoted without ever leaving his own sphere. Besides the very intimate functions of his two employments, it was through him that all secret orders and messages passed; secret audiences were admitted by him, secret letters to the king or from the king, and all else that was mysterious were intrusted to him. It was enough to spoil a man to have lived for fifty years in such intimacy, with the Court at his feet, beginning with the king's children and the most influential ministers, and continuing through the greatest seigneurs; yet never did he step beyond his place; he had less assumption, without comparison, than the most insignificant of the blue-coated waiters, who were all under his orders. Never did he do harm to any one living, and he used his influence solely to oblige. Many persons, even personages, owed their success in life to him, about which his modesty was such that he would have quarrelled with them had they ever mentioned it to him. He liked and wished to procure favours solely for the pleasure of doing good; it may be said of him that he was all his life the father of the poor, the resource of afflicted and unfortunate persons whom he little knew; he was perhaps the best of human beings, not only with hands that were perfectly clean, but with an absolute disinterestedness and extreme application to everything that was under his charge. So, although his influence for others was much lessened by his age and heavy weight, his death caused public mourning at the Court, in Paris, and in the provinces; every one felt it as a personal loss. Equally memorable and unexampled was

the tribute rendered voluntarily to his memory of solemn services celebrated for him everywhere. In him I lost a sure friend, full of respect and of gratitude to my father, as I have mentioned elsewhere. He left two sons, who resembled him in nothing: one succeeded him as head *valet de chambre;* the other was head valet of the wardrobe.

Mlle. Rose; extraordinary devotee.

M. le Cardinal de Noailles, lately returned from Rome, drove from his diocese about this time Mlle. Rose, a celebrated *béate* of ecstasies, visions, and very extraordinary conduct, who directed her directors, and was, in fact, a real enigma. She was an old Gascon, or rather, she came from Languedoc, having the gift of speech to excess; square-shouldered, neither tall nor short, very thin, her face yellow and extremely ugly, eyes very bright, countenance eager, though she knew how to soften it; lively, eloquent, learned, with a prophetic air which impressed others. She slept little and on planks, ate almost nothing; was ill-clothed, poor, and only to be seen with mystery. This creature has ever been an enigma, for it is true that she was wholly disinterested; that she made great and surprising conversions, which have lasted; that she said most extraordinary things, some very secret things, which had happened; others that were to happen, which have since come to pass; that she made amazing cures without remedies; and that she had for her supporters very wise, very learned, very pious persons, and some of superior genius, who did not and could not gain anything from this attachment, which they preserved to her throughout their lives; such, for instance, as M. Duguet, so celebrated for his works, for the vast extent of his erudition, which might even be called universal, for the sincere humility and sanctification of his life, and for the charms and solidity of his conversation.

Mlle. Rose, having long lived in her own province, where

she nursed the poor, and where her piety gained her many proselytes, came to Paris, I don't know for what reason. Of particular doctrine she had none, except that she was strongly opposed to that of Mme. Guyon, and altogether on the Jansenist side. I don't know how she made acquaintance with the M. Boileau who was dismissed by the archbishop on the publication of his "Problem," and who lived immured and almost savagely in his cloister at Saint-Honoré. There she met M. du Charmel and others, and M. Duguet, all of whom, to tell the truth, were as much infatuated with her as M. de Cambrai with Mme. Guyon. After she had led a hidden life for a long time in Paris, M. du Charmel and M. Duguet desired that M. de la Trappe should see her, whether to get the opinion of that great master on so extraordinary a person, or to win his approbation and raise their saint by such great testimony I do not know. They therefore started, all three, without saying a word, and went to La Trappe, where nothing was known of their project.

It so happened that I went also to La Trappe at the time they were there. I had never met M. Duguet or his saint. She saw no one, and hardly left her room except to go to mass in the chapel which adjoins the abbatial house outside the walls, where women may hear it. During M. de la Trappe's lifetime I was in the habit of spending six, eight, and sometimes ten days there. I had therefore an opportunity to see M. Duguet and Mlle. Rose several times, which was quite a favour. I acknowledge that I thought Mlle. Rose was more queer than anything else; but as for M. Duguet, I was charmed with him. We walked together every day in the gardens of the abbatial house. Matters of devotion, in which he excelled, were not the only topics of our conversation; a flower, an herb, a plant, the first

thing that offered, arts, trades, stuffs, all gave him subjects for instruction, but so naturally, so easily, so fluently, and with such eloquent simplicity, in terms so just, appropriate, and exact, that one was equally elevated by the tone of his conversation and amazed at the extent of his knowledge, which enabled him to explain things as a botanist, chemist, artisan, or as well as the most capable of merchants might have done. His attention and veneration for Mlle. Rose, his satisfaction and rapt delight in the little that she said, astonished me. M. de Saint-Louis, always frank and open, did not like her, and said so very freely to M. du Charmel, who let M. Duguet know of it, and both were grieved thereby.

But what troubled them far more was the gentle and polite firmness with which, during the six weeks they were there, M. de la Trappe avoided seeing Mlle. Rose, although he was still able to be about and could easily have gone outside. He excused himself, less on the ground of impossibility than on his own remoteness from extraordinary ways; saying that he had no mission and no turn for that species of examination; that his own state of death to all earthly things and his life of secret repentance occupied him enough, and did not allow him to be distracted by useless inquiries; and he thought he did better to form no judgment and pray to God on her behalf, than to see her and enter upon a dissipation of thought which was not in his line. They went away, therefore, as they came, being much mortified by the non-success of their visit. Mlle. Rose remained hidden for a long time among her proselytes in Paris, until the number of them so increased that she showed herself more openly and became their directress; which made a great talk. The Cardinal de Noailles examined her, and so, I think, did M. de Meaux. The end was that they drove

her away and she went to Annecy, and no one ever heard of her again, though she lived to a great age.

Great augmentation of troops. Taxation.

The king seeing that the alliance formed against him in the late war was reuniting and preparing to renew hostilities, while at the same time the Powers were trying to amuse him so as to gain time to put their own affairs in order, began to think of his own preparations. He increased his infantry by fifty thousand men, formed seventy battalions of militia, and increased his cavalry by sixteen thousand, and his dragoons in proportion. These expenses renewed the poll-tax, the invention of which was due to Bâville. It was first levied towards the end of the late war. Pontchartrain had resisted it as long as he could, as a most pernicious tax, from the ease of increasing it by a stroke of the pen, the inevitable injustice of its working (it being necessarily dependent on the will of the provincial collectors), and the temptation to make it permanent, as finally happened, in spite of edicts and declarations full of the strongest pledges that it should cease at the peace. This time it was made far heavier than the first, which is always the way with taxes; they go on increasing.

At the same time the armies were placed as follows: in Flanders under Maréchal de Boufflers; and in Germany under Maréchal de Villeroy. The king intended that Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne should command the latter, but that intention was changed in consequence of the annoyance Monsieur showed that his son, the Duc de Chartres, was not allowed to serve. M. de Chartres had made various escapades, very ill-regulated, but still of his age, which angered the king and embarrassed him; he did not know what to do with this nephew, whom he had forced to be his son-in-law, and with whom, except as to written contracts, he had not kept a single promise of

Great quarrel between Monsieur and the king.

what he had allowed him to hope for. The king spoke to Monsieur about his son, and reproached him for his weakness in not knowing how to assert his authority over him. On that Monsieur became angry, and taking courage from his anger, he asked the king what he expected him to make of his son at his age; saying that he was tired of kicking his heels in the galleries of Versailles and on the stones of the courtyard, and of being married as he was, and kept bare of everything, while his brothers-in-law were loaded with offices, governments, establishments, and a rank for which there was no reason, policy, or example; that his son was in a worse condition than any other man of his age in France; that idleness was the mother of all vice; that it was very painful to him, a father, to see his only son abandoned to debauchery, bad company, and folly; but that it was cruel to blame him for not being able to manage a young brain that was justly incensed, and yet was not allowed to accuse the man who had driven him into such ways by his refusals to let him serve. Who was the amazed party at such plain language? The king. Never before had Monsieur come within a thousand leagues of taking such a tone, which was all the more irritating because it presented reasons to which there was no reply, but to which the king was determined not to yield. Still, in the surprise of this embarrassment he was sufficiently master of himself to answer, not as a king, but as a brother. He told Monsieur he forgave everything to his paternal tenderness; he caressed him, and did all he could to bring him round by gentleness and friendship. But the fatal point was the service that Monsieur wanted, which in the end must have led to the post of commander-in-chief; and which, for that very reason, the king would not grant, — a reason which was not uttered between either of them, but which the one understood as

fully as the other. The conversation lasted a long time and went far; Monsieur always on the high tone, the king always on the lower. They separated at last; Monsieur incensed, but not daring to burst forth again, and the king much hurt and yet not wishing to estrange Monsieur, and still less that their quarrel should be known.

Troubles of Monsieur.

Monsieur remained at Saint-Cloud in the same frame of heart and mind. This to him, in his present feebleness, was being off his centre; for the habit of his life was great submission and great attachment to the king, and of living with him in private in the freedom of a brother, and of being treated like a brother, with all sorts of attentions, and with friendship and regard in everything so long as it did not tend to make Monsieur a personage. Neither he nor Madame could have a finger-ache but the king went instantly to see them and continued to do so as long as the ache lasted. Other matters troubled Monsieur's mind. For some time past he had had a confessor who, albeit a Jesuit, held him as tightly as possible. He was a gentleman of good family in Bretagne, and his name was Père du Trévoux. He cut off not only Monsieur's improper pleasures, but also those which were really permissible, by way of penance for his past life. He frequently told him that he did not choose to be damned for him, and that if his treatment seemed harsh to Monsieur, he should not feel at all displeased if he took another confessor. To which he added that Monsieur had better take heed to himself; that he was old, worn-out with excesses, fat, short-necked, and, to all appearance, likely to die of apoplexy, and that soon. These were dreadful words to the most sensual of princes and the most attached to life that the world had seen for many a long day; one who had passed that life in luxurious idleness, and was utterly incapable

by nature of application of any kind, of any sort of serious reading, or even of turning his mind upon himself. He feared the devil; he remembered that his preceding confessor was not willing to die in that capacity; and that before his death he had talked to him in about the same way. The impression now made did force him somewhat to look within, and to live in a manner which might pass for amendment on his part. He made, now and then, a great many prayers, obeyed his confessor, rendered him an account of the conduct the latter had prescribed as to gambling, as to his other extravagances, and a variety of matters, put up patiently with frequent interviews, and reflected a good deal. But he grew very sad and depressed and talked less than usual, — that is to say, about as much as three or four women, — so that everybody soon perceived the change. These inward distresses and the outward disagreement with the king were too much, coming all at once, for a man as feeble as Monsieur, so little accustomed to restrain himself and quite unable to bear any personal annoyance. It would have been singular if it had not produced a great disturbance in a body so plethoric and accustomed to much eating, not only at meals, but all day long.

On Wednesday, June 8, Monsieur came from Saint-Cloud to dine with the king at Marly, and, as usual, entered his cabinet as soon as the council of State had left it. He found the king irritated with certain annoyances which M. de Chartres was intentionally giving his daughter. The duke was in love with Mlle. de Séry, a maid of honour to Madame, and was carrying on the affair to beat of drum. The king took that for his theme, and reproached Monsieur sharply for his son's conduct. Monsieur, who in his present state needed but little to make him angry, replied with bitterness that fathers who had led certain lives could

hardly have the grace and the authority to reprove their sons. The king, who felt the force of the answer, retreated to the patience of his daughter, and said that at least such sights should be hidden from her eyes. Monsieur, with the bit in his teeth, reminded him, in stinging words, of the care he had shown for the queen's feelings when he made his mistresses take journeys with her in the same carriage. The king, incensed, retorted, so that they both began to talk at the top of their voices.

At Marly the king's room opened on a little salon, always full of courtiers at this hour to see the king pass to dinner; and by one of those usages set up in the different palaces without knowing why, the door of this cabinet, unlike those of the other houses, always stood open at Marly, except during the council, and there was only a portière, which the usher drew back to allow of entrance. At the noise now made the usher entered, told the king that he was heard distinctly in the salon, and Monsieur also, and went out again. The other cabinet of the king adjoined the first and had neither door nor portière. The in-door valets were always stationed in this second cabinet, and they heard from end to end the dialogue I have now reported.

The notice given by the usher lowered the tones but did not stop the reproaches, so that Monsieur, off his hinges, told the king that in marrying his daughter his son had been promised wonders, and yet he had not so much as wrenched a government from him; that he himself had passionately desired to get him away from his love-affairs, and that his son, too, had wished it, as the king well knew, for he had asked for service earnestly; and as the king would not give it, he did not intend to prevent his son from amusing himself by way of consolation. He added that he now saw only too well the truth of what had been predicted

to him, namely, that he would only have shame and dishonour from that marriage, without getting any profit from it. The king, more and more incensed, replied that the war would soon oblige him to make certain retrenchments, and that, as Monsieur showed himself so little complying, he should begin by cutting off his pensions before retrenching on himself.

At this moment the king was informed that dinner was served. They left the room to sit down to table,—Monsieur a flaming scarlet, his eyes sparkling with anger. His burning face made several of the ladies at the table and the courtiers who stood behind them say that he ought to be bled. The dinner passed as usual. Monsieur ate enormously, as he always did at his two meals, not to speak of his abundant chocolate in the morning, and all that he managed to swallow of fruits, pastries, confectionery, and every sort of other dainty during the day. On leaving the table Monsieur, who had brought the Duchesse de Chartres to dine with the king, took her to Saint-Germain, and soon after returned with her to Saint-Cloud.

That evening, after supper, while the king was still in his cabinet with Monseigneur and the princesses, Saint-Pierre arrived from Saint-Cloud and asked to speak with the king on the part of the Duc de Chartres. He was brought to the cabinet and told the king that Monsieur had been seized with a faintness while supping; he was bled and felt better, but they had given him an emetic. The real truth was he was supping as usual with the ladies when, towards the last, as he was pouring out a glass of liqueur for Mme. de Bouillon, it was noticed that he stammered and pointed to something with his hand. As he sometimes talked Spanish some of

Death of Monsieur.

the ladies asked him what he said, others cried out; it all happened in a moment, and then he fell over on the Duc de Chartres in a fit of apoplexy. They carried him to his room, shook him, walked him about, bled him, gave him an emetic, but without his showing more than a faint sign of life.

At this news the king, who for mere nothings was in the habit of hurrying to Monsieur, went to Mme. de Maintenon's apartment and woke her up. He was with her a quarter of an hour; then, about midnight, he returned, ordered his carriages to be kept ready, and sent the Marquis de Gesvres to Saint-Cloud with orders to come back and wake him if Monsieur were worse, and then went to bed. I think the king suspected some pretence in order to get out of the position they were in; and he went to Mme. de Maintenon to consult her about it. He would rather, I think, offend all propriety than run the risk of becoming a dupe.

An hour and a half after the king had gone to bed Longueville arrived from the Duc de Chartres, and woke up the king to inform him that the emetic had had no effect and Monsieur was very ill indeed. The king rose and started, meeting the Marquis de Gesvres on the way, who was coming for him. No one can imagine the excitement and disorder of that night at Marly, or the horror at Saint-Cloud, that palace of delights. Everybody at Marly rushed, as best they could, to Saint-Cloud. Those first ready got off at once; men and women sprang into the carriages and piled themselves up, without selection or ceremony. Monseigneur went with Mme. la Duchesse. He was so shocked, remembering a late attack of his own, that it was all the equerry of Mme. la Duchesse could do to drag and almost carry him, trembling, to the carriage.

The king arrived at Saint-Cloud by three in the morning. Monsieur had not had a conscious moment since he was taken ill.

The king was much afflicted. It was natural to him to weep easily, and he was now dissolved in tears. He had never had reason to do otherwise than love Monsieur tenderly; however opposed they had been for the last two months, these sad moments renewed all his tenderness; perhaps, too, he reproached himself for having hastened this death by the scene of the morning. Monsieur was his younger by two years, and all his life had had the same fine health as himself, only better. The king heard mass at Saint-Cloud, and about eight in the morning, there being no hope for Monsieur, Mme. de Maintenon and the Duchesse de Bourgogne entreated him not to remain any longer, and they returned with him in his carriage to Marly. As he was leaving, he said a few kind words to the Duc de Chartres, both weeping bitterly, and the young prince profited by the moment to say, embracing him, "Ah, sire! what will become of me? I lose Monsieur, and I know that you do not like me." The king, surprised and much touched, said all that was tender.

On the departure of the king the crowd slipped away from Saint-Cloud, little by little, so that Monsieur, dying upon the sofa in his cabinet, lay exposed to the eyes of the scullions and lower servants, who, for the most part, either from interest or affection, were much afflicted. The head servants and others who lost their places and pensions rent the air with their cries, while all the women at Saint-Cloud, who lost by this death all their importance and all their amusement, ran hither and thither with dishevelled heads like bacchantes. Madame, who had never had any great affection or esteem for Monsieur, but who felt his

loss and her own downfall, was in her cabinet crying out in her distress: "No convent! don't talk to me of a convent! I will not have any convent!" The worthy princess was not out of her head; she knew that by her marriage contract, she was to choose, on becoming a widow, between a convent or living in the château of Montargis. Whether she thought she could get out of the latter more easily than out of the former, or whether she dreaded the king, she seemed to be most afraid of a convent. As soon as Monsieur had expired she got into a carriage with her ladies and went to Versailles, followed by the Duc and Duchesse de Chartres and all the persons who belonged to them.

The next morning, Friday, M. de Chartres went to the king, who was still in bed, and who spoke to him with the greatest kindness. He said he must look to him henceforth as a father; that he would take charge of his interests and his grandeur. He added that he had forgotten all the little subjects of annoyance that he had against him, and hoped the duke would forget them also; and he begged him to allow these advances of friendship to win his attachment and that he would give him back his heart, as he himself gave him back his own. We can imagine the answer of the Duc de Chartres.

The Court lost much in losing Monsieur, for it was he who kept it in amusements, vivacity, and pleasures, and when he left it all became lifeless and inactive. He loved the great world; his affability and courtesy drew every one about him, and the difference he knew how to make, and never failed to make, towards others according to what they were, contributed to this attraction. By his greeting, and by his attention, more or less great or negligent, he continually marked a difference which distinguished birth

and dignity, age and merit, and people's condition; and this with a dignity that was natural to him, and an ease in all his movements which was acquired. His familiarity gratified; but he always maintained his natural grandeur, without repulsing any one, and without allowing heedless persons to infringe it. He visited and paid attentions exactly where he ought to do so; and he gave in his own house entire liberty to every one, without allowing the slightest diminution of the grand court air and respect. He had learned from the queen his mother the art of holding a Court, and had well retained it. He liked also to have it full, and in this he succeeded. The crowd was always great at the Palais-Royal.

Though it would have been difficult to be more timid and submissive than Monsieur to the king, even to flattering his ministers, and in former days his mistresses, he nevertheless preserved, with a great air of respect, the free and easy manners and the tone of a brother. In private, he took many liberties; seating himself always in an armchair, not waiting until the king should ask him to sit down. He never could bring himself to bend to Mme. de Maintenon, or keep from letting fly, from time to time, little sneers to the king or scoffs to the world. It was not her favour that annoyed him, but the thought that "la Scarron" was his sister-in-law; that idea was intolerable to him. He was a small man with a big stomach, who seemed to be mounted on stilts, so high were the heels of his shoes; always bedecked like a woman, covered with rings, bracelets, and jewelry everywhere; wearing a long wig, black and powdered and spread out in front, ribbons wherever he could put them, quantities of all sorts of perfumes, and cleanliness itself in every way. He was accused of wearing a modicum of rouge. His nose was very long, his mouth and eyes fine,

his face full, but also very long. All his portraits are like him. I was always provoked to see how his looks reminded every one that he was the son of Louis XIII., that great prince to whom, in true value, he was so completely dissimilar.

Amazing treatment of the Duc de Chartres, who takes the name of Duc d'Orléans.

The king gave to the Duc de Chartres, besides the allowances he had always had and still kept, all those of Monsieur, amounting to six hundred and fifty thousand francs; so that, with his appanage and other property, he had, after paying Madame's dowry and all charges, a revenue of one million eight hundred thousand francs, together with the Palais-Royal, Saint-Cloud, and other houses. He had also, what was never given before except to the sons of France,[1] guards and Suisses, like those of Monsieur, his own guardroom at Versailles, a chancellor, an attorney-general, in whose name he pleaded and not in his own, and the nomination to all the offices of his appanage, except to bishoprics; in other words, all that Monsieur had had was made over to him in full. While keeping his own regiments of cavalry and infantry he now had those of Monsieur, also his companies of men-at-arms and light dragoons, and he took from this time forth the name of Duc d'Orléans. Honours so great and so unheard-of, with an allowance larger by several hundred thousand francs than that of Monsieur, were solely due to the consideration of his marriage, to the recent reproach of Monsieur that he had only got shame for it and nothing else, and to the grief the king felt for the angry feelings between Monsieur and himself, and the fear that they had hastened his death.

The marriage of the King of Spain was announced, to

1 Sons and grandsons of the kings of France in the succession to the throne.

the second daughter of the Duc de Savoie, younger sister of Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, to whom it was a great joy; while at the same time it was a great honour and advantage to her father to have as sons-in-law the two most powerful kings of Europe. An ambassador extraordinary was sent to Turin to sign the marriage contract and carry to the Prince de Carignan, that famous mute so wise and capable, the proxy to marry the princess in the king's name. This ambassador was a man of much intellect, good sense and conduct, and well accustomed to courts. He was named Homodeï, brother of the cardinal of that name. The Comte de San-Estevan del Puerto was appointed the major-domo of the new queen. Nothing could be better than these appointments to the two offices; but there was still a third to be made that was far more important, for it concerned the bringing up and forming of the young queen; namely, that of her *camarera-mayor*. A lady of our Court would not be proper; a Spanish lady was not safe, and might easily rebuff the young queen. Search was made for some neutral person, and the choice fell on the Princesse des Ursins. She was French, she had lived in Spain, and had passed the greater part of her life in Rome and Italy. Her first husband was Adrien-Blaise de Talleyrand, who called himself the Prince du Chalais, and her second the Duke de Bracciano, head of the house of Orsini [des Ursins], a grandee of Spain, and Prince du Soglio, who was regarded as the first laic in Rome and received great distinctions. Mme. des Ursins was now a widow without children, and not rich since the death of her husband; she had passed enough time in France to be well-known at court and to have made many friends there. It was there that I knew her and that I made, I may say, a very close friendship with

Marriage of Philippe V. announced.

her. She became later so grandly singular a personage that I willingly dwell upon her here.

The Princesse des Ursins; her character.

Age and health were suitable, and her appearance also. She was tall rather than short; a brunette with blue eyes, which said at all times exactly what she meant them to say; a perfect figure, a beautiful bust, and a face without beauty but charming; extremely noble in air, something majestic in her whole bearing, with graces so natural, so constant in all things, even in those that were small and insignificant, that I never knew any woman approach her, whether in person or intellect, of which she had a vast deal of all kinds. She was flattering, caressing, insinuating, but circumspect; wishing to please for pleasing's sake, and with charms against which there was no defending one's self if she wished to seduce and win; and with it all an air of grandeur that attracted rather than repelled; a delightful gift of conversation that never flagged, and was always most amusing about what she had seen and known of countries and persons; a voice and speech extremely agreeable, and a gentle manner; also she had read a great deal and was a person of much reflection. Great art in selecting the best society, much usage in receiving it, and even in holding a Court, much politeness, but always with great distinction, and above all, with great care never to make advances unless with dignity and discretion. The most suitable person in all the world for intrigue, who had passed her life in it at Rome by her own choice; much ambition, but vast ambitions, far above those of her own sex or the ordinary ambition of men, and a great desire to *be* and to govern. She was also a person of very shrewd wit, although she seldom showed it, and many contrivances in her brain; and one who had an immense talent for judging her world and knowing how to handle it and lead it.

Coquetry and infatuation for her own person were the dominant weaknesses of her character and survived everything, even to old age; the consequence was, personal adornment that no longer became her and which from year to year she pushed farther still. Proud to the bottom of her soul, going to her ends without troubling herself very much about the means, but, as much as possible, with a creditable outside; naturally kind and obliging in general; but never liking half-way things; she wanted her friends to be hers without reserve; she was a warm and excellent friend herself, with a friendship that neither time nor absence could weaken; consequently a cruel and implacable enemy, following her hatreds to hell. To sum up all, she had a unique turn to her grace, her art, her precision, with a simple and natural eloquence in what she said, which enabled her to say all she wished and as she wished, with never a word or tone that she did not wish; very secret about herself, and very safe for her friends; with an agreeable gayety that had nothing in it but what was becoming; of extreme propriety in all external matters, and even in those internal ones which seemed to permit it less; with an equability of temper which enabled her at all times and under all circumstances to be mistress of herself. Such was this celebrated woman who so long and so publicly governed the Court and the whole monarchy of Spain, and who has made such noise in the world, by her reign and by her downfall, that I have thought I ought to make her known and give that idea of her which persons need to have in order to reach the truth.

A woman of this character was deeply gratified by a choice which opened to her a career so much to her liking; but she had the good sense to feel that it only fell upon her for want of finding another whose circumstances were as manifestly suitable, and also that the place once offered to

her she would not be permitted to refuse it. She therefore allowed herself to be entreated sufficiently to increase the desire to obtain her, — not enough to displease or to seem to behave with a bad grace, but so as to win a certain gratitude for her final acceptance. She went direct from Rome to Genoa and from Genoa to Villafranca, where she awaited the new queen.

The marriage took place in Turin, with very little ceremony, on the 11th of September; and the queen left on the 13th to reach Nice the following week and embark on the Spanish galleons, commanded by the Comte de Lermos, which were to take her to Barcelona. On arriving at Nice in the French ships, she found herself so fatigued by a sea-voyage that she determined to continue her journey by land, through Provence and Languedoc. Her grace, her presence of mind, the propriety and politeness of her short replies, her judicious interest in everything, so surprising in a princess of her age, gave the greatest hopes to Mme. des Ursins. When they arrived at Figuières, the king, impatient to see her, met her on horseback and rode back to the town beside her carriage-door, — Mme. des Ursins, unknown at that time to the king and very little known to the queen, being a great relief to them under their first embarrassment.

On arriving at Figuières, the diocesan bishop remarried the royal pair without much ceremony, and they sat down soon after to supper, served by the Princesse des Ursins and the other ladies of the palace. The dishes were half French, and half Spanish. This mixture displeased the Spanish ladies and many of the Spanish seigneurs, who agreed together to show their displeasure openly; the affair was scandalous. Under one pretext or another, the weight or the heat of the dishes,

The Queen of Spain; a vexatious scene.

or the awkward way in which they were presented, not a single French dish reached the table, all were upset, while the Spanish dishes were served without accident. The stiff and displeased air, to call it nothing worse, of the Spanish ladies was too visible not to be observed; but the king and queen had the wisdom to take no notice, and Mme. des Ursins, much astonished, said not a word.

After a long and sorry repast the king and queen retired. Then all that the queen had been restraining broke forth, and she began to cry for her own friends. Like the child that she was, she fancied she should be lost in the hands of such insolent women, and when it became a question of going to bed, she said flatly she would not do anything of the kind and wanted to go home. They said everything they could to soothe her, and their embarrassment and amazement were great when they found it impossible to succeed. The king was waiting for her, and finally the Princesse des Ursins, at an end of her arguments and persuasions, was forced to go and tell him the truth. He was piqued, and more than that, very angry. Until now he had always lived in the most entire reserve; which had, in fact, helped him to find the queen to his liking. He was therefore much nettled at this caprice, although convinced that she would not carry it beyond that night. They did not, consequently, see each other until the next day, and then only in public. Fortunately it is not the custom in Spain, as it is in France, to assist at the *coucher* of bride and bridegroom, so that this very annoying matter was known only to the married pair, Mme. des Ursins, one or two maids, two French valets, and to Louville and Marsin. The two latter consulted with Mme. des Ursins as to how they could conquer a child whose resolutions were expressed with such force and decision. The night was passed in

exhortations and promises and also in discussions of what had happened at the supper, until at last the queen consented to remain a queen. The Duke of Medina-Sidonia and the Count of San-Estevan were consulted the following day, and they gave it as their opinion that the king in his turn should absent himself on the following night to mortify and subdue her. This was done. They did not see each other in private the whole of that day. At night the queen grew very unhappy. Her pride and her little vanities were wounded, and perhaps she, too, had found the king to her liking. Strong lectures were made to the ladies of the palace, and still more to the seigneurs who were suspected of conniving with them, and to those of their relations who happened to be with them. Excuses, pardons, fears, promises; all was settled and overlooked, and the third day was tranquil. On the fourth, everything being now as it should be, they went to Barcelona, where nothing was thought of but fêtes and amusements.

Death of James II., King of England.

The health of the King of England languished; since the middle of August he had grown feebler, and on the 8th of September he fell into a condition of paralysis with other evils that left no hope. The king, Mme. de Maintenon, and all the royal personages visited him often. He received the last sacraments with a piety which answered to the edification of his life, and his death was expected at any moment. In this conjuncture the king took a resolution more worthy of the generosity of Louis XII. and François I. than of his own wisdom. He went from Marly, where he was, to Saint-Germain, on Tuesday, September 13. The King of England was so low when the king was ushered in to him, that he scarcely opened his eyes for even a moment. The king told him that he had come to assure him that

he might die in peace as to the Prince of Wales, whom he intended to recognize as King of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The few Englishmen who were present threw themselves at his feet, but the King of England gave no sign of life. The king then entered the apartment of the Queen of England to whom he gave the same assurance; and they sent for the Prince of Wales, to whom they told it. We can imagine the gratitude and the expressions of the mother and son. Returning to Marly, the king announced to the whole Court what he had just done. Nothing was heard but applause and praise. The theme was fine, but the reflections were not less prompt, though certainly less public.

King's recognition of Prince of Wales as King of England.

Nothing could be more contradictory than the king's present position and the recognition he had solemnly made at the peace of Ryswick of the Prince of Orange as King of England, which hitherto he had not less solemnly maintained. It was offending King William in his tenderest spot, and all England with him, and Holland besides; it was showing them the little reliance they could place on that treaty of peace, and it gave them a fine opening to rally to their side all the princes who had signed the peace under the alliance, and to declare war openly on their own account, not to speak of that of the house of Austria. With regard to the Prince of Wales, this recognition was of no solid value to him; it only roused the jealousy, suspicions, and passions of those who were opposed to him in England, and bound them still more closely to King William, and to the establishment of the succession in the Protestant line, which was their own work; it made them more vigilant, more active, more violent against all that was Catholic, or suspected of favouring the Stuarts in England;

it ulcerated their minds more and more against the young prince and against France, who wanted to give them a king and dispose of their crown against their will; and all this without the king's having any more means of replacing the Prince of Wales than he had had of replacing his father during a long war, when he was not hampered as he was now with the difficulties attending the succession of his grandson to the monarchy of Spain.

The King of England, in his few conscious intervals, seemed very grateful for what the king had done. He made him promise that he would not allow the slightest ceremony to take place over him after his death, which occurred at three o'clock in the afternoon of the 13th of September, 1701. This prince has been so well-known to the world as Duke of York and King of England that I may dispense with speaking of him here. He was very distinguished for worth and for kindness, still more so for the constant magnanimity with which he bore his great misfortunes, and, finally, for his eminent piety.

King William received the news of the death of James II., and of the king's recognition of his son, at his house of Loo in Holland, while he was at dinner with several German princes and other seigneurs. He said not a word beyond announcing the news; but he flushed, pulled his hat over his eyes, and could not control his countenance. He sent orders to London to drive Poussin from the country and send him across the sea as fast as possible. Poussin was managing the affairs of the king in England in the absence of an ambassador and envoy. He arrived incontinently at Calais soon after.

This outbreak was followed closely by the signing of the great alliance, offensive and defensive, against France and Spain between the Emperor of Austria, the Empire

(which had no interest in it, but under the house of Austria had no liberty), and England and Holland, into which these leaders were very sure of drawing the other Powers, — considerations which compelled the king to make a still greater augmentation of his troops.

VIII.

THE year began with balls at Versailles, and a quantity of them masked. Mme. du Maine gave several in her bedchamber, because she was pregnant, which made rather a queer spectacle. There were balls also at Marly, but those were mostly without masks. Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne amused herself greatly at all of them. The king saw, in great privacy, but often, and always in Mme. de Maintenon's apartments, sacred plays, such as "Absalom," "Athalie," etc. Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, M. le Duc d'Orléans, the Comte and Comtesse d'Ayen, the young Comte de Noailles, and Mlle. de Mélun (put forward by the Noailles) played the principal characters in very magnificent stage costumes. Old Baron, an excellent actor, trained them and played with them, also a few of M. de Noailles' servants. The latter and his clever wife were the inventors and instigators of these private amusements, to introduce themselves more and more into the king's intimacy, helped by their alliance with Mme. de Maintenon. There was only space for forty spectators. Monseigneur and his two sons, Mme. la Princesse de Conti, M. du Maine, the ladies of the palace, Mme. de Noailles and her daughters were alone admitted. Madame was there in deep mourning; the king invited her because she was fond of plays, telling her that as it was all in the family her state of mourning need not exclude her from what was done so privately in his presence. This favour was much prized.

1702.
Balls and comedies at Versailles.

Longepierre, who had lately returned to Court and had fastened upon the Noailles, had written a singular play under the title of "Electra" which was played with the greatest success on a magnificent stage at the house of the Princesse de Conti [wife of François-Louis] in Paris. Monseigneur and all the Court had hastened to see it on several occasions. The play had no love in it, but plenty of other passions, and situations that were very interesting. I think it was written thus in the hope of inducing the king to see it. But he contented himself with hearing about it; and the representations were confined to the hôtel de Conti, for Longepierre would not allow it to be played elsewhere. He was a queer fellow; an intriguer with much wit and cleverness; soft-spoken, insinuating, and under a tranquil, indifferent manner and a very deceptive philosophy had wormed himself everywhere and mingled in everything, in order to push his way. He succeeded in entering the house of M. le Duc d'Orléans, where we shall find him again, and where, with all his art and his *savoir-faire*, he showed the cloven-foot and was ignominiously dismissed. Among other knowledge he knew Greek, of which, likewise, he had the morals.

The death of the Duchesse de Sully deprived the balls of the noblest dancer of his day, the Chevalier de Sully, her second son, whom the king persisted in making dance, although his age would have led him to renounce it.

The death of the Abbé de Vatteville made less noise, but the singularity of his life deserves not to be omitted. The Vattevilles were people of quality in Franche-Comté. This one, being a younger son, became a Carthusian very young, and after his profession was ordained priest. He had great intelligence, but a free, impetuous spirit, which soon became impatient

Death and adventures of the Abbé de Vatteville.

of the yoke he had taken. Incapable of remaining subject to such galling observances, he began to look about him for means of escape. He managed at last to get secular clothes, money, pistols, and a horse, stationed at a little distance. All this could not be done without exciting some suspicion. His prior suspected him, and entering his cell with a pass-key, he found him in secular clothes on a ladder and about to jump the wall. The prior shouted; the other, without disturbing himself, shot him, and fled. Two or three days after that he stopped to dine at a lonely tavern in the country, for he avoided as much as he could all inhabited places. He got off his horse and asked what there was in the house. The landlord replied, "A fowl and a leg of mutton." "Good!" said the unfrocked, "put them to roast." The landlord began to remonstrate, saying that that was all he had in the house, and it was too much for a single man. The monk was angry, declaring that he had good enough appetite to eat it all, and if he paid for what he wanted he had a right to it. The landlord dared not reply, but turned the spit. Just as the roast was ready to be served, another man on horseback arrived, also alone, expecting to dine at the tavern. He asked what there was to eat, and found there was nothing but what was just ready to come off the spit. Hearing that it was being prepared for a single man he proposed to share it and pay his share, and was much astonished when the landlord told him he doubted, from the manner of the man who had ordered the dinner, whether he would allow it. Thereupon the traveller went upstairs and spoke civilly to Vatteville, asking him to be so kind, since there was nothing else in the house, as to let him share the dinner and pay his part of it. Vatteville would not consent; quarrel—hotter and hotter; briefly, the monk treated the traveller

as he did the prior, and shot him. After which, he went downstairs tranquilly, amid the terror of the landlord and his household, ordered them to serve the fowl and the leg of mutton, ate them clean to the bone, paid the bill, remounted his horse, and rode away.

Not knowing what else to do, he went to Turkey, and, to make a long story short, had himself circumcised, put on a turban, and entered the militia. Abjuring his faith promoted him; his wits and his valour distinguished him; he became a pacha and greatly trusted in the Morea, where the Turks were fighting the Venetians. He took their strongholds, and behaved so well for the Turks that he thought he was strong enough to get some good for himself out of the situation, knowing that he should never be at ease in it. He had means of communication with the generalissimo of the Venetian republic, and made a bargain with him. He promised, verbally, to deliver up several strongholds and secret forces of the Turks, provided the Venetians obtained for him, in proper form, the pope's absolution for all the misdeeds of his life, his murders, his apostasy; also, perfect security against the Carthusians, and against being sent into any other Order; and besides this, plenary restitution to all rights as though he had never abandoned any, especially to the exercise of his order of priesthood, and the power of possessing benefices of any and every kind. The Venetians knew their own interests too well to spare their efforts, and the pope thought the interests of the Church required the support of the Christians against the Turks, so he granted with a good grace the demands of the pacha. When the latter was well assured that these concessions had reached the generalissimo in proper form, he took his measures so well that all he had promised to the Venetians was promptly executed. Immediately after, he escaped to their army, and

went on board one of their vessels, which took him to Italy. He went to Rome, where the pope received him well; and thus supported, he returned to his family in Franche-Comté, where he amused himself by defying the Carthusians.

These singular events made him known at the time of the first conquest of Franche-Comté. He was felt to be a man who was ready for anything, and full of intrigues. He began one soon after with the queen-mother, then with the ministers, who made good use of him at the second conquest of that province. He served them well, but not for nothing. He had stipulated for the archbishopric of Besançon, to which, in fact, shortly after the second conquest, he was appointed. The pope could not bring himself to give him the papal bulls; he brought up the murders, the apostasy, the circumcision. The king joined in with the arguments of the pope; but he compromised with the Abbé de Vatteville, who contented himself with the Abbey of Baume, the second in Franche-Comté, another good benefice in Picardy, and various other advantages. He lived at his Abbey of Baume, sometimes on his own estates, occasionally at Besançon, rarely in Paris or at Court, where, however, he was always received with distinction.

He kept everywhere high living, many equipages, a fine pack of hounds, profuse table, and good company. He did not restrain himself as to ladies, and lived not only like a great lord, feared and respected, but in the ancient fashion, tyrannizing over his estates, his abbeys, and sometimes over his neighbours; in his own house he was absolute. The king's intendants shrugged their shoulders and put up with him; by express orders from Court they let him do what he liked as long as he lived, and did not venture to oppose him in anything, neither in the taxation, which he managed pretty much as he pleased in all his dependencies, nor in his various

undertakings, though they were often very violent. With such habits and behaviour he made himself feared; every one stood in awe of him. He took great pleasure in going sometimes to see the Carthusians, to boast of having torn off their frock. He played very well at *hombre*, and so often won *codille* [term in the game, meaning to win without having played], that he went by the name of the "Abbé Codille." Thus he lived; always with the same license, and in the same consideration, until he was nearly ninety years of age. His brother's grandson married, many years later, a half-sister of M. de Maurepas.

Fagon, the king's physician-in-chief, was operated upon by Maréchal, a celebrated surgeon in Paris, whom he preferred to those of the Court and elsewhere. Fagon, asthmatic, very much deformed, almost fleshless, extremely delicate and subject to attacks of epilepsy, was a difficult *case*, to use the surgical term. Nevertheless he was cured, thanks to his own composure and to the skill of his surgeon, who extracted from him a very large stone. This operation made Maréchal soon after surgeon-in-chief to the king, who had felt the utmost uneasiness about Fagon, in whom for his own health he placed implicit confidence. He gave Maréchal one hundred thousand francs on this occasion. Mme. de Maintenon, who sought to hold the king by every avenue and considered that of physician-in-chief held by a skilful man of intelligence to be one of the most important, especially as the king grew older and his health feebler, had succeeded at last in persuading him to take Fagon. Fagon was one of the finest and best minds in Europe, — eager about everything that related to his profession; great botanist, good chemist, an able connoisseur in surgery, excellent physician, and a fine

Fagon, the king's physician.

practitioner. Moreover, he knew much besides; no better physician than he, but he also understood well the different divisions of mathematics. Very disinterested; an ardent friend, but an enemy that never forgave; he loved virtue, honour, courage, knowledge, industry, merit; and always tried to uphold them, without other cause or interest, and he never failed to fall pretty roughly on those who opposed them, as if they were personally opposing himself. He was dangerous because, though very enlightened, he was easily prejudiced about anything, and once prejudiced he scarcely ever got over it; but if by chance he did so he acted with the best faith in the world, and did all he could to repair whatever harm his prejudice had done. He was the most implacable enemy to those he called charlatans, that is to say, persons who pretended to have secrets and gave remedies of their own, and his prejudices carried him much too far in that direction. He loved his Faculty of Montpellier, and all concerning his profession, to idolatry. In his opinion it was not permissible to be cured except by the regular way of doctors accepted by all Faculties, the laws and directions of which were to him sacred. M. de Beauvilliers, who suffered from a dysentery of long standing combined with a fever which consumed him, was given over by Fagon, who sent him to Bourbon. Hearing this I rushed to the Duc de Chevreuse and exhorted him to throw policy to the winds and send at once for Helvetius. I had the great joy of knowing that he took my advice and started himself the next day with Helvetius. This was a stout Dutchman, who for not having taken his degree as doctor, was the aversion of all physicians, and the particular horror of Fagon. He was called in their language an empiric, who deserved nothing but contempt and persecution, and to employ him brought

down the wrath and the ill-offices of Fagon on whoever did so. Nevertheless Helvetius had been a long time in Paris, curing people who were given up by the regular doctors, and especially the poor, to whom he was very charitable. He received them every day at a fixed hour, as many as chose to come, and gave them remedies and often food. He excelled particularly in obstinate diarrhœas and dysenteries. 'T is to him that we owe the use of the divers preparations of ipecacuanha in such cases, and the discernment of those in which that specific is not timely, or even not proper. It was this that gave Helvetius his vogue. He was a very kind and honest man, upright and sincere. He was also excellent in small-pox and such-like venom diseases; in other respects, only a middling doctor.

M. de Chevreuse told the king what he meant to do, and the king approved, but the strange part was that Fagon was glad, though on other occasions he would have been furious; but as he was fully persuaded that M. de Beauvilliers could not escape and would certainly die, he was delighted that he should do so under Helvetius, in order that he might triumph over him. Thank God, the contrary happened. Helvetius found him at the worst; but in seven or eight days he brought him into a condition of certain cure and made him able to return to Versailles.

The re-forming of the army after the peace of Ryswick was very extensive and most strangely managed. The ex-

I leave the service.

cellence of the regiments, above all in the cavalry, and the merit of the officers and of those who commanded them were not considered by Barbézieux [minister of war], who was young and impetuous, and whom the king left master of the business. I myself had no relations with him. My regiment was disbanded,

Fagon

and as it had been a very good one, he made a present of fragments of it to the Royals, and to Duras' regiment; my company was incorporated into that of the Comte d'Uzès, his brother-in-law, of which he took special care. That my fate was common with that of many others was no consolation to me; the colonels of these dispersed regiments were put at the tail of the other regiments; and my lot threw me into that of Saint-Moris, a gentleman of Franche-Comté, whom I had never seen in my life.

After a time they restored some of the colonels who were my juniors; but these were old officers who had obtained their regiments by dint of services and time; and that reason satisfied me. There was talk of promotion, but it did not stir me; this was no longer a time when birth and dignities availed; except for actions, and those on the field, no distinctions were obtainable. Besides, too many ranked me for any hope of my being a brigadier. What I wanted was a regiment, and to serve at its head now that another war was opening; and not to have the disgust of beginning that war as mere aide-de-camp to Saint-Moris — I, who had been recommended for distinction on returning from the campaign of Neerwinden, and had, I dare to say it, commanded with industry and reputation during the four following campaigns which ended the war.

The promotion was made, and it amazed every one by its great numbers; never had there been so many, nor anything like it. I read the list of the cavalry brigadiers eagerly, expecting to see my name. I was astonished when I saw five of my juniors at the tail of it. Their names have never left my memory. I was silent, however, — in order to do nothing unwise in anger. M. le Maréchal de Lorges was incensed for me as well as for himself. His brother was not less so. The latter felt a friendship for

me. They both proposed that I should leave the service. Vexation gave me a strong desire to do so; but the thought of my age, the opening war, the renunciation of all the hopes of my profession, the dread of idleness, the pain of the summers when all the talk would be of war, the departures, the promotions of those who distinguished themselves, who raised themselves, who acquired reputation — all this held me back powerfully. I passed two months thus torn in mind, — resigning every morning and yet, directly after, unable to resolve upon it.

Driven to an end of this conflict with myself, and urged by the two marshals, I resolved to seek judges to whose opinion I would yield, and to take them from different stations; I chose, therefore, the Maréchal de Choiseul, under whom I had served and a good judge of such matters, M. de Beauvilliers, M. le Chancelier, and M. de La Rochefoucauld. I had already made my complaint to them; they were indignant at the injustice, but the last three were courtiers. That was precisely what I wanted. That spirit was calculated to temper their counsel, and as I was only seeking that which would be approved by the world, by men of weight who approached the king, and above all, a counsel which should not be capable of thoughtlessness, imprudence, nor be liable to repentance, it was to those men that I determined to resign the decision as to my conduct.

The expectation I formed was mistaken; the three courtiers were of the same opinion as the three marshals. They all told me forcibly that it would be shameful and indefensible that a man of my birth, my dignity, who had served with some honour, assiduity, and approbation at the head of a fine and good regiment disbanded for no reason, left out of a numerous promotion, and seeing five of his juniors passed over him with the greatest injustice, should

return to the field not only without a brigade, but without regiment, without troops, without company, and with no function other than to be in the suite of Saint-Moris. They declared that a duke and peer of my birth, established as I then was with wife and children, ought not to serve in the armies as a mere adventurer, and see other men so different from what I was, and, worse still, from what I had been, obtaining the employments and the regiments.

I had not taken them for judges to appeal against their judgment. My course was therefore chosen for me; but though I believed that it was done wisely, I felt that I still hesitated. I needed all my anger, all my vexation, and to remember what I had seen happen to the Maréchal de Lorges at the head of the army of the Rhine. Nearly three months went by in this inward anguish before I could make my determination. Finally I made it; and then came the method of execution. Again I followed the advice of the same persons. I allowed no words of discontent to escape me; I was satisfied to leave to the public, above all to the military, my neglect in the promotion. As for myself, the king's anger was inevitable. These gentlemen had already prepared me for that, and I fully expected it. Shall I venture to say that it was not indifferent to me? He was always offended if any one ceased to serve him. He called it leaving him, especially if the persons were distinguished. But what stung him to the quick was to be quitted on account of an injustice; he made whoever did so feel it a long time.

I therefore wrote a very short letter to the king, without complaint of any kind, or the least mention of any displeasure, merely expressing my regret that the necessity of my ill-health obliged me to leave his service, for which I could only console myself by an assiduity towards his person which

would procure me the honour of seeing him and of paying him my court continually. The letter was approved by my advisers, and on Tuesday of Holy Week I gave it to the king myself at the door of his cabinet as he returned from mass. I learned afterwards from the chancellor that on entering the king's cabinet with the council, he found him reading my letter; he called to the chancellor and said with emotion: "Well, monsieur, here is another man who leaves us," and thereupon repeated to him my letter, word for word.

For three consecutive years he never neglected the slightest trifle (in default of important occasions) to make me feel how much he was angered. He never spoke to me; his eyes never fell upon me except by accident. He never mentioned my letter to the Maréchal de Lorges, nor the fact that I had left the service. I no longer went to Marly; and after a few of those trips I ceased to give him the satisfaction of refusing me.

To make an end of these petty affairs: fourteen or fifteen months later the king made a trip to Trianon. The princesses were accustomed to each name two ladies to be present at his supper, and the king never meddled with that pleasure. But after a while he grew tired of it. The faces that he saw at his table displeased him, for he was not accustomed to them; and he took to making a list, and a very short one, of the ladies he himself wished at the supper, and sent it every day to the Duchesse du Lude, in order that she should inform those ladies. This trip to Trianon was from a Wednesday to Saturday, consequently three suppers. We did, Mme. de Saint-Simon and I, on that Trianon day as we usually did on the Marly days; we dined with the Chamillarts at l'Étang, intending to go from there to sleep in Paris. Just as we were about to sit down to dinner Mme. de Saint-Simon received a message from the Duchesse du Lude, in-

forming her that she was on the king's list for the supper of that day. The surprise was great, and we returned to Versailles. Mme. de Saint-Simon found herself the only woman of her age at the king's table, with Mmes. de Chevreuse and de Beauvilliers, the Comtesse de Grammont, and three or four other favourite duennas, the necessary palace ladies, and no others. Friday she was again named with the same ladies. After that, the king invited her always on his trips to Trianon. I was soon aware of his reason, and I laughed at it. He never named Mme. de Saint-Simon for Marly, because the husbands had a right to go there when their wives were invited; they slept there, and no one saw the king except those who were on his list. The king intended to mark in this way that the exclusion was for me alone, and that Mme. de Saint-Simon had no part in it. However, we persevered in our customary assiduity, though without ever asking for Marly; we lived agreeably with our friends, and Mme. de Saint-Simon continued to enjoy as usual all the pleasures which were not to be shared by me, and which the king and Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne had long before this been in the habit of giving her, and which, indeed, went on increasing. I have preferred to exhaust this whole topic at once; in view of the king's character, it has its interest.

Period of my intimate relations with the Duc d'Orléans.

I said in the beginning of these Memoirs that from my earliest childhood I had seen much of the Duc de Chartres,—now Duc d'Orléans. This intimacy lasted until he had fully entered into the world, and even until after the campaign of 1693, when he commanded the cavalry of the army of M. de Luxembourg, in which I served. The tighter he was held, the more he piqued himself on being a libertine. The unregulated lives of M. le Duc, and M. le Prince de Conti inspired

him with a sad emulation; the debauchery of the Court and city laid hold of him; disgust at his forced and unsuitable marriage made him seek compensation in other pleasures; and the vexation he felt at finding himself held at arm's length from the command of the armies, and deceived as to the governments and other favours that were promised to him, — all these things had contributed to fling him into a most licentious course of conduct, which he piqued himself on carrying to its farthest limits in order to mark the contempt he felt for his wife, and for the anger shown to him by the king. This life, which could not square with mine, withdrew me from the prince; I only saw him on rare occasions, and then for a few moments only, as a matter of courtesy. For six or seven years I seldom met him, but when I did so, he always spoke to me with the same frank air. My life, however, did not suit him any more than his life suited me; so that the separation had by this time become complete. The death of Monsieur, though of necessity it brought him back to the king, and also to his wife, did not break up his customary engagements and pleasures. He behaved more decently to his wife, and more respectfully to the king, but the bent of debauchery was taken; it had entered his mind as a fine and distinguished thing which belonged to his age, and protected him against the ridicule which he fancied was attached to a life that was less disorderly. He admired those who were most outrageous and most persistent in licentiousness, and this slight change on his part towards the Court did not alter his habits, or put an end to his secret pleasures in Paris, which now kept him going and coming between the Court and city continually. It is not yet time to give an idea of this prince, whom we shall see so powerful on the stage of the world and in such different situations.

Mme. de Fontaine-Martel was at Saint-Cloud; she was

one of the ladies of Monsieur's former Court, and all her life extremely distinguished in the great world. In consequence of seeing each other frequently, Mme. de Fontaine-Martel and I had formed a friendship, which lasted ever after. She often asked me why I no longer saw M. le Duc d'Orléans, and said it was ridiculous on both sides, because, in spite of the difference in our lives, we suited each other at a thousand points. I laughed, and let her talk. One day at Saint-Cloud she attacked the Duc d'Orléans on the same matter, while he was talking with her and the Duchesse de Villeroy and Mme. de Saint-Simon; all three of whom said very obliging things of me. The duke expressed his regrets that I thought him too much of a libertine, and spoke of his desire to renew his relations with me. Mme. de Saint-Simon was asked to write to me; I answered as I ought; but when she returned to La Ferté, she told me that things had gone to a point at which I could not resist.

I had taken it all as a fancy of Mme. de Fontaine-Martel and a politeness on the part of the Duc d'Orléans, — in short, one of those plans or projects which never get themselves executed. The difference in our tastes and lives persuaded me that the prince and I would never again suit each other, and that I should do much better to keep where I was, after paying him on my return to Versailles a visit of respect and thanks, and nothing further. I was mistaken. The visit, which after my return I constantly postponed until M. le Duc d'Orléans reproached the ladies for my neglect, was received with eagerness. Whether it was that our early friendship revived or that he desired to have some one at Versailles with whom he could be intimate, for he was often greatly bored there, our meeting went off with such favour on his part that I felt I was back in our old

Palais-Royal. He begged me to come and see him often; he urged my visits; I may venture to say that he boasted of my return to him, and neglected nothing that could once more bind me to him. This renewal of our friendship was, on my part, the result of the advances with which he honoured me; and an entire confidence soon became the seal of that friendship which lasted to the end of his life without a break, in spite of some brief interruptions caused by intrigues after he was master of the State. Such was the renewal of that intimate relation, which exposed me to many dangers, made me figure for a time before the world, and I may dare to say with truth, was not less useful to the prince than to the servitor, and from which it rested with M. le Duc d'Orléans to draw very great advantages.

Battle of Friedlingen.

The necessity of succouring the Elector of Bavaria, molested by the Imperial army, and that also of being reinforced by him, led to a decision to endeavour to cross the Rhine. It was proposed to Maréchal Catinat, perhaps with too few troops and too little means. I say perhaps, because I do not know it to have been so; I only suspect it from his refusal to undertake the move. On his default, Villars, who saw fortune on the other side of that passage, accepted the enterprise, sure of risking nothing if he failed where Catinat had refused the attempt. But, like an able man, he chose to be in force, and he waited for a large detachment from the army of Flanders. He then marched straight to Huningue, reconnoitred the banks of the Rhine, chose the place for his bridge directly opposite Huningue where a large island would be useful to him, the broadest arm of the river being between him and the island, the narrowest between the island and the other bank of the Rhine, on which was the little town

of Neubourg, held and intrenched by the Imperial forces. He arrived at Huningue on the 30th of September; making the bridge was an affair of twenty-four hours. On the 1st of October at mid-day, he sent over forty pieces of cannon with the Champagne and Bourbonnais regiments, whom he quartered on the island and began to work on the second bridge. Master now of the passage of the Rhine, he intended to wait for news from the Elector of Bavaria; but Prince Louis of Baden and many of his general officers intrenched themselves at Friedlingen. On the 12th, Laubanie, with a detachment of the garrison of Neuf-Brisach, crossed the Rhine in small boats, carried the village of Neubourg, sword in hand, and was followed by M. de Guiscard over the bridge with twenty squadrons of horse and ten battalions of infantry. Prince Louis, on receiving this news, never doubting that Villars would cross at that point, left Friedlingen and marched to Neubourg on the 14th. But that same morning Villars, warned of his march, left Huningue and passed his whole force over the first bridge to the island. From there the cavalry forded the narrow arm of the river and the infantry with the artillery went over the second bridge, which he had had time to move and carry to Friedlingen. Thereupon Prince Louis, then on the march, turned the flank of a little mountain and gained the crest with five of his squadrons, while thirty-seven other squadrons marched upon Villars sooner than he expected. Three charges threw the Imperial cavalry into disorder; but the other battalions being posted on the mountain it was necessary to dislodge them. This attack on the mountain was such that the troops were blown and slightly in disorder on arriving, so that they could not resist a compact and rested infantry, which caused them to lose ground and retreat to the base in greater disorder than that in which they had gone up. All this took time, so

that Villars, who remained at the base, losing sight of his cavalry (which was then two miles beyond him in pursuit of that of the emperor), lost his head, believed the battle lost, and was tearing his hair under a tree, when he saw Magnac, first lieutenant-general of the army, hurrying up at a gallop, with a single aide-de-camp. Villars, not doubting then of a catastrophe, called out to him, "Hey! Magnac, are we lost?" At his voice Magnac rode up to the tree and was greatly amazed to see Villars in such a state. "What are you doing there?" he cried. "What are you thinking about? They are beaten; the day is ours!" Thereupon Villars brushed off his tears, and hurried with Magnac to his infantry, both of them shouting victory. Their victorious cries gave our troops fresh courage, so that after several charges, the enemy retired and were pursued for some time. Villars faced the thing out with effrontery and Magnac dared not speak of the adventure except under his breath. But when he found, later, that Villars was taking all the credit and getting all the rewards and sharing none, he burst forth to the army, and then to the Court, where his tale made a great noise; but Villars, who had won the prize of the victory and had Mme. de Maintenon on his side, only shook his ears and said nothing.

This child of fortune will be henceforth and continually a personage so considerable that it is proper here to make him known. He was a rather tall, dark man, well-made, growing fat as he grew older, without becoming heavy; with a lively, open, impulsive face, in truth a little wild, to which both gestures and behaviour answered; inordinate ambition, which never stopped for means; a great opinion of himself, which he was never able to communicate except to the king; gallantry, the outside skin of which was always romantic;

Character of Villars.

great baseness and great suppleness towards those who could serve him, being himself incapable of loving or serving any one, or of any sort of gratitude; a brilliant valour, a great activity, audacity unparalleled, effrontery which dared all and stopped at nothing, with a swagger driven to the last excess, and which never left him; enough mind to impose on fools by its own self-confidence; facility of speech, but over-abundant, and the more repulsive because it always harked back upon himself, praising himself, and boasting that *he* had foreseen all, advised all, done all, without ever, if he could help it, allowing anything to others. Under a Gascon spirit of magnificence, extreme avarice, the greed of a harpy, which won him piles of gold during the wars; for, after he reached the head of the armies, it was piled up hand over hand; at which he sometimes joked himself, without the least shame in employing detachments and directing their movements for this end. Incapable of details as to subsistence, transportation, forage, marches, — all of which he left to whoever among his general officers would take the trouble to attend to them, — but always taking the credit thereof himself. His cleverness consisted in making much of slight things and all chances. Compliments stood him in good stead; but anything more solid it was needless to expect — he himself was nothing so little as solid. Always occupied with futilities, when he was not dragged away from them by the imminent importance of events. He was a repertory of novels, comedies, operas, scraps of which he quoted at all times, even in the most serious conferences.

His ignorance, and, if I may say the word, his ludicrous incapacity for business were inconceivable in a man who had been so long and so grandly employed. His mind lost itself, and he could not recover it; conception was lacking;

he constantly said the contrary of what others saw that he meant to say. I have often been amazed by this, and forced to set him right or speak for him, after I was engaged with him in public matters during the Regency. Nothing could ever stop his gambling, because he was very lucky and won enormous sums. His only concern was to maintain his position, and let others do what he ought to have done or seen done himself. Such a man could not be amiable; consequently he had neither friends nor attached followers; and no man ever lived in such great employments with less consideration from others.

The fame which his unfailing luck will give him in days to come has often disgusted me with history; and I have known an infinite number of persons who have made the same reflection. His family have had the imprudence to let Memoirs (which no one can fail to see are his) appear too soon after his death. I was young and only the colonel of a regiment of cavalry in 1694 and the following years; but in the first I was son-in-law of the general of the army; and during the other years in the most intimate confidence of the Maréchal de Choiseul, who succeeded my father-in-law. That is enough to enable me to see very distinctly that the boastfulness of those Memoirs as to those campaigns is without the least foundation, and that all that he says of himself is pure romance. I have known the principal officers who served with him and under him in the other campaigns which he relates, in which all is false, many of the facts being entirely invented, or with a mere foundation on which he has built up his own praises, and robbed others of a merit which he appropriated.

As for his negotiations in Bavaria and at Vienna, which he describes in such fine colours, I asked the truth of M. de Torcy, to whom at the time he had to report, and upon

whose orders and instructions he was obliged to govern himself. Torcy assured me that he admired the romance, in which everything was a lie; that no fact and no word of it was true. Torcy was then minister and secretary of State for foreign affairs, and everything passed through his hands. His integrity and truthfulness have never been doubted in France or in foreign countries.

Such was the vanity of Villars in seeking to be a hero of all kinds to posterity, at the cost of lies and calumnies, which form the tissue of the romance of his Memoirs, and the folly of those who hastened to publish them before the death of the witnesses of those things, the spectators of a marvellous man, who, with all his art, his unexampled luck, the greatest dignities, and the highest positions in the State, was never anything but a strolling comedian, and more often a mountebank on his platform.

Among so many and such great defects it would not be just to deny him certain qualities. He was a Captain. His projects were bold, vast, and nearly always good; no man was better fitted for the execution of them, in the handling of troops, in concealing his designs and bringing them up at the right moment, and in posting them for the attack. His *coup d'œil*, though good, was not always equally true; in action his head was clear, but liable to too much ardour, and in that way he was often confused. The incoherence of his orders was extreme; seldom written, always vague and general — under pretence of esteem and reliance — and wordy, reserving carefully the chance to attribute to himself success or throw the blame of failure on the executors. After attaining to the head of the armies, his audacity was only in words. Always the same in personal valour, he was altogether different in courage of mind. Intrigues were no mystery to him. He managed

the king by adoration, and kept Mme. de Maintenon true to him by yielding to her will without reserve and without repugnance. I cannot better finish this too long portrait, in which I think, however, I have said nothing useless, and have scrupulously respected the obligations of truth, — I cannot, I say, better close than with the following maxim of Villars' mother, who from the first dazzle of his fortune constantly said to him: "My son, always talk to the king about yourself, but never speak of yourself to others." He profited, usefully, by the first part of this advice, but not by the second, for he never ceased to stun and weary everybody with his affairs.

Death of the Duchesse de Gesvres.

The Duchesse de Gesvres died in the course of this summer, separated from a husband who was the scourge of his family and had wasted its millions. Her name was Du Val, the only daughter of Fontenay-Mareuil, ambassador of France to Rome at the time of the enterprise of the Duc de Guise at Naples. She was a species of ghost, very tall and thin, and she walked like those great birds that are called Numidian cranes. She sometimes came to Court in her odd, peculiar way, with a look of the famine to which her husband had reduced her. She had much virtue, mind, and dignity. I remember that one summer, when the king had taken a fancy to go often in the evening to Trianon, and permitted the whole Court, men and women, to follow him, there was always a grand collation served to his daughters, the princesses, who brought their friends, and to any of the other ladies who went if they chose. It happened one evening that the Duchesse de Gesvres took it into her head to go to Trianon, and take the collation. Her age, the rarity of her presence at Court, her accoutrements, her figure excited the princesses to make fun of

her in whispers among their favourites. She saw it, and without disturbing herself, gave them a piece of her mind so neatly and dryly that she stopped their tongues and made them lower their eyes. That was not all, for after the collation was over she expressed herself so freely and yet humorously about their behaviour that terror brought them to the point of making excuses and begging for quarter. Mme. de Gesvres was very willing to grant it, but she let them be informed that it was only on condition that they learned how to behave. Ever after they dared not look in her eyes.

Nothing could be more magnificent than these evenings at Trianon. All the flower-beds changed their compartments every day; and I have seen the king and the whole Court obliged to leave the gardens because of the tuberoses, the fragrance of which perfumed the air, but was so strong on account of their quantity that no one could stay in the gardens, vast as they were, nor on the terrace along the arm of the canal.

Mgr. the Duc de Bourgogne enters the Councils.

On Monday, December 4, when leaving the council of despatches, at which Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne was present, the king said to him that he gave him admittance to the council of finances and even to the council of State; that he expected him to listen and inform himself for some time, without expressing his opinion; but that after doing so he should be very glad to have him enter fully into affairs. The prince had no expectation of this, for Monseigneur was not admitted until he was very much older, and accordingly he was greatly touched by this honour. Mme. de Maintenon, out of friendship for the Duchesse de Bourgogne, had a large share in it; and so had the testimony which the Duc de Beauvilliers gave to the king as to the

maturity of mind and the application of the young prince. The Duchesse de Bourgogne was transported with joy; and M. de Beauvilliers was delighted.

The celebrated Vauban, who had been the soul of all the sieges made by the king in person, was named

1703. Maréchal Vauban.

Leprêtre, a plain gentleman from the Nivernois, but perhaps the most honest man and the most virtuous of his epoch. With the highest reputation for knowledge in the art of sieges and fortifications, the most simple, the most true, the most modest of human beings. He was a man of medium height, rather thick-set, with the look of a warrior, but also a bluff and coarse exterior, not to say brutal and ferocious; whereas he was nothing of the kind. Never a man more gentle, compassionate, obliging; respectful but without politeness; the most sparing manager of the lives of men; a gallant heart that took all upon himself and gave all to others. It is inconceivable that with such uprightness and such frankness, incapable of lending himself to anything that was false or base, he should have won to the point he did the friendship and confidence of Louvois and the king.

The latter had disclosed to him the previous year his desire to make him maréchal of France, and Vauban had entreated him to reflect that this dignity was not intended for a man of his station, and one who could never command the armies; and moreover that great embarrassment would ensue if in laying a siege the general in command should be of younger rank than himself. A refusal so generous, supported by reasons which virtue alone suggested, increased the desire of the king to reward him. Vauban had laid fifty-three sieges, twenty in presence of the king, who felt that he was making himself a marshal of France and honouring his own laurels in giving the *bâton* to Vauban. The

latter received it with the same modesty he had shown in his disinterested refusal. Every one applauded this honour, to which no one in his position had ever reached before or has ever reached since. Later, at the time of the siege of Turin, Vauban did a noble action. He offered himself to the king, urging him to send him there to give his advice, with orders to keep, during the intervals, at two leagues from the army, so as not to interfere with anything else while there. He added that he would fling his *bâton* behind the door; that it was not just that the honour to which the king had raised him should make him useless in his service, and rather than that he would prefer to give it back. This Roman offer was not accepted.

We have seen what Vauban was on the occasion of his elevation to the office of maréchal of France. We shall now see him brought to the grave by the bitterness of grief for that which ought to have crowned him with honour, and would, anywhere but in France, have won him everything. To understand the force of what I have to say, the above brief portrait must be remembered; and it should also be known that what I have said and shall say is derived from his actions and a reputation contradicted by none, either while he lived or since his death, and that I never had with him, or with any one belonging to him, the slightest connection.

Vauban's book on the royal tithe.

Patriot that he was, he had all his life been touched by the misery of the people and the trials which they suffer. The knowledge which his employments gave him of the necessity of expenditures, and the little hope there was that the king would retrench those for splendour and amusements, made him groan at seeing no remedy for an oppression the weight of which was increasing day by day. With this upon his mind, he never made a journey (and he crossed

the kingdom often and in all directions) that he did not gather exact information everywhere as to the value and product of land, as to the sort of commerce and industry in the different provinces and towns, as to the nature and levying of taxes, and as to the manner of collecting them. Not content with what he could see and do by himself, he sent secretly wherever he could not go, and even where he had been and where he meant to go, in order to learn everything and compare the reports with what he was able to ascertain for himself. The last twenty years of his life were passed in these researches, on which he spent much money. He verified them often with all the accuracy and precision he could bring to bear, and he excelled in both qualities. Finally, he convinced himself that land was the only solid property, and he set to work to construct a new system.

He was well advanced in this work when there began to appear various little books by the Sieur de Boisguilbert, lieutenant-general at the siege of Rouen, a man of much mind, industry, and detail, who had been stirred by the same ideas as Vauban, and had also worked at them for a long time. He had already made progress before the time when Pontchartrain, leaving the finances, became chancellor. Boisguilbert came to Paris expressly to see him. Pontchartrain, disgusted with the many givers of advice who passed through his hands, and who was all saltpetre himself, began to laugh, answered roughly, and turned his back upon him. Boisguilbert returned to Rouen, not discouraged at his ill-success, and set to work more indefatigably than ever at his plan, which was much the same as that of Vauban, without the two ever knowing each other. From this labour was born a book that was very learned and profound upon this subject.

Vauban, always engaged in his own work, saw this book and read it with attention, together with others by the same author which followed it. He then desired to talk with Boisguilbert. Little attached to his own writings, but ardent for the relief of the People and the good of the State, he retouched them and perfected them on Boisguilbert's work and put the final touches. The two men agreed perfectly on the principal points, but not on all others.

Vauban had the advantage over Boisguilbert of having examined, weighed, compared, and calculated himself in his various journeys during twenty years, also in what he had gathered from the labours of others whom he sent into the provinces for that purpose during many years; things which Boisguilbert, being sedentary at Rouen, could not have compassed. Also he had had the advantage of rectifying his work by the lights and the works of the latter, and thus he might flatter himself to surpass him in accuracy and precision, the fundamental basis of such labour.

The system of Vauban abolished all kinds of taxes, for which he substituted one only, divided into two branches, to which he gave the name of "royal tithe;" one branch on the land to a tenth of its product, the other lightly laid by appraisal upon commerce and industry, which he thought, far from being burdened, should be encouraged. He enjoined regulations, that were very simple, very wise, and very easy, for the levying and collecting of the two imposts, according to the value of the land, and in regard to the number of men on whom to count with most precision throughout the kingdom. He added a comparison of the system of assessment then in use with that which he proposed, the objections to both, and, reciprocally, their advantages; concluding by

proofs in favour of his own, of a clearness and obviousness which could not be rejected. The work received the public plaudits and approbation of those persons who were most competent to judge of such calculations; and all who were versed in those matters admired the depth, the accuracy, and the clearness of his work.

But the book had a great defect. It gave, in truth, to the king more than he could derive from any of the means heretofore employed; it also saved the people from distress and from vexations; it enriched them by leaving them all, or nearly all, that did not go into the coffers of the king, *but* it ruined an army of financiers, clerks, employés of all kinds; it reduced them to seek to live at their own charge, and not on that of the public; it sapped the foundations of those immense fortunes which we have seen grow up in such little time. That was enough to wreck the scheme.

The crime was that under this new system there would come an end to the authority of the controller-general, his favour, his fortune, his omnipotence, and, in proportion, to that of intendants of finance, intendants of the provinces, their secretaries, clerks, protégés, to the private means of information of these persons, to their influence; and moreover, by the same blow, they would all be deprived of the power of doing good or evil to any one. It is not surprising that so many powerful persons of all kinds, from whose hands the book wrenched everything, should conspire against a system so useful to the State, so fortunate for the king, so beneficial for the people of the kingdom, but so ruinous to themselves. The whole long-robe roared for its interests. The legal body is the regulator of taxes, through the offices that belong to all sorts of administration, and to these it has exclusive access over others. In a word, none but the powerless and the disinterested were for Vauban and Bois-

guilbert, — I mean the Church and the nobility; as for the people, they gained everything, but they were ignorant how near they were to salvation; the lower bourgeoisie alone deplored its failure.

It was therefore no wonder that the king, hemmed about and prejudiced in this way, received Maréchal Vauban very ill when he presented to him his book, which was addressed to himself throughout the whole work. We can imagine whether the ministers to whom Vauban also presented it gave it a better welcome. From that moment his services, his military capacity, which was unique in its own line, his virtues, the affection the king had always shown him, even to thinking he crowned his own head with laurel in elevating Vauban, all this disappeared from the king's sight in a moment. He saw him now as a man crazed by his love for the people; a criminal, attacking the authority of his ministers, and consequently his own. He expressed himself in this manner without reserve. The echo reverberated sharply through the nation, and all the offended parties abused their triumph unmercifully. The unhappy maréchal, borne upon the hearts of Frenchmen, could not survive the loss of the good graces of a master for whom he had done all. He died a few months later, seeing no one, consumed with sorrow and an affliction that nothing softened; to which the king was insensible, even pretending not to notice that he had lost a servant so useful and so illustrious. But Vauban was, none the less, celebrated throughout all Europe, even by his enemies; nor was he less regretted in France by those who were not financiers, or the tools of financiers.

Fagon, the king's chief physician, who possessed all his confidence and that of Mme. de Maintenon as to their health, had induced the king to take Maréchal, surgeon of the Charité in Paris, as his surgeon-in-chief, he being the

first of all in skill and reputation. Besides his capacity in his profession, Maréchal was a man who, with very little mind, had very good sense, knew his men well, was full of honour, equity, integrity, and aversion to the contrary; straightforward, frank, and true; very ready to be serviceable either from justice or friendship, and committing himself willingly to break the ice with the king after he was fairly initiated, which he soon was, in his various familiar employments about him.

Maréchal, the king's surgeon. Curious fact about Port-Royal des Champs.

I remember that he related to Mme. de Saint-Simon and me a circumstance that happened to him, and which deserves to be recorded. Less than a year after he became chief-surgeon, but still seeing, as he had always done, patients of every kind who needed his skilful hand in Versailles and its neighbourhood, he was asked by the surgeon of Port-Royal des Champs to go there and see a nun whose leg it seemed to him desirable to amputate. Maréchal engaged to do so the next day. On that next day, as he left the *lever* of the king, another operation was proposed to him. He excused himself on the ground of the engagement he had already made for Port-Royal. At that name one of the Faculty drew him aside, and asked him if he knew what he was doing in going to Port-Royal. Maréchal, very simple hearted, and quite unaware of the matters which under that name had made so much disturbance, was surprised at the question, and still more when told that he risked being dismissed. He could not understand that the king should object to his going to see whether or not they should cut off the leg of a nun. By way of compromise he promised to speak to the king before he went. Accordingly, he waited for the king on his return from mass, and as that was not the hour when he was accustomed to present himself, the king, surprised, asked him

what he wanted. Maréchal related with simplicity what had brought him, and mentioned his own surprise. At the name of Port-Royal the king drew himself up, as he always did when anything displeased him, and stood for two or three *Paters* without answering, grave and reflective. Then he said: "I am willing that you should go, but on condition that you go at once, so as to have plenty of time before you, and thus, under pretext of curiosity, see everything about the house, the nuns in the choir and wherever you can find them; make them talk, examine them well and closely, and come back to-night and give me an account of it." Maréchal, still more surprised, made his trip, saw everything, and did not fail to do exactly as prescribed. He was awaited with impatience; the king asked for him several times, and after his arrival kept him more than an hour asking questions and hearing his tale. Maréchal made a eulogy on Port-Royal; he told the king that the first words said to him were an inquiry as to the king's health, and it was often renewed; that there was no institution where his Majesty was so prayed for, as he witnessed himself during the services in the choir. He admired the charity, patience, and contrition he saw everywhere, and he added that he had never been in any house where the piety and saintliness made so great an impression on him. At the end of this narration the king gave a sigh, and said they were saints who had been harassed too much; their ignorance of facts, and their obstinacy had not been sufficiently considered, and matters had gone much too far in regard to them. Here we see just and natural feeling produced by the straightforward narrative of a fresh and neutral man, who tells what he has seen, — a man whom the king could not distrust, and who had full liberty to speak his mind. But the king, sold to the other side, gave access to

none other; so that this chance impression of the actual truth was soon annihilated. He had no remembrance of it some years later, when Père Tellier obliged him to destroy Port-Royal, even to its very stones and material foundations, and pass a ploughshare through them.

IX

Princesse des Ursins takes possession of Queen of Spain.

If we remember what I said of the Princesse des Ursins at the time she was chosen to be *camarera-mayor* to the Queen of Spain on her marriage, and since then under her apparent regency during the journey of the king to Italy, we shall see that Mme. des Ursins wished to reign. She could only attain to this end by giving the queen a taste for business and the desire to rule; using the temperament of Philippe V. and the graces of his wife to enable her to share a sceptre which, leaving externals to the king, should pass the essential power to the queen, in other words to herself, who would govern the latter and through her the king and the monarchy. So great a project had an indispensable need of being supported by the King of France, who, especially in these beginnings, governed the Court of Spain no less than he did his own with entire influence upon everything. In this vast scheme, conceived as soon as she had met and fathomed the king and queen, she was assisted by the thoughtless folly of the Spanish ladies on the journey between Provence and Barcelona, which led the queen to feel that she had no other resource than in the princess to whom she now gave herself up entirely. The queen had been brought up no less carefully than the Duchesse de Bourgogne, nor was she less well-educated. She was born with a mind; in her first youth a good mind, sensible, firm, consistent, capable of accepting advice and restraint, which, when developed and formed by after events, showed a constancy and courage that the sweetness and

natural graces of this same mind lifted higher still. A spirit of this kind, led in the first instance by a spirit like that of the Princesse des Ursins at all hours and without witnesses, was likely to go far, as it did.

We can well believe that Mme. des Ursins did not neglect to pay assiduous attention to our Court, and to render an exact account of all that related to the queen down to the smallest details, and to make the most of her own services. These accounts were addressed to Mme. de Maintenon and given by her to the king. At the same time she was not less careful to keep the King of Spain when in Italy fully informed, while inducing the queen to write to him and also to her sister the Duchesse de Bourgogne. The praises which the Princesse des Ursins gave the queen in these letters led, little by little and very naturally, to public affairs; and as she was a witness of all that went on, she began also, little by little, to enlarge on those affairs, and so to accustom the two kings to see her well-informed about such matters as the result of her attendance on the queen, without giving them cause to suspect her of ambition or the desire to meddle. Thus insensibly anchored, and almost sure of Spain if France supported her, she flattered Mme. de Maintenon, by degrees so as not to advance without reason, until she succeeded in persuading her that the influence she obtained could only be for Mme. de Maintenon's interests; that if she were allowed authority in public matters she would use it only to obey her blindly; that by her in Madrid she, Mme. de Maintenon, at Versailles would reign over Spain more absolutely than she reigned in France, because she would have no need of byways, she had only to command; and finally, that she could only attain this degree of power through her, Mme. des Ursins, who would neither have nor hope for any other support; whereas the ambassadors were governed by

the ministers in France, and would act together against the King of Spain and independently against Mme. de Maintenon, who would thus be ignorant of much and without a clue to events, and therefore not in a position to influence affairs except by long and circuitous ways, and then only in such affairs as she would learn from the king.

Mme. de Maintenon, whose passion was to know all, share in all, and govern all, was bewitched by the siren. This way of governing Spain without ministers seemed to her a great political stroke. She seized it with avidity, not perceiving that she would govern only in appearance and would enable Mme. des Ursins to govern in fact, inasmuch as she herself would know things only through her, and see them on the side only which the latter would choose to present. Hence the intimate union between these two important women; hence the unbounded authority of Mme. des Ursins.

This great step made, and the secret and intimate alliance contracted between the two women to govern Spain, it was necessary to make the King of Spain fall into the same net; nature had provided the way, and the necessary art achieved it. This prince, the younger brother of a passionate, violent, impetuous elder, who was full of intellect but terrible in temper and unreasonable in will (I say this the more freely because in the end the triumph of his virtue will be seen), — this younger brother, I say, had been brought up in a dependence, a submission, which were necessary to avoid trouble and establish the tranquillity of the royal family. Up to the time of the will of Charles II. the Duc d'Anjou had been regarded by every one as a subject for life, who, the greater he was by birth, had the more to fear under a king and brother such as I have just represented, and who, consequently, could not be too much kept under by education and coated with

Character of Philippe V.

patience and dependence. Supreme law, in other words reasons of State, required this supremacy of the elder over the personality of the younger brother, for the safety aud happiness of the kingdom. His mind, and all that depended on it, was dwarfed and kept down by this necessary sort of education, which, falling upon a gentle, tranquil nature, accustomed him to neither think nor produce, but to let himself be easily led; although enough right-mindedness still remained to choose the best of what was offered to him, and even to express himself in good terms when the slowness, not to say laziness, of his mind did not prevent him from speaking at all. The great piety which had been carefully instilled into his soul and which he always retained, not finding in him the habit of judging and discerning, dwarfed and subdued him still further; so that with sense, intelligence, and a faculty of expression slow but accurate and capable of good terms, he was, nevertheless, a prince trained expressly to be shut up and governed.

After the return of the king to Madrid the queen was not excluded from the secrets or the affairs of the administration. She no longer presided over the Junta, but nothing was there deliberated without her knowledge. The confidence and affection she had for her *camarera-mayor* was soon passed by her to the king who sought only to please her. Before long the Junta became a show; everything went privately to the king, usually before the queen, who decided nothing on the spot, but made her decision later between herself and Mme. des Ursins; this conduct was not forbidden by our Court. The Cardinals Portocarrero and d'Estrées in vain complained of it and appealed to our ministers. Mme. de Maintenon laughed them to scorn; and the king thought it a fine stroke of policy to in-

crease more and more the influence of the Queen of Spain, in the belief (which Mme. de Maintenon's personal interests put into his head) that he could govern the king his grandson more surely through the queen than in any other way.[1]

The affair of the quête.

Another affair ended this year in which I took a part. There were certain great feast-days when the king attended both high mass and vespers, at which some lady of the Court collected [*quêtoit*] for the poor. It was the queen or, if there were no queen, the dauphine who appointed this lady on the occasion of each *quête;* in the interval between the two dauphines Mme. de Maintenon took the duty of notifying her. As long as there were maids of honour to the queen or to Mme. la Dauphine it was always one of them. But after the office of maids of honour was abolished, the ladies of the Court were appointed. The house of Lorraine (which only gained its rank by enterprises in the days of the Ligue, adroitly maintained and increased afterwards by its watchfulness and continual encroachments), attentive to everything, was imperceptibly avoiding the *quête* in order later to gain a distinction and the right not to collect, so as to assimilate themselves, in this as in their betrothals, to the princesses of the blood. It was a long time before this was noticed and remarked upon. At last, however, the Duchesse de Noailles, the Duchesse de Guiche her daughter, and the Maréchale de Boufflers observed it. Some others did so likewise and spoke of it among themselves and to me. On a day of the Conception when there was no high mass in the morning and the Duchesse de Bourgogne had forgotten

[1] It is impossible to give in full Saint-Simon's account of the reign of the Princesse des Ursins, and equally impossible to make it understood through a long course of intrigue, by an abridgment. Therefore, only the leading features of it are given here. —Tr.

to appoint the *quêteuse*, Mme. de Saint-Simon being in full dress at the king's vespers, the bag was thrown to her at the moment of the collection. She collected, and at the time we had no suspicion that the Lorrain princesses intended to make that a ground for not quêting themselves.

After I was warned of this intention I promised myself well that the duchesses should be as adroit as they, until the chance came to make things equal. The Duchesse de Noailles spoke to the Duchesse du Lude, who, supine and fearful of everything, only shrugged her shoulders. There was always some duchess, new and ignorant or base, who now and then collected. At last, the Duchesse du Lude, driven to the point by Mme. de Noailles, spoke of the matter to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, who, finding how matters were, wished to see what the princesses meant to do. Accordingly, on the next festival she appointed Mme. de Montbazon, the daughter of M. de Bouillon, young and beautiful, and in every way well fitted to perform the part. She excused herself, though perfectly well, on the ground of illness, stayed in bed for half a day, and then went out as usual. After that nothing further was needed to show their intentions. The Duchesse du Lude dared not push the matter further, nor did Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne, although she felt annoyed; but after this no duchess either would or dared to collect. The ladies of quality soon found it out. They felt that the *quête* was thrown upon them alone, and they, in their turn, began to avoid it, so that, after a time, it fell into all sorts of hands, and sometimes it was not made at all. The matter went so far that the king was very angry, and was on the point of making the Duchesse de Bourgogne collect, as a lesson to all. I was warned by the ladies of the palace, who tried to make me afraid that the storm would fall on my head because

I had not recovered the king's good-will since I left the service. I never went to Marly and was still in the situation with the king which I have already described in its proper place, and which these ladies warned me might now cease; and they entreated me not to go to Paris for the fête. I consented, on condition that I should have an assurance that my wife should not be appointed for the *quête*; and as that was not given to me we went to Paris. The Maréchale de Cœuvres, as a grandee of Spain, refused to collect; and the two Duchesses de Chamillart, who had not been able to avoid being at Versailles on that day, were appointed, and both refused. On this the bomb burst.

The king, provoked at all this manœuvring, himself ordered M. le Grand to make his daughter collect on the first day of the year 1704. The next day I was warned by the Comtesse de Roucy, to whom the Duchesse de Bourgogne (who was present) related it, that the king had entered Mme. de Maintenon's apartment very serious, and said to her in an angry tone that he was much displeased with the dukes, whom he found less obedient than the princes, for while the duchesses had refused the *quête* he had no sooner proposed it to M. le Grand for his daughter than it had been accepted. He added that there were two or three dukes in this affair whom he should always remember. The Duchesse de Bourgogne would not tell her their names, but she whispered them to Mme. de Dangeau, who, a moment later begged Mme. de Roucy to warn me to be careful, for a storm was brewing over my head. This advice was given me at the chancellor's house, he being a third in the conversation, and not doubting, nor I either, that I was one of the three the king had mentioned. I explained to him what had happened and

asked his advice; which was, to wait, and do nothing by groping in the dark.

The next morning I went to see Chamillart [controller of finance] very early, and he told me that the night before at Mme. de Maintenon's, before he had time to open his bag, the king asked him angrily what he thought of the dukes, in whom he found less obedience than in the princes. Chamillart replied that such matters did not reach his office and he had only heard of the affair the night before; but the dukes were very unhappy that the king imputed it to them as a crime that they had not guessed his wishes; because if he had spoken to them as he did to M. le Grand, they would have hastened to obey. The king, without replying except to himself, went on to say that it was a very strange thing that since M. de Saint-Simon had left his service he thought of nothing but studying precedence and picking quarrels with everybody; that I was the prime author of this one, and if he did right he should send me off to a distance, for I had annoyed him a long time. To which Chamillart answered that if I looked into such matters rather closely it was because I was more capable and better informed about them than others; and that as such dignities had come to me from the kings, his Majesty ought to be pleased with me for seeking to maintain them. Then he added, smiling, in order to soothe him, that every one knew he could send persons where he pleased, but it was hardly worth while to use that power when a word would do equally as well. The king, not at all appeased, replied that what annoyed him most was the refusal of Chamillart's daughters-in-law, through their husbands, especially the younger, apparently at my instigation. On which Chamillart replied that one of his sons was absent, and the other had only made his

wife conform to what the others did. This, however, did not pacify the king, who, still angry, grumbled for a while and then began to work.

On leaving Chamillart I went to the chancellor and told him what I had just learned. He advised me to speak to the king, and that instantly; saying that to wait would only confirm him in his irritation, and speaking later would do no good; that I must trust to the result, ask to speak to him in his cabinet, and if (as I feared) he should stop and draw himself up to listen at once, I must tell him that I saw he would not do me the favour then to appoint an hour to hear me, but I hoped he would do so later, and retire instantly. It certainly was not a small matter, at my age and standing as I did doubly ill with the king, to go and attack him in conversation. I generally did nothing without the advice of the Duc de Beauvilliers; Mme. de Saint-Simon did not want me to take it, feeling sure, she said, that he would advise me to write instead of speaking, which would not have the same grace nor the same force; also that a letter was never answered; and moreover that this advice, being contrary to that of the two ministers, would only embarrass me. I believed her, and I went at once and waited till the king passed from dinner into his cabinet, where I asked permission to follow him. Without replying, he made me a sign to enter, and went himself to the recess of a window.

As I was about to speak, I saw Fagon and several of the household passing, on which I said not a word until I was quite alone with the king. Then I told him it had reached my ears that he was displeased with me about the *quête;* that I had so great a desire to please him that I could not defer entreating him to let me give him an account of my conduct as to that. At this exordium he took on a very

stern air, and answered not a word. "It is true, sire," I continued, "that after the princesses refused to collect I avoided it for Mme. de Saint-Simon; I wished the duchesses to avoid it also, and there are some whom I prevented from collecting because I did not believe your Majesty wished it." "But," interrupted the king, in the tone of an angry master, "to refuse the Duchesse de Bourgogne is to fail in proper respect to her; it is refusing me, myself!" I answered that by the way in which the collectors were named we did not think that Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne had a part in it; it was the Duchesse du Lude, and more often one of the palace ladies, who named whomsoever she chose. "But, monsieur," interrupted the king once more, in the same loud and angry tone, "you have said things —" "No, sire," I said, "none." "What! do you mean to say you have not talked —" and he was going on in the same loud tone, when at this point I dared to interrupt him too, and I said, raising my voice louder than his, "No, sire, I tell you; and if I *had* said things I would acknowledge them to your Majesty, just as I have now acknowledged that I avoided the *quête* for my wife, and that I have prevented other duchesses from accepting it. I have always believed, and have had reason to believe, that as your Majesty never expressed yourself about it, you were either ignorant of what was happening or, knowing it, did not care. I entreat you very earnestly to do us the justice to believe that if the dukes, and I in particular, had thought that your Majesty desired it the least in the world, we should all have been eager to do it, and Mme. de Saint-Simon too, at all the festivals; and if that did not suffice to prove to you my desire to please you, I myself would willingly have collected in a plate like a parish beadle. How, sire," I continued, "can your Majesty imagine that we consider any function beneath us in your

presence, and one which duchesses and princesses perform every day in the churches and convents of Paris without making the least difficulty? But it is true, sire, that the princes are so much on the watch to get advantages in everything that they oblige us to be careful, especially now that they have once refused the *quête*." "But they have not refused it," said the king in a rather milder tone, "they were never told to collect." "They have refused it, sire," I said firmly, "not the Lorrains, but others" (by which I meant to designate Mme. de Montbazon). "The Duchesse du Lude may have told your Majesty, and ought to have done so, and that was what made us take our action; but as we know how much your Majesty is annoyed by all that requires discussion and decision, we thought it would be enough to evade the *quête* in order not to let the princes take that advantage of us; persuaded, as I have had the honour to tell you, that your Majesty knew nothing or cared nothing about it, inasmuch as you made no sign." "Oh! very good, monsieur," replied the king, in a low voice completely softened, "it will not happen again, because I have said to M. le Grand that I wish his daughter to collect on the first day of the year; and I am very glad that she sets that example, because of the friendship that I feel for her father." I answered, looking at the king fixedly, that I entreated him once more, for myself and for all the dukes, to believe that no person was more submissive to him than we; none more persuaded, I most of all, that, our dignities emanating from his, and our persons filled with his benefits, he was, as king and as benefactor of us all, despotically the master of those dignities, to lower them or raise them, or do with them as with something that was absolutely his, and in his hand. Thereupon, taking a tone that was altogether gracious, and an air wholly kind and familiar, he said to me, several times over, that that was the

proper way to think and speak, that he was satisfied with me, and other things equally obliging. I then took occasion to say that I could not express to him the grief it had been to me to see that, much as I tried to please him, there were some who never ceased to do me the blackest ill-turns with him; that I owned to him I could not forgive those who were capable of it, neither could I help suspecting M. le Grand, "who," I added, "has never forgiven me since that affair of the Princesse d'Harcourt, because, when I had the honour to give you an account of it, your Majesty saw that I told you the truth, and M. le Grand did not; which I think your Majesty must remember so well that I will not fatigue you by repeating it." The king replied that he remembered it perfectly well, and he would, I think, have listened to the repetition patiently, by the considerate, gentle, and courteous way in which he said it; but I thought it better not to keep him so long. I therefore ended by entreating him, whenever he had anything against me that did not please him, to do me the favour of having me notified in case his Majesty did not deign to speak to me himself, and he would see that that kindness was immediately followed either by a justification or by an acknowledgment of my fault and a request for pardon. He waited a moment after I had ceased speaking, as if expecting that I had something more to say. Then he left me with a very gracious little bow, saying it was now all right, and that he was satisfied with me. I retired, making him a profound bow, extremely comforted and content that I had had the time to put into him all that I wished about myself, about the dukes, about the princes, and particularly about the grand equerry, and more than ever convinced, by the king's remembrance of the affair of the Princesse d'Harcourt and his silence about M. le Grand, that it was to him I owed what I had now once more defeated.

Leaving the king's cabinet with a very satisfied air, I saw M. le Duc and several distinguished courtiers, who were awaiting his booting in his chamber; they looked hard at me as I passed, surprised at the length of my audience, which had lasted half an hour, — an audience being a very rare thing for even the more intimate ones to obtain, and never lasting for any one more than half the time that I had had. I went up to my own rooms to relieve Mme. de Saint-Simon's anxiety, and then I went to Chamillart. He wanted to know all about it instantly, because, he said, he was to work that day extra with the king, and he wished to be fully informed, certain as he was that the king would not fail to speak of the matter, and he wanted to be in a position to do me service. I then related to him the whole audience, and he congratulated me for having spoken so well.

He afterwards told me that before he had opened his bag the king told him he had seen me, and related the whole conversation, seeming quite satisfied with me, but still annoyed with the dukes; and that he, Chamillart, had been unable to bring him round entirely, so much did his prejudice and weakness for M. le Grand, and the preference of his Maintenon for the princes against the dukes obscure his mind.

The chancellor was amazed at my boldness and delighted at my success. I explained matters later to the Duc de Beauvilliers, as Mme. de Saint-Simon had advised, and found she was quite right. I told the duke that, not having a moment to see him before the king's dinner, I had decided to speak at once. He said he was very glad that the audience had passed off so well, but that he himself should have advised me to avoid it and write, though the event proved that I had done better. Several dukes spoke to me of the affair, which made a great talk. Nothing ever equalled the

surprise and fright of the Duc de Chevreuse, with whom I was intimate and to whom I told all. But when he heard that I had said to the king that we all knew he feared discussions and decisions, he recoiled six steps. "You said that to the king," he cried, "in just those words? You are very bold!" "And you are not," I replied, "you old seigneurs, who stand so well and are so familiar with him, and yet are too weak to dare say a word; for if he listens to me, a young man, to whom he is not accustomed and standing ill with him besides, and specially about this very thing, and if the conversation begun in anger ended with such kindness and civilities after it had lasted just as long as I chose, what would it be if you others had the courage to profit by the manner in which you are with him, and tell him what he ought to be told, and which you see I told him not only with impunity, but with good results to myself!" Chevreuse was delighted that I had spoken in that way, but still he was frightened. I heard through M. Laon that the king had said to Monseigneur that I had spoken to him with a great deal of spirit, force, and respect; that he was satisfied with me; that things were very different from what M. le Grand had told him, and that the princesses did refuse the *quête*, which Monseigneur confirmed to him.

I have perhaps dwelt too long on an affair which might be more compressed. But, besides its being my own, it seems to me it is by such detailed accounts of private Court matters that the Court itself is best made known, and above all, a king so shut in within himself, and so difficult to penetrate, so rarely approached, so formidable to his most familiar attendants, so full of his despotism, so easy to irritate on that point and so difficult to change if once irritated, even when seeing the truth on one side and falsehood on the other, and yet able to hear reason when he

took it into his head to listen and when the person who spoke to him did it forcibly, provided always he flattered him on his despotic power and seasoned his remarks with the most profound respect. All that, it seems to me, can be better shown by narratives than in any other way; as may be seen, quite naturally, in the present case.

I am operated upon for a bleeding.

Not long after, I met with an unlucky accident. I had myself bled, because I felt that the blood was going to my head, and I thought the bleeding had been well done. In the night I felt a pain in the arm, which Le Dran, a famous surgeon who had bled me, declared was caused by a too tight bandage. To make a long story short, in two days the arm swelled up bigger than the thigh, with fever and great pain. They kept me two more days with outside applications to draw the trouble through the wound of the bleeding. Then M. de Lauzun, who rightly thought me very ill, insisted on having Maréchal, and went himself to Versailles to ask him of the king, without whose permission he could not come to Paris, or sleep away from the place where the king was living. On arriving he opened the arm from one end to the other. It was high time, for the abscess was spreading to the body, manifesting itself by severe chills. The skill and nimbleness of the operation, the dressing and the care to make me comfortable, pass all imagination. Maréchal and Fagon thought a tendon had been injured. By the weights they made me carry, my arm was kept at its natural length, and I never felt anything more of it. Night and day I had the best surgeons in Paris around me, relieving each other. Tribouleau, surgeon of the French Guards, with a great reputation, said to me that M. de Marsan must be a great friend of mine, for he had stopped him in the streets to ask news of me, and all the details,

with the deepest interest. The fact was that Marsan wanted my government, and asked the king for it. The king asked him in return whether I had not a son, which silenced and confounded him. Chamillart, though no one had said a word to him, had already made sure of it for my son, in case I did not recover. I never showed afterwards to M. de Marsan that I knew of this proceeding; in fact, as with all the Lorrains, I had very little intercourse with him.

1704. Death of the celebrated Bossuet.

The Church and the epoch lost about this time the two most distinguished prelates then living: the famous Bossuet, Bishop of Meaux, and the celebrated Cardinal von Fürstenburg. Both are too well-known for me to say anything about men so grandly and diversely illustrious. The first, ever to be regretted, and who is so, universally, shamed by his great labours at his advanced age the robust lives of bishops, theologians, and the most learned and the most laborious of savants.

Troisvilles elected and refused by the king for the Academy.

The king rejected Troisvilles (custom pronounces the name Tréville) for the French Academy, to which he had been elected, saying that he did not approve of him, and they must elect another. Troisvilles was a gentleman of Béarn, of mind and culture, very agreeable and very gallant. He entered society under fortunate circumstances, and was much sought and welcomed by ladies of the highest lineage, intelligence, and even pride, with whom he stood for a long time more than well. He did not like war as well as he liked the Court; the fatigues of it did not suit his laziness, nor the rattle of arms his delicate tastes. His courage was questioned. However that may be, he was soon disgusted with a profession for which he felt he was not made. He could

not hold himself superior to the effect produced by such conduct, and he flung himself into devotion, abjured the Court, and left the world. The sort of piety that reigned at the famous Port-Royal was that of persons of education, intelligence, and good taste. Accordingly he turned in that direction, and for many years persevered in solitude and great devotion. But he was fickle and yielding. Amusement tempted him; he went to his own part of the country and there led a dissipated life; returned to Paris, took up his religious duties to atone for his weakness, and frequented the ladies' toilettes. His foot slipped, and from being pious he became philosophical; began once more to give choice repasts, and to excel in giving them with a taste that few could equal; in a word, he was thought to be grossly epicurean. His old Port-Royal friends, alarmed at his life and by the pretty verses he again took to writing, the gallantry and delicacy of which were charming, recalled him at last to himself and to what he had been. But again he escaped them, and his life degenerated into an up and down of devotion; laxness and duty succeeded each other in patches like a sort of puzzle, which without the wit that sustained him and made him welcome would have wholly dishonoured him and made his name ridiculous. His last years were more consistent in regularity and penitence, and agreed better with the devotion of his earlier life. What he maintained steadily throughout his life was his absolute separation from Court, which he never approached after once quitting it; a delicate satire on what went on there, and which the king pardoned less, it may be, than his attachment to Port-Royal. It was this attachment that drew upon him the rejection of the king for the Academy, where, however, his great profession of devotion would have been out of place; but the king would not miss the occasion for his birch rod, in default of

a better. Troisvilles was rich and was never married. He died in Paris; his true friends had brought him back to himself, and in his last years he lived retired and more especially occupied with his salvation.

Death of the Abbesse de Fontevrault; her character.

The death of the Abbesse de Fontevrault at an advanced age, which occurred in the course of this summer, deserves to be noticed. She was daughter of the first Duc de Mortemart and sister of the Duc de Vivonne, Mme. de Thianges, and Mme. de Montespan. She had more beauty than the latter, which is saying not a little, more mind than all of them, with the same ineffable charm which no one ever had but they (unless it was caught by perpetual communication with them), and is felt so quickly, and with so much pleasure; very learned withal, a good theologian even, with a superior faculty for government, an ease and facility which made it play-work for her to manage her Order and the many great affairs she had taken up, in which, it is true, her influence contributed much to their success; very regular, very exact, but always with gentleness, grace, and manners that made her adored at Fontevrault and by all her Order. Her slightest letters were documents to treasure; and all her conversations, even those on discipline or business, were charming, and her discourses to the Chapter at festivals admirable. Her sisters loved her passionately, and in spite of their natural imperiousness, increased as it was by favour, they felt a true deference for her. Now comes the reverse of the picture. Her business affairs took her often to Paris; this was at the height of the king's amour with Mme. de Montespan. She was at the Court and made long stays there. It is true she saw no one and never left her sister's apartments. The king liked her so much that he could scarcely do without her: he would have liked her to be present at all the Court

fêtes, then so gallant and magnificent. Mme. de Fontevrault obstinately refused all public appearances, but could not avoid the more private ones. This made her an extremely peculiar personage. It must be said that her father forced her to take the veil and her vows, but she made a virtue of the necessity and was always a good nun. What was very rare is that she preserved at all times an extreme personal decency, in places and in companies where her habit was out of place. The king had for her an esteem, a liking, and a friendship which neither the discarding of Mme. de Montespan, nor the extreme favour of Mme. de Maintenon could deaden. He regretted her deeply, and took a sad comfort in showing it. He gave her abbey at once to her niece, a nun of the same house and a person of great merit.

Birth of the first Duc de Bretagne.

I ought to have mentioned rather earlier the birth of the eldest son of Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, which happened at Versailles on Wednesday, June 5, at five in the afternoon. It was great joy for the king, in which the Court and town took part, almost to madness, in the excess of the demonstrations and fêtes. The king gave one at Marly, on which occasion he made the most elegant and magnificent presents to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, who had then recovered. There was good reason to repent of so much joy, which only lasted a year, and of the money spent on fêtes so ill timed at the conjuncture in which public affairs then were.

Brilliant position of the Duchesse de Bourgogne. Nangis.

An anecdote here presents itself, very wise to be silent about, very curious to write down for whoever has seen things as closely as I did: what determines me to take the second course is that the fact at large has never been unknown; and that thrones throughout all ages and nations swarm with such

adventures. It must therefore be told. We had a charming princess, who, by her graces, her attentions, her unique ways, had captured the heart and will of the king, of Mme. de Maintenon, and of her husband, the Duc de Bourgogne. The extreme displeasure, too justly conceived, against the Duc de Savoie, her father, had not caused any alteration in their tenderness towards her. The king, who hid nothing from her, who worked with his ministers in her presence, whenever she chose to enter and remain there, was always careful not to open his lips before her on anything concerning her father. In private she would spring upon his knees and put her arms round his neck, and tease him with all sorts of playfulness; she rummaged his papers, opened and read his letters in his presence, sometimes in spite of him; and she did the same to Mme. de Maintenon. With this excessive freedom, nothing ever escaped her against any one; gracious to all, even to warding off blows whenever she could, attentive to the household servants of the king, not disdaining the lowest, good to her own, and living with her ladies, young and old, as a friend and in all liberty; she was the soul of the Court, and every one adored her, great and small they strove to please her; if she were absent each lacked something, and each was filled with her presence when she returned; her extreme favour made her infinitely relied upon, while her manners attached all hearts. In this brilliant situation her own heart was not insensible.

Nangis, whom we see to-day a very dull marshal of France, was then the pink of fashion; a pleasing face, but nothing rare; well-made, but nothing wonderful; brought up to intrigue and gallantry by the Maréchale de Rochefort, his grandmother, and Mme. de Blansac, his mother, who were past mistresses in all that. Introduced by them while still young into the great world, of which they were a species

of centre, he had no mind beyond pleasing women, talking their language, and reassuring the most desirable by a discretion which was not of his age nor of his period. No one was more the fashion than himself. He obtained a regiment while still a lad; he had shown will, application, and brilliant valour during the war, which the ladies magnified, though it was indeed sufficient for his age. He was much at the Court of Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, of about his own age, and very well treated by him. This prince, passionately in love with his wife, was not made like Nangis; but the princess responded so perfectly to his ardour that he died without ever suspecting that she had had eyes for any but himself. They fell, however, on Nangis, and soon they rested there. Nangis was not ungrateful; but he feared the lightning, and his heart was captured elsewhere.

Mme. de la Vrillière, without beauty, though pretty as the loves and all their graces, had made a conquest of him. She was the daughter of Mme. de Mailly, lady in waiting to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, and was constantly in the latter's Court; jealousy soon enlightened her. Far from yielding to the princess, she felt it a point of honour to keep her conquest, defend it, and carry the day. This struggle put Nangis into strange embarrassment; he feared the fury of his mistress, who seemed to him more capable of an outburst than she really was. On the other hand, his reserve would injure him not less with a princess who could do much now and might one day do all, and who was not one to yield to or even to permit a rival. This perplexity, to those who knew the actual facts, was a continual drama. I was a constant visitor at that time to Mme. de Blansac in Paris, and to the Maréchale de Rochefort at Versailles; I was the intimate friend of several of the palace ladies, who saw all and hid nothing from me; with the Duchesse

de Villeroy I was on a footing of solid confidence; the duchess knew everything from Mme. d'O and the Maréchale de Cœuvres, who adored the Duchesse de Bourgogne; so did my sister-in-law the Duchesse de Lorges, who told me every evening what she had seen and heard during the day. I was therefore fully and accurately informed from one day to the next. Besides the fact that nothing amused me more, the consequences might be great, and it was important for ambition to be well informed. Finally the whole assiduous and devoted Court perceived what had at first been hidden with the greatest care. But whether from fear, or for love of a princess whom they all adored, the same Court kept silence, saw all, talked among themselves, and guarded the secret which had never been confided to them. This struggle, which was not without acerbity on the part of Mme. de la Vrillière to the princess, sometimes insolently expressed, nor without repugnance and aversion gently shown by the princess to her, was for a long time a singular spectacle.

Maulevrier.

Whether it was that Nangis, faithful to his first love, needed a few grains of jealousy or whether the thing came about naturally, there appeared upon the scene a rival. Maulevrier, son of a brother of Colbert (who died of grief at not being made maréchal of France in the promotion which made a maréchal of Villeroy), had married a daughter of Maréchal de Tessé. Maulevrier had not a pleasant face, and his figure was very common. He was not at all in the way of gallantry. He had a clever mind, but a mind fertile in underhand intrigues, unbounded ambition which nothing could restrain, so that it almost approached to madness. His wife was pretty, with very little mind, quarrelsome, and, under an innocent exterior, ill-natured to the last degree. Maulevrier was among the

first to pick up what was happening about Nangis. He persuaded his father-in-law to get him some privileges in the Duchesse de Bourgogne's circle; he became assiduous, and finally, excited by example, he dared to sigh. Weary at last of not being understood, he ventured to write. It was said that Mme. Cantin, Maréchal de Tessé's intimate friend, deceived by Maulevrier, received letters from him thinking they were from his father-in-law, and, supposing them of no consequence, delivered them. Maulevrier in the name of his father-in-law received the answers by the same hand. I will not add the surmises on all this. However that may be, this affair was perceived like the other, and perceived in the same silence. Under pretence of friendship for Mme. de Maulevrier the princess went more than once to condole with her, during the trips to Marly, on the approaching departure of her husband for the war, and sometimes Mme. de Maintenon went with her. The Court smiled; whether the tears were for him or for Nangis was doubtful. Meantime Nangis, roused by this rivalry, threw Mme. de la Vrillière into sufferings and a temper of which she was not always mistress.

But the tocsin had sounded for Maulevrier. What will a man not do when love or ambition gets possession of him? He made himself out a consumptive, took to a milk diet, made believe to have lost his voice, and was sufficiently master of himself never to utter a word above his breath for a whole year; in this way he evaded the campaign and stayed at Court. He was fool enough to tell this project and other things to the Duc de Lorges, his friend, from whom I heard it. The fact was that by obliging himself to whisper to everybody he was enabled to speak in the same way to the Duchesse de Bourgogne before the whole Court without impropriety or suspicion.

He had so fully accustomed the Court to this performance that no one paid any heed to it unless it were to pity so sad a state. But after a while Mme. de la Vrillière's ill-humour tortured him; he fancied that Nangis was favoured, and he did not choose that he should be. Jealousy and rage excited him to the point of risking an extremity of folly.

He went to the chapel at the end of the mass of the Duchesse de Bourgogne. Coming out he offered her his hand. The equerries were accustomed to allow him that honour because of his faint voice; in this way they enabled him to speak as he walked, and they always fell back so as not to overhear him. The ladies also followed at a distance; so that through all the suites of rooms from the chapel to the Duchesse de Bourgogne's apartments he had the convenience of a *tête-à-tête*, which he had already given himself at other times. On this occasion he railed at Nangis, called him by all sorts of names, threatened to tell everything to the king, to Mme. de Maintenon, to her husband, squeezed her fingers as if to crush them in his fury, and behaved in that way until they reached her apartments. On arriving, trembling and ready to faint away, she went at once to her dressing-room and sent for Mme. de Nogaret, whom she called her little nurse, and to whom she always went for counsel when she found herself in trouble. To her she told what had happened, saying she did not know how it could be she had not sunk through the floor, or why she was not dead, or how she had ever got back to her own rooms; never was she so terrified. That same day Mme. de Nogaret related all this to Mme. de Saint-Simon and me in the deepest secrecy and confidence. She advised the princess to put up with the insults of so dangerous a madman and one so out of his senses and all decency; and above all to

avoid committing herself with him in any way. The worst of it was that from that day he threatened openly, and said many things against Nangis in the tone of a man who was deeply wronged and determined to get satisfaction and to attack him everywhere. Though he did not tell the cause, it was plain to every one. We can imagine the terror of the princess, and the fears of Mme. de la Vrillière as to what would become of Nangis. As for him, he was too brave to fear any one and was ready to try conclusions with whoever it might be — but to try them on such a subject! he shuddered with fright. He saw his fortunes and the dreadful results in the hands of a furious madman. Finally he took the course of avoiding him with the utmost care, appeared very little, and held his tongue.

The Duchesse de Bourgogne lived in mortal terror and dismay for more than six weeks, without anything worse happening to her than the great fright. I never knew what happened, nor who warned Tessé, but he was warned, and he played the stroke of a clever man. He persuaded his son-in-law to follow him to Spain, where he made him see the heavens opening for him. He spoke to Fagon, who from the depths of his chamber and the king's cabinet saw all and knew all. Fagon was a man of infinite sense and with it a good and a kind man. He understood with half a word, and gave it as his opinion that, after all the remedies that Maulevrier had tried for the extinction of his voice and the state of his lungs, there was nothing for him but a warmer climate; that the winter which was just beginning would infallibly kill him in France, but would also be salutary to him in a country where that season is the finest and most temperate of the whole year. So it was on the ground of remedy, and as if he were going to the baths, that Maulevrier went to Spain. That was how it was given out at Court

and to the king, whom Fagon could persuade to believe what he pleased by medical arguments in which he feared no contradictors between the king and himself; and Mme. de Maintenon the same, for they both took his judgment for certain and doubted nothing. As soon as the word was given, Tessé lost no time in taking his son-in-law from the Court and the kingdom, and putting an end to his follies and the terrors he caused.

X.

Death of the Maréchal de Duras; his character.

During the winter of this year died the Maréchal de Duras, the senior of the marshals of France, and elder brother by eight years of the Maréchal de Lorges. He was a tall, thin man, with a majestic face and a perfect figure; in his youth and for long after it the master of other men in manly exercises, gallantry, and good standing with ladies; of a strong mind and a free wit, the piercing shafts of which he never denied himself; hasty, but polite with discrimination and dignity, magnificent in his table and equipages; very lofty, unbending, and without compliance; always on his guard against favourites and ministers, always firing at them, and always obliging them to reckon with him. I never could imagine how with these qualities he came to so great a position. To the princes of the blood and the daughters of the king he never restrained his sayings, and the king himself when talking with him had a taste of them more than once before the whole Court; and when this happened the king would laugh and look round at the company, who lowered their eyes. On one occasion the king was speaking of Père de La Chaise. "He 'll be damned to all the devils," said M. de Duras; "but I can understand that a monk in restraint, subjection, and poverty should want to get out of them and into plenty, and rule his Order, and meddle in everything, and have everybody, Court and clergy, at his feet; but what surprises me is that he can get a confessor; for that man will certainly be damned with him, and yet *he* won't get a morsel the more; not a grain

more liberty, nor more respect in his convent. A man must be a fool to damn himself as cheap as that." He did not like the Jesuits; he always had a grudge against them after an intercourse with the priests attached to Port-Royal at the time of his conversion, and he kept it up all his life.

He had followed M. le Prince, to whom he attached himself chiefly out of regard for his uncles de Bouillon and de Turenne. He was the best cavalry officer the king had, and the most brilliant for leading a wing, or a large detached corps. At the head of an army, he had neither the same opportunities nor the same diligence; still, he commanded very well at the siege of Philippsbourg, and through the rest of that short campaign, in which the king confided to him Monseigneur for his first essay at arms. Always on ill terms with Louvois on account of M. de Turenne, and disgusted with the burnings of the Palatinate, and with the conflicting orders he received as to the relief of Mayence, and finding himself in possession of a large fortune, he threw everything to the winds and never served again. He had played a brilliant part in the war in Holland, and the two conquests of Franche-Comté, of which he had the government. The king had given him while very young the brevet of duke to facilitate his marriage with Mlle. de Ventadour, with whom he was long happy, until a domestic demon parted them. He loved no one but his brother, and, slightly, Mme. de Saint-Simon, for whose sake I found grace in his sight, so that I always received all sorts of kindness and marks of friendship from him. Of his children he made no account; nothing ever disturbed him, or affected for a moment his freedom of mind or his natural gayety. He said this one day to the king, adding that he defied him with all his power to cause him a vexation that should last more than a quarter of an hour. His cleanliness was excessive and pushed to extremes.

At eighty years of age, he broke horses that had never been mounted. He was also the finest and best rider in France. When the sons of France were of an age to seriously learn to ride, the king asked M. de Duras to be so good as to see them mount, and to preside at their lesson. He did so a few times; went to the stables, and also rode out with them; then he told the king he should not go any more, that his grandsons had neither grace nor skill on horseback, and he had better give up the idea of having them taught, whatever the equerries might tell him, for they would never be anything on a horse but pairs of tongs. He kept his word, and they their promise.

He was attacked with dropsy (of which he died), but still kept on duty with the *bâton*. He refused for a long time to give it up, but finally he had to yield, feeling for himself that he should never recover. He took leave of the king in his cabinet, who loaded him with friendly words, and was moved to tears. The king asked what he could do for him. In reply he asked for nothing and got nothing; it is very certain that he might have obtained his office or his government for his son; but he did not care.

Some time later the king went to Fontainebleau; there he was angry, because the ladies disliking to wear full dress for the comedy, avoided going to it; and kept apart to escape being forced to dress themselves. Four words that he said, and the report he ordered made to him as to the execution of this rule, made all the Court ladies extremely assiduous as to their full dress. Just then we received news of the dying condition of M. de Duras. The constant attendance which the king exacted from those who were usually at the Court had hitherto prevented Mme. de Saint-Simon and Mme. de Lauzun from absenting themselves from Fontainebleau; but on receiving this news they went to tell the Duchesse

de Bourgogne that they must leave the next day, and they begged her to excuse them from the comedy that evening. The princess thought they were right, but said that the king would never hear of it. So they compromised on dressing themselves, and going to the comedy with her, and then a moment later, leaving it on pretence that they could find no seats, so that the princess could thus explain it to the king. I mention this very insignificant trifle to show how the king considered himself only and would be obeyed, and how conduct which would not have been elsewhere pardoned in the nieces of M. de Duras in his then condition was made a duty, requiring both skill and protection to keep it from appearing a gross impropriety.

Mme. des Ursins [then on a visit to France] was present on the occasion of the next trip to Marly. Her lodging was at the Perspective; nothing could equal the air of triumph she assumed, or the continual attention of the king to do her the honours, as if she were the proxy of a foreign queen; all of which she received with a majestic manner in which was that due proportion of grace and respectful politeness, now too much neglected, which made one remember that of the old courtiers in the time of the queen-mother. She never made her appearance that the king was not wholly absorbed by her, talking with her, pointing out to her the various objects, seeking her taste and approbation with an air of gallantry, of flattery even, which never lessened. The frequent private interviews that she had with him at Mme. de Maintenon's, lasting for hours, and sometimes twice a day, those that she often had in the mornings with Mme. de Maintenon alone, made her the divinity of the Court. The princesses surrounded her the moment she showed herself, and they even went to see her in her chamber. Nothing was more amazing

1705.

Dazzling triumph of the Princesse des Ursins.

than the servile eagerness shown to her by all who were greatest, most in favour, and highest in office. Her very glances were treasured, and her words addressed to the most distinguished women were received with an air of rapture.

I went to her nearly every morning; she rose early and always dressed herself and did her hair at once, so that no one ever saw her at her toilet. I preceded the hour of important visits, and we talked together with the same freedom as in former days. I heard from her many details as to public matters, and as to the king's ways of thinking about persons, and especially Mme. de Maintenon's. We often laughed together over the baseness she saw in the most important persons, the contempt they drew down upon themselves, although she never showed it openly, and the falsity of others, who, having done her all the harm they could, especially on her first arrival in Paris, were now prodigal of protestations, boasting of their attachment at all times and making the most of their services. I was flattered by this confidence on the part of the directress of the Court. It excited a notice that drew upon me instant consideration, for many of the distinguished personages found me alone with her in the mornings, and the messages which rained upon her also found me there, which sometimes caused the messengers to report that they could not get speech with her. She often called me up in the salon, or else I went to her myself to whisper in her ear, with an air of ease and freedom much envied and little imitated. She never saw Mme. de Saint-Simon without going up to her, praising her, and putting her into the conversation that was going on, often taking her to a mirror and adjusting little matters in her toilet or head-dress, as she might have done in private to a daughter.

The most solid part of all was the many kind things she

said of me to the king and Mme. de Maintenon on several occasions; and we knew, through sources that were sure and far removed from Mme. des Ursins, that she told them more than once they had no woman at the Court, of any age, so suitable, so expressly formed in virtue, behaviour, and wisdom to be lady of the palace, and, though still so young, lady of honour to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, should that place become vacant, nor one who would acquit herself with such good sense and dignity, or more to their liking and that of others. She even spoke of this several times to the Duchesse de Bourgogne, which did not displease her, for from that time the princess kept Mme. de Saint-Simon in view in case the Duchesse du Lude (who survived her) should cease to serve. I am persuaded that besides the good opinion that the king and Mme. de Maintenon and the whole Court had of Mme. de Saint-Simon, this testimony of Mme. des Ursins made an impression upon them, of which the effects were felt in the end, as we shall see hereafter, much more than we desired. This manner of being with us and acting for us did not relax before the return of the princess to Spain.

Death and singularities of Ninon, called Mlle. de l'Enclos.

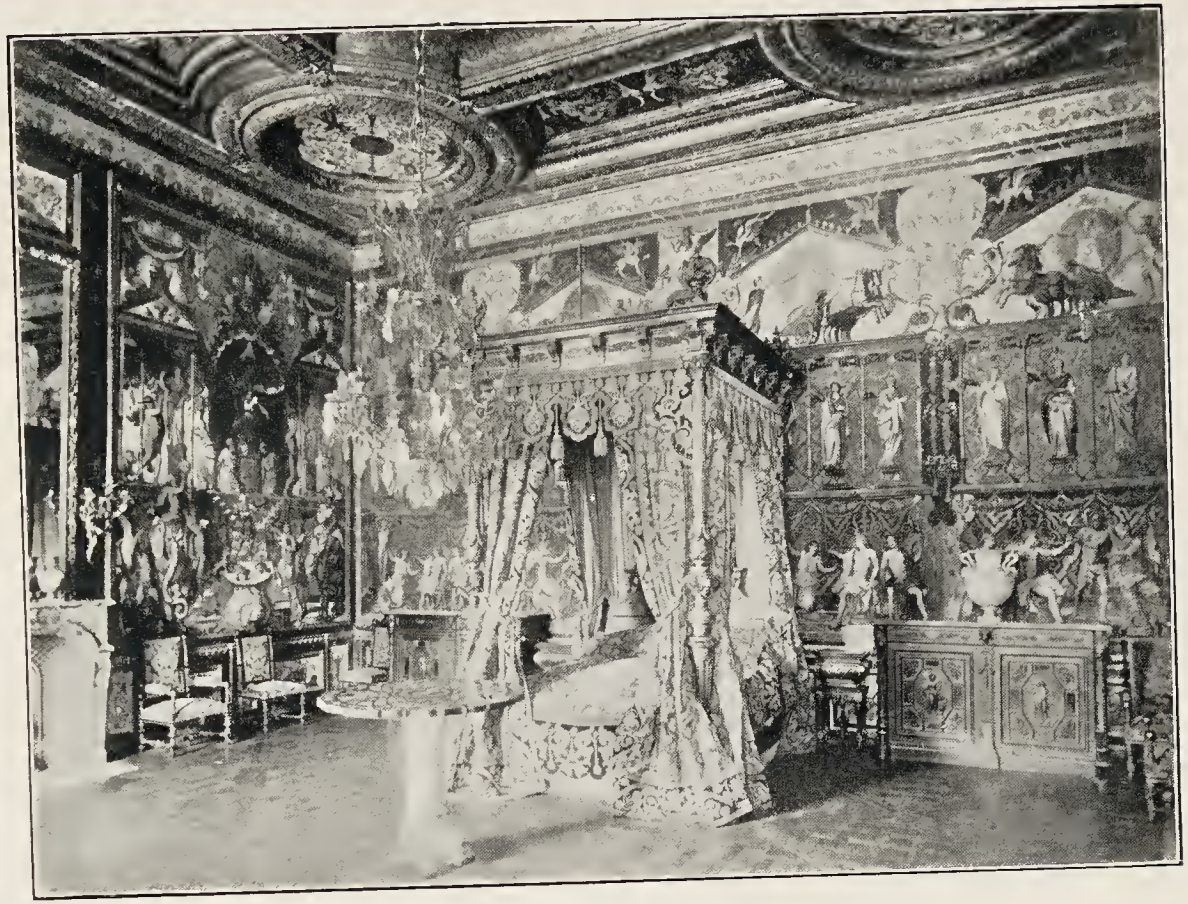
Ninon, the celebrated courtesan, who, since age had made her leave her business, was known as Mlle. de l'Enclos, died about this time. She was a fresh example of the triumph of vice conducted with intelligence and redeemed by some virtue. The stir she made, and still more the licentiousness she caused among the highest and most brilliant youth of the day compelled the queen-mother, in spite of the extreme indulgence which she showed (not without private reasons) to persons of gallantry and more than gallantry, to send her an order to retire to a convent. A police sergeant of Paris carried to Ninon the *lettre de cachet;* she read it, and seeing that there

was no particular convent designated, "Monsieur," she said to the officer, without being disconcerted, "as the queen has had the goodness to leave to me the choice of the convent to which she wishes me to retire, I beg you to say to her that I choose that of the Grands Cordeliers of Paris," and she returned him the *lettre de cachet* with a fine curtsey. The officer, stupefied by such unparalleled effrontery, had not a word to say, and the queen thought it so amusing that she let her alone. Ninon never had more than one lover at a time, but adorers in crowds; and when she was tired of the tenant she told him so frankly, and took another. The deserted one might groan and complain as he pleased; the decree had gone forth, and this creature had usurped such empire that no one dared to be angry with the man who supplanted him, too happy to be still admitted as a friend of the house. Occasionally she kept faithful to her tenant, when he pleased her much, through a whole campaign.

Ninon had illustrious friends of all kinds, and so much wit and cleverness that she retained them all and kept them united among themselves, or, at any rate, without the slightest disturbance. Everything was done in her house with respect and an outward decency seldom maintained by great princesses who were frail. In this way she had as friends the highest and most noted men at Court, so that after a time it became the fashion to be received at her house; persons had reason to desire it on account of the intimacies formed there. Never any gambling, nor loud laughter, nor disputes, nor remarks about religion or government; much wit and very cultivated, anecdotes, ancient and modern, tales of gallantry, but always without opening the door to malicious gossip; all was delicate, airy, and circumspect; toning the conversations which she knew well how to sustain by her wit and by her knowl-

edge of the facts of the period. Strange as it may seem, the consideration she had acquired, the number and distinction of her friends and her acquaintances still continued when her charms had ceased to attract, and when propriety and fashion forbade her to unite any longer the body with the soul. She knew all the intrigues of the old and the new Court, serious or otherwise; her conversation was charming; disinterested, faithful, secret, safe to the last degree; in fact, it might be said, frailty apart, that she was virtuous and full of integrity. She often succoured her friends with money and influence, and entered for their sakes into very important matters, keeping faithfully the deposits of money and secrets they intrusted to her. All this gave her a reputation and an esteem that were altogether singular.

She had been the intimate friend of Mme. de Maintenon in the days when the latter lived in Paris. Mme. de Maintenon did not like to be spoken to about her, but she dared not disown her. She wrote to her from time to time until her death, with friendship. L'Enclos (for Ninon took that name after she left the trade of her youth, which was far prolonged) was not so reserved with her intimate friends, for when it happened that she was strongly interested for some person or thing (which she knew how to render seldom and judicious), she wrote to Mme. de Maintenon, who served her efficaciously and promptly; but since the latter's grandeur they had only seen each other two or three times, and then secretly. L'Enclos made admirable repartees. Among others there were two made to the Maréchal de Choiseul which were never forgotten; one an excellent rebuke, the other a sketch from nature. Choiseul, who was one of her early friends, had been in those days gallant and well-made. He quarrelled with M. de Louvois and was deploring his fate, when the king put him, in spite of the



Bedroom of Anne of Austria at Fontainebleau

minister, in the promotion of the Order in 1688. He did not expect it in the least, although of the highest birth and one of the oldest and best lieutenant-generals. He was so overjoyed that he kept looking at himself in the glass with much complacency, decked with his blue ribbon. L'Enclos surprised him at it two or three times. Provoked at last, she said to him before all the company, "Monsieur le comte, if I catch you at that again, I'll name you your comrades." There were in truth members of the Order who were fit to make a man weep; but what were they in number or character to those of 1724, and others since! The worthy maréchal was all the virtues in one, but not enlivening, nor had he any mind. After a very long visit l'Enclos yawned, looked at him, and quoted the line of a certain play: "Heavens! how many virtues you do make me hate!" We can imagine the laughter and scandal. The sally, however, did not make them quarrel. L'Enclos lived to be much over eighty, always sound and healthy, visited and considered. She gave to God her last years and her death was regarded as a piece of news. The unique singularity of this person makes me enlarge upon her.

Courtenvaux cruelly reprimanded by the king.

Shortly after the Court was at Fontainebleau, and a terrifying incident happened to Courtenvaux. He was the eldest son of M. de Louvois, who had first given him and then taken away from him the succession to his office, finding him totally incapable. To console him he bought him the captaincy of the Cent-Suisses guards, which, after the great offices of the king's household, was undoubtedly the first and finest. Courtenvaux was a small man, obscurely debauched, with a ridiculous voice, who had served little and always ill; despised and counted for nothing in his own family and at the Court, where no one visited him; niggardly and nagging, though humble and

respectful, passionate and little master of himself when out of temper; in fact, a very foolish man and treated as such, even by the Duchesse de Villeroy and the Maréchale de Cœuvres, his sister and sister-in-law; he was never met anywhere.

The king, more eager to know what was going on, and more inquisitive to get reports than any one could believe (though they believed a good deal), had authorized Bontems and afterwards Bloin, governor of Versailles, to hire a quantity of Suisses besides those of the Cent-Suisses, who were stationed at the doors, and in the parks, the gardens, the gallery of the grand apartment at Versailles, and the salons of Marly and Trianon. These other Suisses were to wear the livery of the king, but not to be under the same orders. They were secretly charged to loiter in the evenings and nights and mornings about the steps, the corridors, the passages, and, when the weather was fine, in the courts and gardens; to prowl and conceal themselves, take note of people, follow them, watch them enter and issue from the places they went to; know what was happening, listen to whatever they could hear, remember how long a time each person had stayed in the place he had gone to, and render a report of whatever they discovered. This system, in which other subalterns and some valets were employed, was carried on assiduously at Versailles, Marly, Trianon, Fontainebleau, and wherever the king was. These Suisses were very displeasing to Courtenvaux, for the reason that they did not obey his authority in anything, and they deprived his own Cent-Suisses of posts and perquisites which he could have sold to the latter; so that he was constantly striving to thwart them. Between the great hall of the Suisses and the king's guard-room at Fontainebleau is a narrow passage leading from the staircase to the apartments then occupied

by Mme. de Maintenon, at the end of which is a square room into which opens the door of these apartments; and this room, if crossed straight, also opens into the guard-room, and has a door upon a balcony which runs round the whole court, which balcony has many stairways leading up to it. This square room is a public passage-way, indispensable for the whole château and consequently a very suitable place to observe the comings and goings both there and through its various communications. Until this year a few of the body-guard, and some of the Cent-Suisses had always slept there, and when the king entered or left Mme. de Maintenon's apartments they put themselves under arms, so that this room became as it were an extension of the two guardrooms. This year the king took it into his head to have Bloin's Suisses sleep there, instead of the Cent-Suisses and the guards.

Courtenvaux, without saying a word to the captain of the guards on service, had the folly to take this change as a fresh encroachment of these Suisses upon his Suisses, and he flew into such a passion that there were no threats he did not make to them, nor any abuse he did not lavish. They let him bark and took no notice; they had their orders and were wise enough to say nothing. The king, who did not hear of it till evening when he left his supper, entered the great oval cabinet as usual, accompanied by his family and the ladies of the princesses (who at Fontainebleau, for lack of other cabinets, were always in that of the king), and sent for Courtenvaux. The moment he appeared, the king spoke from the other end of the room, not allowing him time to approach, in a tone of such terrible anger, so unusual and extraordinary a thing in him, that not only Courtenvaux trembled, but the princes, princesses and ladies, and every one in the room. The king's voice was even

heard in his chamber. Threats to dismiss him, in the harshest language and most unusual from the king's lips, rained upon Courtenvaux, who, speechless with terror and ready to drop, had neither time nor power to say a word. The reprimand ended by the king's saying impetuously: "Go out!" on which he scarcely had the strength to drag himself away. After a time the king was pacified, but he let Courtenvaux know that at his very next folly he would dismiss him and take away his office. The cause of this strange scene was that the uproar made by Courtenvaux about a change the motive for which challenged the minds of all observers, pointed a finger for the eyes of the whole Court, and the king, who concealed his spying with the utmost care and had thought this change would pass unnoticed, was furious at the fuss which had made it seen and felt by every one.

I shared, at this time, with the deepest bitterness, the great misfortune of M. and Mme. de Beauvilliers. They had two sons, sixteen and seventeen years of age, sound in body, and both of whom promised great things. The eldest had just received a regiment without other employ, and the youngest was about to receive another. The younger died of the small-pox at Versailles November 25. The same disease attacked the elder, who also died December 2. The father and mother, grieved to the heart at the loss of the first, went instantly to make the sacrifice of the mass, at which they both received the communion; on the death of the second they showed the same faith, the same courage, the same piety. Their affliction was extreme, and this inward sorrow lasted to the end of their days, but no outward change appeared. M. de Beauvilliers continued his ordinary functions. At home he allowed himself some relief, and for several days saw none

Death of the two sons of the Duc de Beauvilliers.

but his immediate family and nearest friends. I know no sermon so touching as the sorrow and the deep resignation of both parents, their tender sensibility, never lessening their submission and abandonment to God, their silence, their external manner, ever gentle, apparently tranquil, but concentred, and always with some words of life which sanctified their tears. After the first few days I gently turned aside the conversation when M. de Beauvilliers began to talk about his children; he noticed it, and told me that while I thought I did right in turning his thoughts from the object of his grief and he thanked me for it, still he had so few to whom he could allow himself to speak that he begged me to continue the subject whenever he spoke of it, because it soothed him, and he only did so when his heart was too oppressed. I obeyed him, and very often when we were quite alone we talked of his sorrow, and I saw that it did, in fact, comfort him. The husband of his only married daughter was not one to give him consolation; moreover, he kept his wife in Paris, and all M. de Beauvilliers' other daughters were nuns.

Before closing this year, I must sketch an anecdote, the conclusion of which will be found later. The Abbé de Polignac, after his adventures in Poland and the exile which followed them, came back to the surface. He was a tall man, very well made, with a handsome face, much cleverness, and above all, grace and polished manners; all kinds of knowledge, a most agreeable way of expressing himself, a touching voice, a gentle eloquence, insinuating, manly, exact in terms, charming in style, a gift of speech that was wholly his own; all about him was original, and persuasive. No one knew more of belles-lettres; delightful in putting abstract things within common reach; amusing in narratives; possessed of a smattering of

Anecdotes of the Abbé, afterwards Cardinal, de Polignac.

all the arts, all the manufactures, all the professions. In whatever belonged to his own, that is, learning and the ecclesiastical calling, he was rather less versed. He wanted to please valet and maid, as well as master and mistress. He was always aiming to touch the heart, the mind, and the eyes. All who conversed with him easily thought themselves clever and well-informed; he adapted his conversation to the range of the people he talked with, and his gentle, complying ways made his person beloved and his talents admired; in other respects, he was wholly occupied with his own ambition, without friendship, without gratitude, without any feeling except for himself; false, lax, indifferent to the means of success; without restraint from God or man, but always with a cloak of delicacy which gave him dupes; above all, a libertine, more from facility, coquetry, ambition, than from natural debauchery; so that while the heart was false and the soul not upright, his judgment was nil, his actions erroneous, his mind inaccurate, which, in spite of the most gracious and deceptive exterior, caused the failure in his hands of every enterprise intrusted to him.

With a face and talents so fitted to impress others, he was aided by his birth, to which, however, his property did not respond; but that fact dispelled all envy and conciliated favour and good will. The most amiable ladies of the Court, those even of advanced age, the men most distinguished for place or reputation, the persons of both sexes who chiefly set the tone, — he had won them all. Even the king succumbed to him through M. du Maine, to whose wife he was devoted. He was on all the Marly trips, and every one was eager to enjoy his charms; he had them for all sorts of conditions, persons, and minds.

With all his wiles, he once let out a flattery the meanness of which was caught up and long remembered and despised

by the courtiers. He was following the king about the gardens of Marly, when it came on to rain; the king made some civil remark about his coat not being a sufficient protection. "That is nothing, sire," he replied; "the rain of Marly does not wet." People laughed much, and the saying was laid up against him.

Such triumphs as he had, however, did not suffice him; he wanted something more solid. The arts, the letters, the knowledge, the public business he had already handled made him aspire to be received into the cabinet of Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, convinced that he could attain to all if once admitted there. To reach it, it was necessary to win those who had the key. First among them was the Duc de Beauvilliers, who, after completing the education of the young prince, had retained his utmost confidence. His ministry and his office occupied his whole time. He was neither a learned man, nor much a man of letters. The abbé was not connected with a single one of his friends; he could not therefore reach him directly. But the Duc de Chevreuse, apparently less busy, seemed to the abbé more accessible. In fact he was so, through the sciences, and through letters; once tapped, he was very easy; and on that side the assault began. At first he was approached for an instant during the few moments he appeared in public in the king's cabinet, and tempted by the bait of some problem to solve, or some curious question to fathom; after that it was easy to stop him and detain him in the gallery for some time, and before long the Abbé de Polignac opened the door of the duke's apartment hitherto closed to him. In a very short time he had charmed M. de Chevreuse; lucky chances brought M. de Beauvilliers to the spot; the abbé was discreet, reserved, aloof. Little by little, he was detained in the moments of leisure. Chevreuse lauded him to M. de

Beauvilliers; the abbé watched his time; the two dukes were of one heart, one soul; pleasing one, he pleased the other; received by the Duc de Chevreuse, he was presently received by the Duc de Beauvilliers.

They were two men solely occupied, not to say drowned, in their duties, who in the midst of a Court where their posts and their favour made them personages, lived as if in a hermitage, in the most self-willed ignorance of what was passing around them. Charmed with the Abbé de Polignac and knowing nothing more, they both thought it was doing a good thing to bring so agreeably informed a man into the company of the Duc de Bourgogne, himself so well-informed and so capable of being amused and also of profiting by the abbé's conversation. To resolve, will, and act were to them the same thing; and there was the abbé at the summit of all his desires!

I saw the whole manœuvre of Polignac round Chevreuse. Unhappily for me, charity does not cork me up in a bottle, like the two dukes. One evening at Marly I went, as I usually did every day, to talk with the Duc de Beauvilliers *tête-à-tête*. His confidence in me went far beyond my age, and I was allowed to say and, in fact, was in the habit of saying what I thought, even about himself. I told him therefore what I had noticed for some time about the Abbé de Polignac and the Duc de Chevreuse; I added that there were not two men at Court who suited each other less than they did, and, with the exception of Torcy, all the men with whom that abbé was intimate were contraband to the duke. I told him that M. de Chevreuse was the dupe of the abbé, and was only the bridge by which he proposed to get to him; and the object of it all was solely to open for himself through them the door of Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne's cabinet. I was too late; Beauvilliers was already

seduced. "Well," he said, "what is the object of all this reasoning? What do you conclude from it?" "What I conclude," I said, "is that neither of you knows who and what the Abbé de Polignac is; you will both be his dupes; you will introduce him to Mgr. le Duc de Bourgogne, and that is all he wants of you." "But what duping is there in that?" he said, interrupting me. "If his conversations can be useful to the Duc de Bourgogne, what can we do better than let him profit by them?" "Very good," I said; "you stop me, and you will follow your own idea; but I tell you, for I know him well, that you are the two men at Court that suit him least and shackle him most, and once established by you in the Duc de Bourgogne's circle, he 'll charm him like a wizard siren, and you yourself, to whom I speak, who think yourself, with so much reason, in the heart and mind of your pupil, will be expelled by him and he 'll establish himself on your ruins." At these words the whole expression of the duke's face changed; he looked displeased and said with austerity that he could not listen to me any longer; I was going much too far; I had too bad an opinion of everybody, and that what I assumed to predict was neither in the mind of the abbé nor in the possibility of events; and, without pushing the conversation any further, he must beg me to say no more to him on the subject. "Monsieur," I replied, angry myself, "you shall be obeyed; but you will feel the truth of my prophecy; though I promise never to say another word to you about it." He remained a few moments cold and stiff; I spoke of other things; he took them up and became once more his usual self to me.

I do not know if the misfortunes of the year which had just ended, or the great enterprises planned for the coming year induced the king to command the festivities of

this winter, as a policy to give courage to the kingdom and show to his enemies the little uneasiness their successes gave him. However that may be, every one was surprised when he announced in the first days of the year that there would be balls at Marly on all the trips from the beginning of the year till Lent, together with the names of the men and women who were to dance at them. He also gave notice that he should be very glad if balls were given without preparation at Versailles to Mme. la Duchesse de Bourgogne. Accordingly many were given to her; and at Marly there were several masquerades. On one occasion the king required that all who were at Marly, the oldest and the gravest, men and women, should appear masked at a ball; he himself, to make no exception, came and stayed there with a gauze mantle over his coat; but that slight masking was for himself alone; others had to be entirely disguised. M. and Mme. de Beauvilliers were so, completely. Whoso says that to whosoever knows the Court tells all. I had the pleasure of seeing them, and of laughing with them privately about it afterwards. The Court of Saint-Germain came to all these balls, and the king made many persons dance who had long passed the age of it, such as the Duc de Villeroy, M. de Monaco, and others. As for the Comte de Brionne and the Chevalier de Sully, their dancing was so perfect there was no age for them.

1706. Many fêtes at Marly and at Versailles.

For the last five years Cardinal de Janson had been in Rome, charged with attending to the king's affairs. He had done so with dignity, and more as an honest Frenchman than as a cardinal; this did not please either the pope or his Court. He stood unpleasantly with the first and not very well with the second, which expects to see everything

I am chosen, without thinking of it, for the embassy to Rome.

bend before it. He was quite ill and had long asked permission to return, which was finally granted. But there was no cardinal who could replace him, and the Abbé de la Trémoille, for want of a better, was *chargé des affaires* after his departure. This obliged the king to think of promptly sending an ambassador to Rome, where there had been none since the short stay of the Duc de Chaulnes at the time of the death of Innocent XI.

The Nuncio Gualterio spoke to me of this embassy; he was wholly a Frenchman, and it was not a matter of indifference to him to have a friend as ambassador of France to Rome on whom he could rely. At thirty years of age, as I then was, I regarded the idea as a chimera, especially in view of the king's objection to young men, and his reluctance to employ them. Eight days after the nuncio had spoken to me he came into my room of a Tuesday, an hour after midday, with his arms open, his face joyful, and embraced me, begged me to close my door, and even that of my antechamber, so that no one should see his liveries, and then told me he was at the height of his wishes, for I was to go as ambassador to Rome. I made him repeat it, not believing it; telling him his wishes made him think the thing really so, but that it was wholly impossible. With joy and impatience he swore me to secrecy, and then said that Torcy, whom he had just left, confided to him that at the council that morning the thing had been decided, but that he was not to announce it to me on the part of the king till after the next council. If one of the portraits in my room had spoken I could not have been more surprised. Gualterio exhorted me all he could to accept the post. The hour of a dinner to which he was invited having come, we parted. Mme. de Saint-Simon, to whom I went to tell the news instantly, was equally astonished.

I acknowledge that I was flattered by the choice for so considerable an embassy at my age, without having thought of it, and without being urged for it by any one. At that time I had not the slightest relations or even acquaintance with Torcy; the Duc de Beauvilliers was too cautious to have proposed me without first ascertaining whether the employment was compatible with the state of my affairs; the chancellor was not in that line; and Chamillart would not have taken such a step without my knowledge, and besides, not being on the best terms with Torcy, he would never have risked a suggestion to the king about the other's ministry.

After the death of the king, Torcy and I being brought together in a friendship which lasted ever after, I asked him by what chance I had been chosen for the embassy to Rome. He declared to me he knew nothing of it except that at the council the king, already determined to send an embassy to Rome, stopped Torcy as he was beginning to read the despatches from there, and said to the ministers that an ambassador must be chosen, that he wanted a duke, and the best way was to look down the list, and see whom he would choose. He then took up a little almanac and read out the names, beginning with M. d'Uzès. My seniority soon brought him to my name, at which he made a pause, and then said: "What do you think of that one? He is young, but he is good," etc. Monseigneur, who wanted D'Antin, said nothing; M. le Duc de Bourgogne supported me; the chancellor and M. de Beauvilliers likewise; Torcy praised their opinion, but proposed to continue the list; Chamillart opined that they could not find any one better. The king then closed the almanac, and concluded that it was not worth while to go farther; and he settled the choice on me, but ordered the secret kept for some days, until he should decide

to have me told. The thing was discussed and weighed no more than that, and lasted no longer. Torcy then read his despatches. This is what I was told more than ten years later by a truthful man, who could have no interest or reason to disguise anything from me.

Beauvilliers and Chamillart, each separately, examined my debts, my revenues, the expenses of an embassy and its salary, — the first on documents, which Mme. de Saint-Simon took to them and examined with them; the others by estimation. They both concluded for acceptance; the duke, because, after serious examination, he saw that I could afford this embassy without ruining myself, and also because, if I refused it, the king would never forgive me, especially after leaving the service; he would always regard me as an idler, who preferred to do nothing, and would take pains to make me feel his displeasure by all sorts of annoyances, and refusals of things which I might really need of him. All of which would be more injury to my interests and to my situation, present and future, than any ill success I might have in the embassy.

Vanquished at last, I accepted; that is to say, I resolved to do so. Mme. de Saint-Simon, more wise and prudent, and grieved to leave her family, although persuaded, was pained. I cannot refuse myself the pleasure of relating here what the three ministers, and all three separately, and all three without my saying a word to them, said to me about a woman of twenty-seven (as she was then) whom long observation in the affairs of Court and family had made well known to them. They advised me, all three, and all three forcibly, to keep no secrets from her in the affairs of the embassy; to have her at the end of my table when I read and wrote my despatches, and to consult her on everything with deference. I have rarely tasted any counsel so sweet

to me, and I hold it to have been an equal merit in her to deserve it, and yet to have lived ever after as if she were ignorant of it; for she knew it, — she knew it from me, and from themselves.

I had no opportunity to follow this advice in Rome, where I did not go; but I had long practised it even then, and I continued all my life to keep nothing from her. I must be allowed to say still further, that I found no counsel so wise, so judicious, so useful; and I acknowledge with pleasure that she guarded me from many small and many great annoyances. I used her help in all things without reserve; and the support it was to me was infinite both in my own conduct and in my share of public affairs, which was not insignificant during the last part of the king's life and throughout the Regency. It is a very sweet and very rare contrast to those useless women who spoil all; whom ambassadors are often prevented from taking with them, and are forbidden to let into their secrets, and who form a contrast great indeed to those rare and capable women who make their true weight felt, with a sense that is accurate and exquisite in all things, but gentle and tranquil; women who, far from attracting notice to their worth, seem ignorant of it themselves through a lifetime of unvarying modesty, charm, and virtue.

The matter was delayed, and it came to pass that, although not announced, the fact that the choice had fallen on me was known both at Rome and in Paris. M. le Duc de Bourgogne made me at Marly, secretly, certain civilities about it, although at that time I had not any privileged relations with him. He thought the delay too prolonged; and on my replying with modesty about the employment, he encouraged me and said that I could not do better than begin now to form myself for public affairs and for great

offices. He added that for that reason he was very glad I had resolved to accept it, and all the more because the king would never have forgiven a refusal.

To shorten at once this too long story of my embassy to Rome, I was dragged along in this way till the middle of April, when I learned that my fate would be certainly decided at the next council. We were then at Marly and lodged with Chamillart in the same pavilion. I begged him, when he returned from the council, to come into my rooms before he went up to his own, and let me know in private what was to be done with me. He came therefore to Mme. de Saint-Simon's room, where we awaited him with anxiety. "You will be very glad," he said, "and I very sorry. The king sends no ambassador to Rome. The pope has at last agreed to make the Abbé de la Trémoille cardinal; and also the promotion which his repugnance to include the abbé has delayed so long. The new cardinal is to be intrusted with the affairs of the king, and no ambassador will be sent." Madame de Saint-Simon was delighted; it really seems as if she had a foreboding of the strange discredit into which the affairs of the king in Italy were about to fall, of the embarrassment and disorders into which our misfortunes were to throw the finances, and the cruel situation to which all these things taken together were to reduce us in Italy.

My situation at Court after this choice for Rome.

The reflections which I had had so much time to make consoled me easily for the loss of an employment which had certainly flattered me; but little did I think of the harm this affair was to do me. D'Antin and Dangeau had been furious at my selection, and the Maréchal d'Huxelles also, who had wanted to be asked himself in order to request as a condition that he be made duke; for which he had been abruptly set aside.

Not being able to do worse to cut short the career of a young man whom they saw about to dawn at their expense, and knowing how much the king was on his guard against intelligence and education, they began to praise me for those qualities to excess, — applauding the king's choice which, in consequence of the delays, became public. M. and Mme. du Maine had never forgiven me for evading their invitations to Sceaux, and for showing myself unshaken by all the advances they had repeatedly made to me. I had never concealed what I felt about the rank that the bastards had usurped. To see me about to dawn in public affairs filled them with fear and vexation, and I could only attribute to M. du Maine, so naturally timid and malevolent, the strange aversion which Mme. de Maintenon had to me even now, though I never suspected it until later. After the death of the king, Chamillart told me of it and said it was such that he had had disputes with her about it; that she had been the obstacle which prevented me from being reconciled with the king earlier; but that, being urged by him, Chamillart, she could not allege anything in particular that she had against me, for herself or her friends, except vaguely that I was arrogant, fault-finding and full of views, from which opinion he could never stir her, nor could he deaden the impression; he said also that she had done me many an ill turn with the king. This talk of intellect and study, capacity and application, and of my fitness for the management of public affairs was easily carried to the king by these channels, — namely, that of M. du Maine in poison praises, that of Mme. de Maintenon more openly. M. du Maine, at that time closely allied with Mme. la Duchesse, who was also on the closest terms with D'Antin,[1] had urged

[1] The legitimate son of Mme. de Montespan; half-brother of M. du Maine and of Mme. la Duchesse.

the appointment of the latter and was piqued at not succeeding; he was also against me for the reasons above stated. That was enough. They put the king so much on his guard against me that they even made him dread me in order to alienate him more completely and surely; so that I soon perceived a change in him which, like those languors which can only end in a dangerous illness, brought me into a species of disgrace, from which I eventually succeeded in extricating myself; but we are not concerned with that as yet.

The same impression about me was given to Monseigneur. For that purpose they needed assistance, and Mlle. de Lislebonne and Mme. d'Espinoy were at hand.[1] The sisters were not ignorant of my sentiments nor of my conduct in regard to the usurpations of their house [that of the Lorrains]. This was their tender spot. They ruled that kind Monseigneur, who took up all the opinions they were pleased to give him about me; and Mme. la Duchesse at the same time, for the reasons given, worked upon him with the same eagerness. The Choin let herself be persuaded by them, her best friends, and also by the Maréchal d'Huxelles, who courted her assiduously, and by whom poor Monseigneur was induced to believe himself the wisest head in the kingdom. Such became from this time my situation at Court; and I was not long in finding it out.

[1] "Sisters," says Saint-Simon elsewhere, "of one heart, one soul, one mind. Mlle. de Lislebonne was so long and so closely united with the Chevalier de Lorraine that every one believed her to be secretly married to him. They made their court to the Princesse de Conti, and through her to Monseigneur, who held them in great affection. They were the repositories of his soul, and the confidants of his affection for Mlle. Choin. No one doubted that they, with Mlle. Choin, would govern him after the death of the king, who himself treated the sisters with great distinction, and Mme. de Maintenon placated them." Their mother was the daughter of Duc Charles IV. de Lorraine. — Tr.

While I was thus an object of public interest, the Comtesse de La Marck died in Paris of the small-pox. She was daughter of the Duc de Rohan, as I mentioned at the time of her marriage. She was an intimate friend of Mme. de Saint-Simon, and also of Mme. de Lauzun, her former companions in a convent. She was a tall woman, very well made, but ugly, with a noble, intelligent air which reconciled us to her face. She had infinite mind, and she had it vast, manly, full of views; much discernment, accuracy, and precision; a simple, natural air and charming conversation; very safe, a little stern, and an excellent heart, which troubled her life by the violent contrast of her nearest relations. She was a person whose views, ambition, courage, and dexterity would have led her far. She was the niece of Mme. de Soubise, who loved her passionately. Her merits made her deeply regretted. Mme. de Saint-Simon mourned her bitterly, and I was greatly touched myself. Five or six hours after the news of her death reached us, Mme. de Saint-Simon and her sister were forced to dance at Court, with red and swollen eyes, for no excuse would be accepted. The king knew little of the laws of nature or the emotions of the heart. He spent all his on matters of State or else in frivolous amusement, with equal interest. He made the Duchesse de Duras come and dance at Marly in the first days of her mourning for the Maréchal de Duras. And we have seen how little the most common decency was considered and spared by him at the time of Monsieur's death.

Death of the Comtesse de La Marck.

The Comte de Grammont died in Paris, where he seldom went, in the middle of this winter, being more than eighty-six years old, and having always had the most perfect health and all his faculties until he was eighty-five and even later. He was

Death of the Comte de Grammont; his character.

brother to the father of Maréchal de Grammont, whose mother was a daughter of Maréchal de Roquelaire, while that of the Comte de Grammont was sister of Bouteville, beheaded in Paris for duelling, the father of the Maréchal Duc de Luxembourg. He had formerly attached himself to M. le Prince, whom he followed to Flanders; after which he travelled in England, where he married Miss Hamilton, with whom he was notoriously in love, so that her brothers, who were scandalized, forced him to make her his wife. He was a man of much mind, but a mind of the sort that spends itself in wit, repartee, shrewdness, and accuracy in seeing the evil, the absurdity, and the foibles of every one, and in painting them with one ineffaceable, irreparable stroke of his tongue; boldly doing this in public, preferably before the king than elsewhere, without allowing either merit, grandeur, favour, or office to protect any men or any women whatever. In this way he amused the king and put into his mind many cruel things which he had finally acquired the liberty of saying to him, even about his ministers. He was a mad dog whom nothing escaped. His known cowardice put him beneath all consequences of his bite; withal a cheat, and an impudent one, cheating at cards openly, and all his life a heavy gambler. Grasping at everything with both hands, he was always begging; though the gifts of the king, from whom he drew a great deal of money, never sufficed to put him even a little at his ease. He had received for no cost the government of La Rochelle and the district of Aunis on the death of M. de Navailles, and he sold them afterwards for a great price to Gacé, Maréchal de Matignon. He had the first *entrées* and seldom stirred from Court. No meanness cost him anything towards persons whom he had previously torn to pieces, if he wanted anything out of them; ready to begin again as soon as he had got what he

wanted. Neither word nor honour in anything whatever; so that he even told a thousand tales of himself and gloried in his turpitude; in fact, he has left it to posterity in certain memoirs of his life, now in the hands of everybody, which his greatest enemies would never have dared to publish. To sum up all, everything was permitted to him, and he permitted himself everything. He grew old on that footing.

On one occasion he met the Archbishop of Reims coming out of the king's presence with his head bowed, after an audience on the affair of the monk of Auville. "Monsieur l'archevêque," he said aloud with an insulting air, "*verba volant,* but *scripta manent.* Your servant, sir." The archbishop bristled up, but made no answer. He was very ill when eighty-five years old, a year before his death, and his wife spoke to him of God. The entire forgetfulness in which he had lived all his life threw him into a state of the strangest surprise about the mysteries. At last, turning to her he said: "But, countess, are you telling me the truth?" Then, hearing her say the Lord's Prayer, "Countess," he said, "that is a very fine prayer; who made it?" He had not the faintest tincture of any religion. Of his sayings and doings one might write volumes, but they would all be deplorable if we left out the wit, the effrontery, and, often, the foulness. With all these vices, unmixed with a vestige of virtue, he had bullied the Court and held it in terror and respect. Accordingly, it felt itself delivered of a scourge whom the king had favoured and distinguished all his life. He was chevalier of the Order of the Saint-Esprit in the promotion of 1688.

The Comtesse de Grammont; her character.

Félix, the king's surgeon, lived during his lifetime in a little house in the park of Versailles, at the end of the canal into which the waters lead. He had made it extremely pretty. After his death

the king had given it to the Comtesse de Grammont. The strange memoirs of her husband, written by himself, have told the world that her name was Hamilton, and how he married her in England. She had been very handsome, and was very well-made, and still preserved the remains of her beauty and also a most haughty mien. No one could have more intelligence or, despite her haughtiness, more charm, more politeness, more choice. She had trained herself to it; having been lady of honour to the late queen, she had passed her life in the best company at Court, and was always very well with the king, who enjoyed her wit, while she, on the other hand, put up with his free manners in the matter of his mistresses. She was a woman who had had her gallantries, but had never failed to make herself respected; and, having teeth and nails, she was very strong at Court, even with the ministers, whom she cultivated little.

Mme. de Maintenon feared her, but had never been able to remove her; the king amused himself too much with her conversation. She felt the aversion and jealousy of Mme. de Maintenon, whom she had seen issuing from the earth and rapidly o'er-topping the tallest cedars; never could she bring herself to pay her court there. She was born of Catholic parents, who had sent her when very young to Port-Royal, where she was educated. There had always remained in her soul a germ of that training, and it recalled her to piety before age, the world, and her mirror had made her think of a change of conduct. With piety, trained as she had been, a love for those to whom she owed her education, and whom at all periods of her life she had respected and admired, rose higher than policy in her mind. It was this by which Mme. de Maintenon hoped at last to separate her from the king. Hitherto she had always failed; the

countess evaded the danger with so much wit and grace, often with such freedom, that the king's reproaches had come to nothing; in fact, she stood better and was more familiar with him, even to risking a few haughty glances at Mme. de Maintenon, and a few spicy pleasantries that verged upon bitterness. Too much emboldened by long success, she ventured at last to shut herself up at Port-Royal for the whole octave of the Fête-Dieu. Her absence made a void which bored the king and gave Mme. de Maintenon her chance. The king told his opinion very sharply to the Comte de Grammont, and ordered him to impart it to his wife. She was forced to come down to excuses and entreaties for pardon, which were very ill received. She was sent back to Paris and a trip to Marly was made without her, during which she wrote to the king by her husband, but she could not resolve to write to Mme. de Maintenon or say to her a single word on the subject. The letter remained without reply, and was apparently unsuccessful. Some days after the return to Versailles, the king suddenly sent her word by her husband to come back. He saw her alone in his cabinet, entering by the back way, and though, very decidedly, she held firm about Port-Royal, they made it up on condition that there should be no more of "these disappearances," as the king called them. She did not go near Mme. de Maintenon, whom she never saw except in presence of the king, with whom she was now on better terms than ever. This had happened the previous year; and the gift of the Moulineaux, the little house lately belonging to Félix, which was now given to her, made a great talk, and showed plainly how well she stood with his Majesty.

It seemed as if the flatterers of the king were now foreseeing that the end of the prosperities of his reign was

approaching, and that henceforth they would have nothing to laud but his constancy. A great number of medals, struck on all sorts of occasions, of which even the commonest were not forgotten, were about this time collected and engraved, with the intention of making a metallic history. The Abbé Tallemant, Toureil, and Dacier, three of the principal *savants* of the French Academy, had been intrusted with the explanation of these medals to be placed beside each in a thick volume, of the magnificent printing of the Louvre. A preface was needed; and as this sort of history began at the death of Louis XIII., his medal was necessarily placed at the beginning of the book, and something was therefore required to be said about that prince in the preface. One of their acquaintances bethought himself of my just gratitude, and believed it would lend me the proper qualifications, if I did not have them otherwise, for the small piece of the preface which should concern Louis XIII.; or else be used as a note beneath his medal, which was placed at the head of those of Louis XIV. They proposed to me to write it. My mind was the dupe of my heart, and, without consulting my incapacity, I consented on condition that I should be spared the ridicule of the world, and that the secret shoud be faithfully kept.

The medals of the king.

So I did it; keeping guard against myself, lest I should obscure the son in a work that was wholly to his glory, and into which that of his father only came by accident and through the necessity of an introduction. My theme accomplished, and it only took me a morning because it was not to be very extended, I sent it in. I had the fate of authors: my piece was praised; it seemed to exceed in nothing. I congratulated myself, — delighted to have consecrated two or three hours to my just gratitude; for that was all the time I gave.

When it became a question of inserting it, the gentlemen were frightened. There are truths the simplicity of which, untouched by art, casts a glory which effaces the toil of an eloquence that magnifies or palliates. Louis XIII. furnished many such truths. I had contented myself with simply pointing them out; but the sketch had dulled the succeeding pictures; at least it so appeared to those engaged upon them. They applied themselves therefore to pruning, weakening, and veiling all they could, so as not to obscure their hero by a comparison that was only too obvious. This effort did not satisfy them; they perceived at last that it was not I whom they had to correct, but the thing itself, the lustre of which, springing from within, could be extinguished only by suppression. They felt the falsehood of such corrections, which, while concealing certain facts, certain truths, could not omit all, and yet all were of a nature to obscure their subject. This embarrassment, swollen by the dominant spirit of adulation, determined them at last to issue their work with the medal of Louis XIII. in the beginning, but without notice, saying nothing about that prince except to mention that his death gave place to his son upon the throne. Reflections on this sort of iniquity would lead too far. It was not done towards me. The matter remained under the silence which had been promised to me.

Vast projects for the campaigns; reflections.

The projects for the campaigns which were about to begin were worthy of the years of the king's prosperity and of those happy times of abundance of men and money, of ministers and generals who by their capacity were competent to give the law to Europe. The king desired to open with two battles, one in Italy, the other in Flanders, to forestall the assembling of the Imperial army on the Rhine, throwing back in this way the enemy's line; and afterwards to lay siege to Barcelona

and Turin. The exhaustion of Spain and that into which France itself was now falling answered but little to these vast ideas. Chamillart, crushed under the weight of the double ministry of Colbert and Louvois, resembled those two great ministers as little as the generals of the army resembled M. le Prince and M. de Turenne and the pupils of those heroes who were no more. The present men were generals of taste, fancy, favour, cabinet-making, to whom the king thought he gave, as to his ministers, capacity with their commissions. Moreover, he was persuaded that it was he himself who directed his armies from his cabinet. The generals, thus in leading strings, no longer had the disposition of affairs, or the liberty to profit by any contingency that might arise before the return of the courier despatched with reports to bring back orders. Thus, always checked, always in leading-strings, always in fear and uncertainty, they were compelled to await the orders of the Court at every step. Luxury had invaded the armies, where they now fared as delicately as in Paris, and this prevented the generals from living with their officers, knowing them, being known by them, and consequently being able to discern and choose men for commands which required confidence and capacity. No more tales of war as in other days, whereby instruction was given in reciprocal narrative and dissertations; men would have been ashamed in those days to talk and occupy themselves with other things; the young men listened to the older men, who discussed together what they had seen well done and ill done, with reasons and reflections. The men of to-day, of all ages, unable to talk of that of which they know nothing, talk of cards and women, the older ones of nothing better than forage and equipage. Thus the prospects of the war were far below the grandeur of the king's projects.

APPENDIX.

GENEALOGY OF THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON.

TAKEN (WITHOUT COLLATERALS OR DETAILS) FROM AN UNPUBLISHED "NOTICE ON THE HOUSE OF SAINT-SIMON" WRITTEN BY HIMSELF, AND NOW IN THE ARCHIVES OF THE MINISTRY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

CHARLEMAGNE, emperor of the West, left a second son,
PEPIN . . . . . succeeded his father as King of Italy, and left
BERNARD . . . King of Italy; died April 17, 818, and left
HERBERT I. . . Seigneur of Péronne and Saint-Quentin. Left
HERBERT II. . (brother of Béatrix, wife of king Robert of France) Left
HERBERT III. . Comte de Vermandois. Left
ALBERT . . . . Comte de Vermandois (and many other children, among them Leutgarde, who married, about 940, William I., Duke of Normandy). Albert left
HERBERT IV. . Comte de Vermandois, who left
OTHON . . . . Comte de Vermandois, who left
HERBERT V. . Comte de Vermandois; was present at the coronation of Philippe I., 1059. Still living in 1076. Married, 1068, Adèle, Comtesse de Crespy and de Valois, sister of the Blessed Simon, Comte de Crespy. Herbert left
EUDES I. . . . Comte de Vermandois, later Seigneur de Saint-Simon. Still living in 1083. Married Avide, daughter of the Seigneur de Saint-Simon, whose seigneurie, between Ham and La Fère, passed to Eudes, and is now the duché-pairie of Saint-Simon. Eudes left
EUDES II. . . . Comte de Vermandois, who left

JEAN I. . . . . He was the first to take the name of Saint-Simon; quitting that of Vermandois, and ceding his rights and pretensions to Vermandois and Valois to King Philippe-Auguste. This Jean accompanied the latter to the Holy Land, 1188, and served at the siege of Acre, 1191. He was living in 1195, and left

JEAN II. . . . Seigneur de Saint-Simon; was at the battle of Bouvines, 1214. Married Marguerite de Beauvoir, and left

SIMON . . . . . Seigneur de Saint-Simon, still living in 1269. Married Béatrix de Condun, and left

JACQUES . . . Seigneur de Saint-Simon, the last male of this elder branch of the Vermandois seigneurs of Saint-Simon. He had one son, who died unmarried before 1333, and two daughters. The eldest, Marguerite, married Matthieu de Rouvroy, and from this marriage issues the whole family, from father to son, of the Ducs de Saint-Simon; as follows: —

JEAN. . . . . de Rouvroy, Seigneur de Saint-Simon, married Jeanne de Montigny; died before 1392, leaving

MATTHIEU . . de Rouvroy, Seigneur de Saint-Simon; he served as a knight-banneret at Arras, and was killed at Agincourt, 1415, with his brother. Married J. de Havesquerque (called de Wicque), and left

GILLES . . . . de Saint-Simon, brought up with Charles VII. Served in all the wars of that period. He died about 1490, Chevalier de Saint-Michel, at the age of about 100, full of reputation and honour deserved by long and great services. He married J. de Flocques, and left

GUILLAUME . . de Saint-Simon, chamberlain to François I., whom he followed to Italy in 1514. Married J. de la Vacquerie, and died in 1525, leaving

LOUIS . . . . . de Saint-Simon. Served in the wars of François I.; Henri II. made him governor of Senlis in 1547. Married Antoinette de Mailly; died 1578, æt. 84, and left

FRANÇOIS . . . de Saint-Simon; served Charles IX., Henri III., and Henri IV., through all the wars of his time; was wounded at the siege of Rouen, 1562, and at the

battle of St. Denis, 1567; married A. d'Ansac; died 1620; and left

Louis . . . . . de Saint-Simon; served Henri IV. in all his wars; was at the battle of Ivry, the sieges of Rouen, Paris, and Amiens. He lived through the reign of Louis XIII.; married, April 28, 1594, Denise de la Fontaine; died June, 1643, æt. 75, and left

Claude . . . . de Saint-Simon; made duc et pair by Louis XIII. Commanded the cavalry of M. le Prince, father of the Great Condé; married Charlotte de l'Aubespine; died May 3, 1693, æt. 87, and left

Louis . . . . . Duc de Saint-Simon, author of the Memoirs, born January 16, 1675; married, April 8, 1695, Marie-Gabrielle de Durfort de Lorges; died March 2, 1755, æt. 80.

Order for the Conveyance of the Papers of the Duc de Saint-Simon to the Archives of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.

21 December, 1760.

De par le Roi.

His Majesty, being informed that the manuscripts found at M. le Duc de Saint-Simon's house at the time of his decease, the greater part of which concern the service of the King and the State, have been packed in several cases and left to the care and in possession of the Sieur Delaleu, notary of the Châtelet of Paris, orders that on the simple presentation of the present order, and notwithstanding all oppositions made or to be made, the said cases and manuscripts, in the state in which they now are, shall be consigned to the Sieur le Dran, head clerk of the Archives of Foreign Affairs; and this on his simple receipt for them. It is enjoined also on the Sieur Delaleu, notary, and all other holders of the said cases and manuscripts to conform to the present order; and so doing they will be well and truly discharged of their responsibility.

Done at Versailles, Dec. 21, 1760.

Louis.

The Duc de Choiseul.

I, the undersigned, head-clerk of the Archives of Foreign Affairs, acknowledge that M. Delaleu, notary, in consequence of and to satisfy the orders of the King, has made over to me five large cases, containing the manuscripts of M. le Duc de Saint-Simon, with which he was charged on the vacation, July 2, 1755, of the inventory of the said late seigneur, Duc de Saint-Simon; the which five cases he has made over to me, bound with stout ropes and furnished, each of them, with three locks or padlocks; the keys of the said locks or padlocks he declares to me he has not, and never has had, they being placed on the day of said vacation of inventory, one in the hands of M. Boudot, attorney at the Châtelet; . . . another in the hands of M. Gauzen, representing Mme. la Comtesse de Valentinois [Saint-Simon's granddaughter], sole presumptive heiress of the said Duc de Saint-Simon; the third in the hands of M. Girardin. . . .

Done in Paris, this 22nd of December, 1760.

P. Le Dran.

INSCRIPTION ON THE COFFIN OF THE DUC DE SAINT-SIMON.

Cy gît
Louis, Duc de Saint-Simon, Pair
de France, Comte de Rasse,
Grand d'Espagne de la
Première Classe; Marquis
de Ruffec, Comte de la
Ferté-Arnaud, Vidame de
Chartres, Gouverneur des
Ville, Citadelle, et Comté
de Blaye, Bailli et Gouverneur
de Senlis; Chevalier des
Ordres du Roy; Cy devant
du Conseil de la Régence dès
son établissement. Depuis
Ambassadeur Extraordinaire
en Espagne. Décédé le 2 Mars,
1755, âgé de 80 ans, ou environ.

Requiescat in Pace.

This inscription, engraved on a brass plate, was deposited in 1878 in the Archives of Foreign Affairs, by M. Théodore Bustin, of Vieux-

Condé. It came, evidently, from Saint-Simon's coffin, which was buried, together with that of his wife, in the parish church of La Ferté, where it was broken open and destroyed during the Revolution. Mme. de Saint-Simon died on the 24th of January, 1743; the Duc de Saint-Simon on the 2nd of March, 1755. It is not recorded whether the two coffins were riveted together according to his will (see note on page 16). Presumably they were; and if so the ashes of both husband and wife were scattered to the winds by the Revolution.

INDEX TO VOL. I.

Amiens (Bishop of), his honourable scruples, 138, 139.

Anjou (Duc d'), made King of Spain by will of Charles II., 205, 206. See Philippe V.

Appartement, 50–52.

Barbézieux (minister of war), 56.

Beauvilliers (Duc de), 6; origin of Saint-Simon's friendship with, 62–69; promotes his marriage, 77; appoints Fénelon preceptor to princes, 123; the little flock, 124; accepts Fénelon's condemnation by Rome, 170; opinion for accepting will of King of Spain, 208; accompanies Philippe V. to frontier, 215; health restored by Helvetius, 248; his caution, 285; grief and resignation, 311, 312; is duped by the Abbé de Polignac, 314, 315.

Beauvilliers (Duchesse de), 6, 67, 310.

Boileau-Despréaux (Nicolas), death of, 173.

Boisguilbert (Sieur de), his system of taxation same as Vauban's, 266, 267.

Bontems (king's headvalet), death and character, 216–218; prepares altar for marriage to Mme. de Maintenon, 216; his disinterestedness and kindness to others, 217.

Bossuet (Bishop of Meaux), obtains retractation from Mme. Guyon, 129; exposes the new doctrine, 129; his book, 138; sends it to the pope, 139; death, 288.

Boufflers (Maréchal Marquis de), magnificent display at Compiègne, 157–169.

Bouillon (Duchesse de), exiled, 75.

Bourbon (Duchesse de), "Madame la Duchesse," daughter of King and Mme. de Montespan, 45, 86; debts paid, 187.

Bourgogne (Louis de France, Duc de), marriage, 146–148; admitted to the councils, 263.

Bourgogne (Marie-Adélaïde de Savoie, Duchesse de), arrival in France, 144; charms the king, 144; and Mme. de Maintenon, 145; marriage, 146–148; charming ways with the king, 292; affair of Nangis, 292–298; terror caused by Maulevrier, 296, 297.

Bouteville, see Luxembourg, Maréchal Duc de.

Bracciano (Duchesse de), see Ursins, Princesse des.

Bretagne (Duc de), birth and death, 291.

Burnet (Bishop of Salisbury), 192, 193.

Canillac (Colouel de), amazement at scene at Compiègne, 167–168.

Castries (Mme. de), death, appearance, and character, 136–138.

Caumartin (Abbé de), director of French Academy, 88; plays a trick on Bishop of Noyon, 89; anger of the bishop, 91; noble conduct of the bishop, 92.

Cavoye (grand marshal of king's houses), his career, his reluctant

marriage, his excellent character, 132, 136.
Chaise (Père de La), tells the truth to Bishop of Noyon, 90; 138, 139.
Chamillart (Michel de), controller of finance, 28; opinion on Mme. de Saint-Simon, 319; tells Saint-Simon of Mme. de Maintenon's opinion of him, 322.
Chandenier (Marquis de), his downfall, noble character, and death, 131–133.
Charles II. (King of Spain), anger at Treaty of Partition, 190; makes will in favour of Austrian archduke, 205; makes another in favour of Duc d'Anjou; dies, 206.
Chartres (Duc de), see Orléans, Duc d'.
Chartres (Françoise de Bourbon), see Orléans, Duchesse d'.
Chartres (Vidame de), see Saint-Simon, Duc de.
Chartres (Godet, Bishop of), character, 125; watches Mme. Guyon, 126; warns Mme. de Maintenon, 127.
Chatillon (Duchesse de), 73.
Chevreuse (Duc de), 76; acquaintance with Sir William Temple, 182; Saint-Simon laughs at his timidity with the king, 286; is duped by the Abbé de Polignac, 314.
Choin (Mlle.), relations with Monseigneur, 323.
Choiseul (Duc de), 56; anecdotes of, 306, 307.
Coëtlogon (Mlle. de), falls in love with Cavoye; his cruelty, her despair, marriage, and subsequent life, 133–136.
Compiègne, the camp at, 157; unheard-of magnificence and extravagance, 157–169; the "for," 160; trick of M. de Lauzun, 162; strange act on part of king, 165, 168.
Conti (François-Louis, Prince de), 76; elected King of Poland, 150; dislike to it, 151; king's satisfaction and sentiments of family, 152; goes to Dantzig, not received, and returns, 152–154.
Conti (Marie-Anne, Princesse de), wife of Louis-Armand, and daughter of king and Louise de la Vallière, 45, 86.
Court, Balls at, 86, 148, 185, 187, 241, 316.
Courtenvaux (son of Louvois), anger of king, why, 307.
Czar (Peter the Great), his travels, 155; reception of English ambassador in a main-top, 155, 156; visits England and other countries; anxious to go to France; Louis XIV. declines his visit, 156, 157.

Dangeau (Marquis de), 14.
Delfini (nuncio), lectured by king, 184; made cardinal, 184; would not visit bastards, 185.
Dubois (Cardinal), his beginning, 47.
Duquet (M. de), his learning and charm, 219; devotion to Mlle. Rose, a seer, takes her to La Trappe, 219, 220.
Duras (Maréchal Duc de), death and character, 229; anecdotes of, 300, 301.

Espinoy (Mme. d'), intimate relations with Monseigneur, 323.

Fagon (king's physician), character, 246–248; advice to Maulevrier, 297.
Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, (François de Salignac de la Mothe), 14; early career, 121; joins Sulpicians, 122; friendship with Mme. Guyon, 122; made preceptor to sons of France, 123; pleases Mme. de Maintenon, 123; made Archbishop of Cambrai, 124; introduces Mme. Guyon to Saint-Cyr, 129; beginning of his troubles, 129; Bossuet exposes the new doctrine, 129; Fénelon's answer, 130; their two books, 138; refers his cause to pope, so does Bossuet, 139; exiled to Cambrai, 140; his book condemned at Rome, 170; his dignified and honourable

conduct, 171; insults of Bishop of St. Omer, 172.
Fontevrault (Abbess of), sister of Mme. de Montespan, her charm, 290; reverse of picture, 291; death, regretted by king, 291.
Fürstenberg (Cardinal de), death of, 288.

Gesvres (Duchesse de), death, portrait, and anecdotes of, 262, 263.
Gloucester (Duke of), 192.
Grammont (Comte de), death, history, character, 324, 325; anecdotes of, 326.
Grammont (Comtesse de), king's regard for her, displeasure at her going to Port-Royal, 176, 177, 328; gives her a house in the park at Versailles, 326; Mme. de Maintenon jealous and afraid of her, 327; appearance and character, 327.
Grand (M. le), 284.
Grignan (Mme. de), daughter of Mme. de Sévigné, 130.
Gualterio (nuncio), desires Saint-Simon ambassador to Rome, 317.
Guyon (Mme.), and Fénelon, 122; pleases Mme. de Maintenon, 126; collects a little flock at Saint-Cyr, 126; exposed by Bishop of Chartres and dismissed, 127; retracts to Bossuet, 129; imprisoned, 128, 129.

Harlay (president of parliament), 7; the Luxembourg claim, 76; his family, 77; character, 78; person, 79; reason of favour with king, 79; iniquitous proceeding in Luxembourg case, 82, 83; foiled, how, 85, 86.
Helvetius (Dutch physician), hated by Fagon, 247, 248.
Humières (Maréchal Duc de), 75.

James II. (King of England), takes refuge in France, 111; consideration shown by Louis XIV. about Peace of Ryswick, 142; death and character, 237; Louis XIV. assures him he will recognize his son (the Pretender) as King of England, 238, 239.
La Bruyère (Jean de), remark on Duc de Lauzun, 100; his death, 131.
La Fontaine (Jean de), death of, 93.
La Trappe, see Trappe, Abbé de la.
La Rochefoucauld (Duc de), 80.
Lauzun (Duc de), and La Grande Mademoiselle, 59; Lauzun marries the sister of Mme. de Saint-Simon, 99; king warns the Maréchal de Lorges against him, 96; his character and beginnings, 101; quarrels with the king, 102, 103; sent to Bastille, but recovers favour, 104; misses marriage with Mademoiselle, 104; Mme. de Montespan and Louvois crush him, 105; sent to Pignerol, 105; meets Fouquet there, 106; who thinks him mad, 107; compelled to give up Mademoiselle's property, 108; returns from exile, 110; goes to England, saves Queen and Prince of Wales, 111; recovers position at Court, 112; unhappy nature, 112–115; illness and trick on heirs, 116; health and eating, 117; Gallantry and quarrels with Mademoiselle, 117; undoubtedly married to her; respect for her, 118; unable to write or relate events, 118; breaking horses at ninety, 119; last illness nobly borne, 119; trick at Compiègne, 162.
Lauzun (Mlle. de Saint-Quintin, Duchesse de), daughter of the Maréchal de Lorges, marries Lauzun, 99; his testimony to her, 114.
Le Nôtre (celebrated for his gardens), death and character, 191, 192.
Le Vassor (Père), a Jesuit spy, 193, 194; goes to Holland, becomes a Protestant, writes Hist. of Louis XIII., and is made preceptor of Duke of Gloucester, 194, 195.
Lislebonne (Mlle. de), intimate relations with Monseigneur, 323.
Longepierre, his play, 242.
Lorges (Maréchal de), his character, 93; Saint-Simon's proposals of marriage accepted by, 97.
Lorges (Mme. de), character, 95, 96; her daughters, 96.

Lorraine (the Princes of), their claim of precedence over dukes, how it came about, 46.
Louis XIV., remark on Saint-Simon, 18, 19; marriage of daughter, 45, 49, 50; promotes marshals, 56; jest of Bishop of Noyon, 88–91; approves Saint-Simon's marriage, 97; disapproves of Lauzun's, 100; treatment of Fénelon, 138, 140, 170; dismisses Italian comedians, 141; reasons for hatred to Prince of Orange, 142, 143; desires display at Duc de Bourgogne's marriage, 146; at Camp of Compiègne, 157–169; stops a dispute between Jesuits and Benedictines, 182; receives news of will of Charles II., 207; deliberations, 208–211; presents King of Spain to the Court, 212, 213; takes leave of Philippe V., 214, 215; sees alliance forming against him in consequence of Spanish succession, prepares for war, 221; quarrels with Monsieur, 223–226; grief at Monsieur's death, 228; kindness to Duc de Chartres, 228, 229, 231; recognizes Pretender as King of England, 237, 238; sees Racine's plays, 241; anger against Saint-Simon, 252, 253, 279–286; hardness of his nature, 301, 302, 324; attentions to Princesse des Ursins, 302; his system of spies, 308–310; dread of men of talent, 322, 323; regard for Mme. de Grammont, jealousy of Mme. de Maintenon, 327; his medals, 329, 330; makes vast plans of campaign for 1706, 330; prospects for it bad, why, 331.
Louville (M. de), 13, 63.
Louvois (Marquis de), 75, 76.
Luxembourg (Maréchal Duc de), claim of precedence, 71; family and career, 71, 72; in Bastille, 75; glory as general, 76; renews claim, 76; Saint-Simon visits him, 81; iniquitous proceedings, 81, 82; how foiled, 83, 85; resentment against Saint-Simon, death, 85, 86.
"Madame" (Élisabeth-Charlotte of Bavaria, wife of Philippe, Duc d'Orléans, "Monsieur"), anger at son's marriage, 48, 52; her behaviour at Monsieur's death, 229.
"Mademoiselle" (Anne-Marie-Louise d'Orléans, "La Grande"), death and memoirs of, 58, 86; misses marriage with Lauzun, 104; her anger at his imprisonment, 105–108; quarrels with him, 117; his respect for her; undoubtedly married to him, 118.
Maintenon (Mme. de), opinion of Saint-Simon, 18; intimacy with Beauvilliers, Chevreuse, and Fénelon, 123; receives and admires Mme. Guyon, 124; shocked on discovering her doctrine, 128; turns against Fénelon, the beginning of his troubles, 128, 129; strange scene between her and the king at Compiègne, 166, 168; consulted by king about accepting will of King of Spain, 210, 211; intimacy with Ninon de l'Enclos, 306; her opinion of Saint-Simon, and efforts to injure him, 322.
Marck (Comtesse de la), death, appearance and character of, 324.
Maréchal, king's surgeon; character, 269, 270; anecdote relating to Port-Royal, 270, 272.
Maulevrier, 56; pretends to be a lover of the Duchesse de Bourgogne, 294, 295; threatens her, 296; Maréchal Tessé, his father-in-law, takes him to Spain, 297, 298.
Maupertuis, captain of the Gray Mousquetaires, 44, 108.
Mignard (Pierre), painter, death of, 93; his daughter his model, 93.
"Monseigneur" (Louis de France), son of Louis XIV., gives his opinion with unwonted vigour on Spanish succession, 209, 210; by whom surrounded, 323.
"Monsieur" (Philippe, Duc d'Orléans), son's marriage, 48–52; squabbles with the princesses, 87, 88; quarrel with the king, 223; threats of his confessor, 224; another quarrel with the king, 225, 226; illness and death, 226, 227; character and ap-

pearance, 223, 224, 229, 230, 231; dislike to "la Scarron," 230.
Montal, 13, 57.
Montespan (Mme. de), 88.
Moret, the mysterious nun of, 149.

Nangis, affair with Duchesse de Bourgogne, 292; in love with Mme. de la Vrillière, 293; danger from Maulevrier, 295.
Ninon de l'Enclos, death, character, society at her house, 304–307; intimacy with Mme. de Maintenon, 306.
Noyon (Bishop of), his vanity, the king plays upon it, 88; how elected to French Academy, 88; trick upon him, 89; his anger on discovering it, 91; noble conduct, 92.

Orange (Prince of), reason of Louis XIV.'s dislike to him, 142, 143; tries to placate the king, remark when unable to do so, 143; is recognized King of England by Treaty of Ryswick, 142. See William III.
Orléans (Philippe, Duc d'), see "Monsieur."
Orléans (Élisabeth-Charlotte, Duchesse d'), see "Madame."
Orléans (Philippe, Duc d'), 7; marriage, 45; how compelled, 49–52; wedding, 53–55; king's displeasure about Mlle. de Séry, 224; kindness of king on Monsieur's death, enormous settlements, 228, 229, 231; his dissipated life, 253, 254; renewal of intimacy with Saint-Simon, 255, 256.
Orléans (Françoise de Bourbon, Duchesse d'), daughter of king and Mme. de Montespan, marriage, 45–55; squabble with her sisters, 87, 88.

Partition (Treaty of), signed, 191.
Philippe V. (Duc d'Anjou and King of Spain), will of Charles II., 205; presented to Spanish ambassador and Court at Versailles as King of Spain, 212, 213; departs for Spain, 214, 215; his marriage, 231; nature and education, 275, 276.
Piney (Duchesse de), 71, 72.
Polignac (Abbé, afterwards Cardinal de), intrigues in Poland, 150; his portrait, 311, 312; manœuvres to enter confidence of Duc de Bourgogne, 312, 313; Saint-Simon gives an opinion of him, 314.
Pontchartrain (Comte de), 92; made controller of finance, his dislike of the office, 177; character and portrait, 178; favour with Mme. de Maintenon won and lost, 180; dislike to poll-tax and *dixième*, 181; made chancellor of France, 181; his argument for accepting will of King of Spain, 208, 209.
Pontchartrain (Comtesse de), character and abilities, 178, 179.
"Pretender" (Prince of Wales, The), son of James II., recognition by Louis XIV. as King of England of no solid value, 238.
Prince (M. le), and Bouteville, 73.

Quintin-Saint (Mlle. de), see Duchesse de Lauzun.
Quête, affair of the, 277–281.

Racine (Jean), prepares statement of Luxembourg claim, 79; death of, relations with king and Mme. de Maintenon, buried at Port-Royal, 173; his plays at Court, 241.
Rancé (Armand-Jean le Boutheiller de), see Trappe, Abbé de la.
Renunciations (The), what they were, 188; celebrated opinion of the Marquis de Villafranca upon them, 204.
Rose (Lieutenant-general), at Compiègne, does not like to play a beaten rôle, 168.
Rose (Mlle.), a seer; her singular career, 218–221.
Royal personages, familiar names of, 38, 39.
Ryswick (The Peace of), 142.

Saint-Laurent, director of the Duc de Chartres, 46.

Saint-Simon (Louis de Rouvroy, Duc de), Sainte-Beuve on, 1–31; letter to M. de Rancé, 32–34; political theory, 21; memoirs, 28; style, 29, 36; birth, 41; education, 42; memoirs begun, 43; enters army, 44; Royal Roussillon, 55; death of father, 60; question of marriage, 62; origin of life-long friendship with the Duc de Beauvilliers, 62–69; Luxembourg claim, 80; visit to Maréchal de Luxembourg, 81; letters of state, 83; joy at foiling claim, 84, 85; proposals of marriage for daughter of Maréchal de Lorges, 94; accepted, 97; king approves, 97; marriage, 97, 98; intimate relations with Duc de Lauzun, 100; singular confession of Lauzun, 114; scratch of a cross cat, 115; tries in vain to make Lauzun relate events, 118; why he makes him known, 120; leaves the army, the cause, 248, 249; takes advice as to his course and follows it, 250, 252; anger of the king, how shown, 252, 253; renewal of intimacy with the Duc de Chartres (d'Orléans), 244–256; affair of the *quête*, 277; king's anger with him, 279, 280; interview with the king, 281–286; severe illness after being bled, 287; intimacy with Princesse des Ursins at Marly, 303, 304; comforts Duc de Beauvilliers in his grief, 310; warns the duke against the Abbé de Polignac, 314, 315; chosen for embassy to Rome, 316–320; opinion and advice of three ministers of State about his wife, 319, 320; his reliance upon her, 320; injury this proposal for Rome does him, 321, 322; Mme. de Maintenon's opinion of him, 322; asked to write of Louis XIII., 329, 330; his genealogy, 333; memoirs and papers placed at his death in the archives of ministry of foreign-affairs, 335; inscription on his coffin, fate of coffin, 336, 337.

Saint-Simon (Marie-Gabrielle de Durfort, Duchesse de), 15; marriage, 97, 98; her husband's life-long confidence in her, 16, 21, 96, 320; at the death of the Duc de Duras, 301; opinion of three ministers of State about her, 319.

Saint-Simon (Claude, Duc de), father of Saint-Simon, 4, 60.

Saint-Simon (Charlotte de l'Aubespine, Duchesse de), mother of Saint-Simon, 5, 42, 83, 97.

Saint-Simon (Marquise de), death of, 92.

Savoie (Marie-Adélaïde de), see Bourgogne (Duchesse de).

Savoie (Louise de), see Spain, Queen of.

Sévigné (Marquise de), remark on the doctrine of grace, death, sentiment for her daughter, 130.

Soissons (Comtesse de), accused with Mme. le Voisin, a reputed sorceress, exiled from France, 75.

Spain (Louise de Savoie, Queen of), her marriage to Philippe V., 232; the Princesse des Ursins, her *camarera-mayor*, 232; arrival in Spain and marriage to king, 235; behaviour of Spanish ladies and courtiers, 235, 236; her resentment, desire to go home, 236; education and character, 273, 274; close relations with Princesse des Ursins, 274–277.

Spain (Charles II., King of), see Charles II.

Spanish Succession, 202; action of Spanish council, 202–204; celebrated opinion on Renunciations, 204; difficulties, 205; King of Spain induced to make a will in favour of Duc d'Aujou, 205, 206; the announcement, 206, 207.

Sully (Duchesse de), death of, 242.

Sully (Chevalier de), his dancing famous, 242.

Sulpicians (The), 121, 122.

Temple (Sir William), death and characteristics, 181, 182.

Tingry (Princesse de), 74.

Torcy (J. B. Colbert, Marquis de), opinion in favour of accepting will of King of Spain, 208.

Translator's note, 35–39.
Trappe (M. de Rancé, reformer and Abbé de la), 9; Saint-Simon's letter to, 32–34; visit to, 69; friendship with, 70; his death, 195, 196; his private history, 196, 197; Saint-Simon desires his portrait, 197, 198; the painter Hyacinthe Rigaud (spelled by Saint-Simon "Rigault") consents to paint him unknown to himself; the portrait, 192–202; M. de la Trappe declines to see Mlle. Rose, 220.
Trémoille (Duc de la), 80, 86.
Trianon, the gardens of, 263.
Troisvilles (M. de), rejected by king for French Academy, 288; character and ups and downs of piety, 289.
Troyes (Bishop of), his life and retirement from the world, 140, 141.

Ursins (Anne de la Trémoille, Princesse des), beginning of Saint-Simon's intimacy with, 94; appointed *camarera-mayor* to Queen of Spain, why selected, 232; her family, nature, and appearance, 232-235; difficult scene with queen, 236, 237; her scheme for reigning in Spain, 273; method of persuading Mme. de Maintenon, 274; bond between the two women, 275; triumph at Marly, 302, 303; attentions to Saint-Simon and his wife, 303; praises Mme. de Saint-Simon to king and Mme. de Maintenon, 304.
Uzès (Duchesse d'), death of, 93.

Vatteville (Abbé de), singular life, adventures, and death, 242–246.
Vauban (Sebastien le Prestre, Maréchal), portrait and character, 264; reason for refusing the *bâton*, 264, 265; studies to relieve the burdens of the People, 265; his scheme of taxation; the "royal tithe," 266–268, 269; his death from disappointment, 269.
Versailles (Château de), bold robberies at, 174, 175.
Villars (Maréchal Duc de), crosses Rhine, 256; conduct on that occasion, 258; his character, 258–260; falsity of his memoirs, 261; his merits, 261.
Voisin (Mme. le), accused of sorcery and burnt, 75.

Wales (Prince of), see Pretender.
William III. (King of England), receives the Czar, Peter the Great, 150; Treaty of Partition proposed by him, accepted by Louis XIV. rejected by Emperor, 187–190; insulted by Louis XIV.'s recognition of Pretender, 239; forms the alliance between Austria, England, and Holland, against France and Spain, 239, 240.

Date Due

	NOV 30 1972		

CAT. NO. 23 233 PRINTED IN U.S.A.

DC 130 .S2 A4 1909 v.1
Saint Simon, Louis de Rou
Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Si
010101 000
0 1163 0201115 4
TRENT UNIVERSITY

DC130 .S2A4 1909 v. 1
Saint Simon, Louis de Rouvroy
Memoirs of the Duc de Saint-Simon...

DATE	ISSUED TO
	146264

146264